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# THE INDEPENDENT

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32-PAGE NEWS SECTION

32-PAGE BROADSHEET REVIEW

72-PAGE MAGAZINE



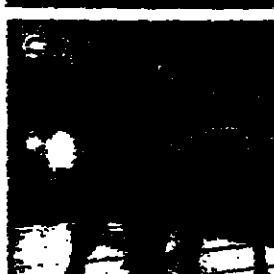
## Steffi Graf bows out

WITH 12 PAGES OF SPORT



## Steadman on Blair's blues

COMMENT, WEEKEND REVIEW



## The Indian spice boys

BIG AND BANNED IN BOMBAY

# Ulster results deal blow to Trimble

THE PROSPECT of success for the entire Irish peace process has been endangered by a critical fall in support for David Trimble's Ulster Unionist Party in the elections for the new assembly.

The results showed that Northern Ireland's political landscape was undergoing serious upheaval. With counting continuing last night, the Unionist party seemed on the point of losing its traditional position as the largest political grouping to John Hume's nationalist Social Democratic and Labour Party.

As Mr Trimble's vote

By DAVID MCKITTRICK  
Ireland Correspondent

dropped, support for the Rev Ian Paisley's Democratic Unionists was on the rise - indicating that the new assembly will contain a strong body of Unionist critics of the new approach laid out in the Good Friday agreement.

This means that Mr Trimble, as the agreement's principal advocate within the assembly, will be dogged by Paisleyite criticisms and attempts to sabotage the agreement's provisions for establishing new north-south links.

Televised warfare broke out within the Unionist party yesterday, with the Trimble loyalist Ken Maginnis accusing his parliamentary colleague Jeffrey Donaldson of betraying the party through his lack of support for the agreement. Mr Donaldson responded that Mr Maginnis "should hang his head in shame" for his role in the party's poorest election showing in years.

Mr Paisley's successes were augmented in many constituencies by strong showings from anti-Trimble Unionists. The pattern seemed to confirm Mr Paisley's claims that recent

weeks had seen a significant shift of Protestant voters who voted "yes" in last month's referendum into the anti-agreement camp.

The election confirmed that the pattern seen in recent years of fracturing within Unionism has continued and even worsened. This process, together with an apparently higher turnout on the nationalist side, has enabled the SDLP to challenge the Ulster Unionists' traditional supremacy.

The divisions within the UUP were on open display even before yesterday, thus probably alienating many of

its traditional supporters. Mr Trimble said: "There are problems and clearly those problems have had an effect on this election, but I think we'll leave the post-mortems until everything is complete."

Mr Donaldson said of Mr Maginnis: "He has presided over one of the biggest electoral disasters for the Ulster Unionist Party in recent years. He should not be pointing the finger at anybody..."

"People deserted the Ulster Unionists in their droves and if you want to unite a party, you have got to give both sides of the argument their place. A

majority of the party voted for the agreement, but time will prove them wrong."

Mr Maginnis retorted: "He gloated over the difficulties he and others like him created in the party and I am sad, rather than angry about what has happened."

In his North Antrim constituency, where he made a strong personal showing, Mr Paisley rejoiced: "People have awakened to see this is a nationalist agreement that has to be brought to a standstill. It is what we intend to do to save the Union. The majority of Unionists who will be in the as-

sembly are those who said 'no'. We are not in the wrecking business. We are going to save the Union."

"Dublin is sick. Tony Blair is sick and the sickest man of all is David Trimble. He is sickened unto death because today the people of Northern Ireland wrote the obituary notice of Trimbleism. I believe it is the end of his leadership of anything in Northern Ireland."

Gerry Adams yesterday became one of the first members to be elected to the assembly. The Sinn Féin president topped the poll in West Belfast, and along with Joe Hendron

(SDLP), and the DUP's Gregory Campbell (East Londonderry), became the first winners of the 108 seats.

Mr Adams said: "We went to the electorate having sought a mandate in the forum election to negotiate; we received that; we negotiated. We now have to implement that. People want to see me and others taking our place in the institutions."

I think the work in the days and weeks ahead is to put all of those structures - cross-border bodies, ministers, the executive - into place..."

John Hume profile  
Review, page 5

Ten arrested as hundreds of English supporters clash with French riot police near World Cup stadium at Lens



England fans taunting police on the streets of Lille hours before last night's match against Colombia in Lens

Peter Macdiarmid

## More violence mars big match

By ANDREW BUNCOMBE  
in Lille

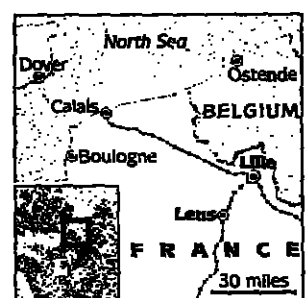
RENEWED VIOLENCE and clashes between England football supporters and French police broke out yesterday in advance of England's vital World Cup fixture last night.

In Lens, where England played Colombia, there were about 10 arrests after hundreds of supporters were involved in disturbances with police close to the Felix Bollaert Stadium.

In Lille, about 25 miles away, there were also arrests as trouble erupted in the afternoon around the main railway station, a stopping point for the Eurostar. About 60 fans were involved in a number of glass-throwing incidents until riot police moved in to empty the bars around the station. At one point about 150 police, armed with tear gas and guns, sealed off the station.

The trouble yesterday afternoon followed skirmishes and violence in the early hours. The worst incident took place in the Belgian port of Ostend where 57 England supporters were arrested after running riot through the town. Another 28 were arrested in the capital, Brussels. Last night those arrested were awaiting expulsion to Britain while two were still being questioned by police.

At one point police dogs and water cannon were used to try and control the supporters during the violence in Ostend, which lasted for more than three hours. The supporters had arrived by Hovercraft and were due to be returned by the same means but the Hovercraft company, Hoverspeed, last night denied there had been problems earlier in the day.



John Smith, the company's commercial director, said: "There was absolutely no trouble at our terminals or on the vessel on the way to Ostend, but these guys appear to have gone haywire once they got to Belgium."

A Foreign Office spokesman said: "There are no reports of any serious injury. The people involved appear to have disembarked from a ferry some time around midnight and hav-

ing got drunk proceeded to cause trouble in the town."

At the same time as violence flared in Belgium there were about 40 arrests in Lille and Lens, mostly for drunken behaviour. Two "category C" hooligans arrested in Lille were expelled on Thursday night and a further three arrested were still being processed.

Yesterday afternoon's trouble appeared to involve only a small number of the 35,000 England supporters estimated to have arrived at Lens and Lille, most of whom did not have tickets for the game.

In Lens, about 300 chanting supporters were involved in violent scenes when up to 200 police came under a hail of bottles. In Lille, about 50 supporters threw glass at police and journalists after a day during which most had spent their time in bars drinking.

## Britain's new boom industry - lame excuses



ECONOMISTS MAY be divided about whether Britain is drifting into recession, but one business is enjoying an unmistakable and unprecedented boom. The manufacture of ludicrous excuses for falling sales is beating all production records as company bosses try to explain plummeting profits to investors.

Following the pioneering work by British Rail (remember the wrong type of snow?), some of our most prominent cap-

By JOHN WILLCOCK

tains of industry are churning out world-beating lines faster than you can say: "The dog ate my homework, Sir."

Retailers are in the vanguard. Take Allied Carpets. Ray Nethercott, their managing director, was forced to issue a warning about why they were not shifting their rugs, declaring that: "We are just not getting the customers into the stores." Shaken by lingering

doubts about the reasons for the poor performance of his company, Mr Nethercott did go that extra mile for the Great British Excuse and came up with a subsidiary reason - freak flooding over Easter, although one might suspect that carpets would be the first thing that drenched home owners might have to replace. No matter. Allied Carpets has many allies as it strives for the perfect alibi.

Sir Graham Kirkham, chief executive of DFS, the furniture

chain, raised eyebrows when he blamed a series of one-off factors for poor sales. Having issued a warning in early March, he shocked shareholders with an even gloomier warning six weeks later, when he had to announce the first fall in profits for 28 years.

Instead of pointing to plausible factors such as the hikes in interest rates, Sir Graham blamed the hot weather in August last year; the death of Diana, Princess of Wales; the

deadline for self-assessment tax forms on 31 January; and finally, Easter flooding (where have we heard that before?) and snow.

We may not have the world-class industries that we used to boast, and the ones we still have we no longer own.

But the secret of the British has always been their ingenuity. When it comes to lame excuses, our industrialists are no lame ducks, and can still beat the world.

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Steffi Graf, was beaten at Wimbledon for the first time in 18 matches, by Natasha Zvereva

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TV Channel

Channel 4

Channel 5

THE WORLD YESTERDAY			
Most recent available figures at noon local time			
Algeria	2,577	Harare	17,683
Algeria	2,577	Helsinki	11,854
Algeria	2,577	Hong Kong	2,280
Algeria	2,577	Istanbul	2,679
Algeria	2,577	Jakarta	2,082
Algeria	2,577	Jeddah	59,102
Algeria	2,577	Jerusalem	2,984
Algeria	2,577	Khartoum	2,082
Algeria	2,577	Kharkov	2,883
Algeria	2,577	Kinshasa	2,579
Algeria	2,577	Kuala Lumpur	3,391
Algeria	2,577	Kyiv	2,082
Algeria	2,577	Lima	2,279
Algeria	2,577	Lisbon	2,279
Algeria	2,577	London	2,279
Algeria	2,577	Los Angeles	2,279
Algeria	2,577	Luxembourg	1,866
Algeria	2,577	Manila	2,279
Algeria	2,577	Moscow	2,279
Algeria	2,577	Mumbai	2,279
Algeria	2,577	Nairobi	2,279
Algeria	2,577	Rangoon	2,279
Algeria	2,577	Riyadh	2,279
Algeria	2,577	Santiago	2,279
Algeria	2,577	Sao Paulo	2,279
Algeria	2,577	Seoul	2,279
Algeria	2,577	Shanghai	2,279
Algeria	2,577	Singapore	2,279
Algeria	2,577	Sofia	2,279
Algeria	2,577	Taipei	2,279
Algeria	2,577	Tel Aviv	2,279
Algeria	2,577	Tokyo	2,279
Algeria	2,577	Ulaanbaatar	2,279
Algeria	2,577	Yokohama	2,279



Jews in decline: Assimilation and emigration mean numbers have dropped below 300,000 for the first time this century

# Britain's disappearing tribe



Friends and relatives of a 13-year-old boy celebrate his barmitzva. Emigration and assimilation are reducing the number of Jews in Britain

Miriam Reik/Format

**'We're losing the young' because we fail to reach out'**

BY ESTHER LEACH

LAWRENCE GORDEN, a kosher baker and synagogue warden, had no doubts about the reason for the fall in the number of Jewish families living in the suburbs of Leeds. The rabbi, he said, were failing to reach out to them.

"They are not doing their job correctly," he said as he prepared dough for the sabbath. "It is an easy get-out to blame the problem on assimilation and inter-marriage. We have three ministers in Leeds and they are not going out to the fringes of the community and welcoming new faces."

Mr Gordon, 59, who was born in Leeds, was not surprised by the news that the number of Jewish people in Britain had fallen below 300,000 for the first time since the turn of the century, according to figures released by Board of Deputies of British Jews.

In Leeds, numbers have fallen by 17 per cent from 12,000 to 10,000. Mr Gordon, a baker for 20 years in the Moortown area of the city, can see the drift away in population reflected in sales of his bread.

customer accounts over the last 10 years to see how many families have left.

"Of course, it is a cause for concern," he said. "Many of the young people go away to university and then just disappear. Families move away because there is no high school, although there is a move to set one up."

Dr Anthony Gilbert, registrar of the Rabbinical Courts (Beth Din) said he did not believe the figures were accurate because they were based only on membership of Jewish burial societies and not all Jews belonged to them.

He added: "They don't take into account the numbers scattered outside the main areas of the Jewish population in



Gordon: 'An easy get-out'

Leeds. We know they are there because of the response to advertisements for events such as Passover."

It is mainly areas outside London, such as Leeds and Glasgow, which have suffered the greatest decline - with British Jewry concentrated in the capital more than ever before, according to the figures.

The Institute for Jewish Policy Research gave the reasons as assimilation, a low birth rate, inter-marriage and people no longer formally identifying themselves with the religion by joining organisations where they would be counted as Jews.

BY DARIUS SANAI

IT IS A situation any member of the Jewish community will dread. For the first time in more than 70 years, the number of Jewish people in Britain has dropped below 300,000, and is set to fall steadily. If the decline continues, numbers are projected to drop to below 200,000 within a generation and nobody seems sure how to reverse the trend.

The figures, compiled by the Board of Deputies of British Jews and published in yesterday's *Jewish Chronicle*, are particularly alarming in the provinces: Leeds, Glasgow, Birmingham and Southend all reported sharp losses between 1985 and 1995, the year for which the figures were compiled.

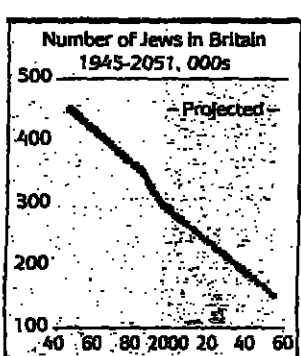
Nationally, the number of Jewish people is dropping by 2,300 every year; the country

has 285,000 Jewish residents, down from 308,000 10 years ago. Even the South-east, home to the vast majority of the Jewish population, is suffering a haemorrhage of 5 per cent every decade.

Ostensibly, the figures make for frightening reading for anyone aware of the contribution of the Jewish population to British society over the centuries.

A word of caution was sounded by Mariena Schmol, director of the Community Research Unit at the Board of Deputies, who said that "by concentrating on quantity, you lose sight of the qualitative changes, and they are not all that bad."

Other Jewish leading lights also pointed out that the figures were less a sudden drop than a continuation of a trend. Emigration, assimilation and secularisation have been constantly



gnawing at every population with a religious identity since the end of the Second World War.

So worried are Jewish leaders that the chief rabbi, Dr Jonathan Sacks, recently endorsed *Kosher Sex*, a book which advocated the expansion of the range of "acceptable" sexual positions (currently

strictly limited to the missionary) in what many interpreted as an attempt to avoid a further waning of those who wanted to be bound by Jewish tradition.

But behind the debate over the statistics lies a fundamental split which reformers in the Jewish community believe many of their fellow-Jews are avoiding to the long-term cost of the community. For the primary reason for the decline in the Jewish population is not emigration, but assimilation.

Emigration to Israel, a source of diminishing numbers across Europe, accounts for about 800 people a year. Emigration strikes a double-whammy: those who leave for the Promised Land are, on the whole, the most devoted and energetic, and thus the least likely to have become assimilated in the future. And they also tend to be young: either newly-

formed families or single people in their twenties.

With their zeal likely to be passed to their children, Rabbi Jonathan Romain, of Maidenhead Reform Synagogue, said: "Israel's gain in these cases is our loss."

But emigration isn't the primary source of attrition. There are an equal number of Jews estimated to leave for the other promised land - the United States. But by most estimates they are replaced by an equal number of new immigrants from across the world.

But the main sources of drainage are "assimilation" and "secularisation", processes which the Orthodox community, by far the dominant one in Britain, has traditionally countered with calls for greater education for children. This isn't working, and education has no effect on those above 20.

Some 44 per cent of Jewish males in Britain are estimated to be married to gentiles, meaning almost one in two Jews is unable to be accepted by the Orthodox synagogue, which frowns on intermarriage, and is unlikely to bring up children who are Jewish, something which bodes ill for the future in a world where racial diversity is on an unstoppable increase.

Many reformers, however, believe that "assimilation" is a misnomer; that many of those who are counted as being assimilated are reluctant castaways, and that they would have remained part of the community if they had been given the chance.

Rabbi Romain, who is a historian of British Jewry and self-proclaimed reformer, says Judaism must change with the times or risk "much bigger problems" in the future.

## It's better in Israel, say Victor and Caroline from Hendon

VICTOR AND Caroline Ofstein, young professionals from Hendon in north-west London, emigrated to Israel two months ago. The couple were accompanied by four younger sisters, both sets of parents, a 96-year-old grandfather and a 94-year-old grandmother.

The Ofsteins claim that three-quarters of their friends have also now settled in Israel.

The family members live in an immigrant absorption centre in Ra'anana, north of Tel-Aviv, while they brush up their Hebrew and find their feet.

Mr Ofstein, 26, a systems consultant, was headhunted by an Israeli firm before he left his job in London with Andersen Consulting. His wife Caroline, 27, an occupational therapist has started looking for work.

BY ERIC SILVER  
in Jerusalem

The Ofsteins are modern Orthodox Jews, graduates of a religious Zionist youth movement. They lived there between school and university and say they always intended to return for both religious and historic reasons.

"It is easy enough nowadays to be a religious Jew in Hendon or Golders Green," Mr Ofstein said. "But being a religious Jew has a lot more meaning when you're actually living in the land where the Torah was meant to be kept. This is not the only place to be a Jew, but it is the authentic place."

Then there's the historical perspective. "Israel represents an opportunity Jews haven't had for the last 2,000 years," he

said. "The opportunity to live in their own land. If for one, and my wife, feel we have to seize that opportunity and make the most of it."

The Ofsteins, who have been married for four years insist they didn't move out of blind faith. Mrs Ofstein said: "Of course there are apprehensions. I don't believe anybody wants to bring up children and send them to the army. You hope and pray that there's going to be peace."

As for the continuing tensions, she said: "In some ways, it's harder being in England and watching everything on CNN, as we did in the Gulf War. Here you feel you're part of it. Everybody is going through the same thing. You get a lot of strength from that. You can cope with it

better, even though it's very frightening when bombs are going off."

Another British immigrant, Adam Schogger, a GP, said that he was disturbed by the way Israelis treat each other. Mr Schogger, 37, another religious Zionist, arrived three years ago from Ilford, east London. He lives at Nof Ayalon, an Orthodox commuter village between Jerusalem and Tel-Aviv, with his wife, Amalia, and four children, aged six months to nine.

"What's disheartening," he said, "is the way people behave towards each other, the dreadful level of political debate." However, he does not have any plans to return to England. "It's this thing of being in a Jewish country," he said. "It's the only one we've got."

## El Nino blows its way out

WHILE THE rain soaks the British summer, meteorologists have discovered good news in fresh satellite images of the Pacific Ocean: El Nino, the warm ocean current that has brought soaking conditions to the US and Europe, is in retreat.

"In the past month or so, the tropical Pacific has been switching from warm to cold," said Dr Lee-Lueng Fu, a scientist at the US space agency Nasa, where the latest pictures were received.

"The sea level has lowered,

BY CHARLES ARTHUR  
Technology Editor

and that indicates less heat stored in the ocean - a colder ocean."

This year's El Nino has been the strongest ever recorded, and blamed for record rain in California and tornadoes in Peru, drought and fires in Indonesia, and general unsettled - and frequently wet - weather around much of the world.

In Britain, the winter was unusually mild, but Easter

brought record floods to many parts of the country.

El Nino - Spanish for "boy child" - is caused when the westward trade winds across the Pacific weaken, and a huge mass of warm water which normally lies off Australia moves east along the Equator until it reaches the coast of South America.

The warm water affects ocean evaporation, allowing more rain clouds to form, and also affects the jet stream which moves around the world at high altitude from west to

east. But now that it is dissipating, conditions could return to normal - or even flip over to its counterpart, "La Nina", which would mean drier air in the circulating weather systems.

"The effects of El Nino will remain in the climate system for a long time," said Dr Bill Patzert, a research oceanographer at Nasa. "However, if the Pacific is transitioning to a La Nina, we'd expect to see clear, strong indication of it in August or September - just like we did last year with El Nino."

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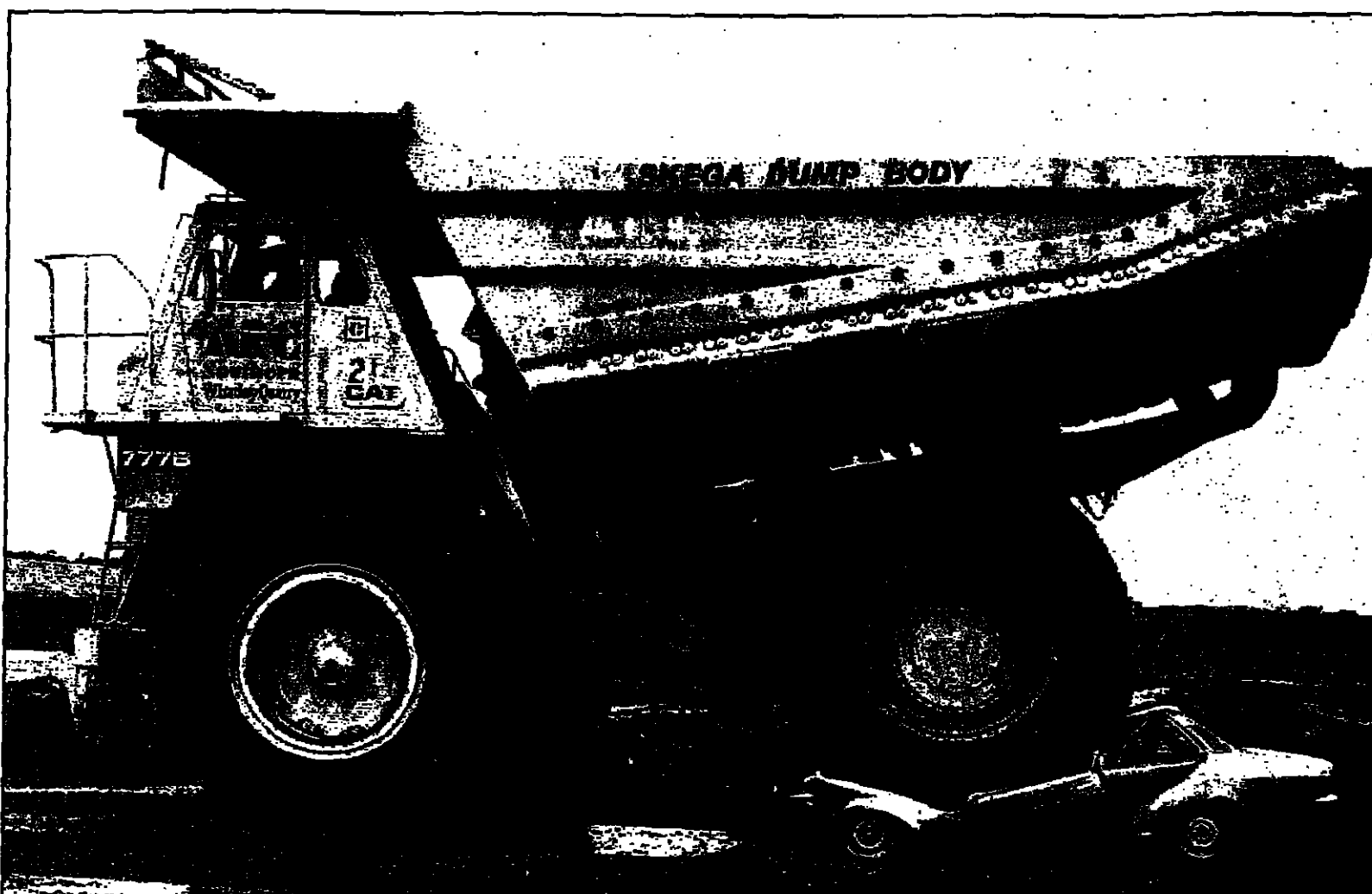


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The Health and Safety Executive, launching plans for new quarry legislation, shows the danger of the dumper at Whatley, Somerset. *Ted Baft*

# Inmates go on rampage at child jail

RIOT POLICE with dogs have been called to quell serious disorder at Britain's first child jail only two months after it opened.

A group of nine children, aged 12-14, went on the rampage, smashing windows, and pelting staff with pool balls. Two boys and a girl, all aged 14, were taken into police custody and three staff were injured.

The violence at Medway Secure Training Centre (STC) in Kent is a major embarrassment for Group 4, which runs the centre through a subsidiary company, and threatens to undermine the Government's policy for dealing with persistent

child offenders. Just 15 children are currently held at Medway at a per capita cost of £2,400 a week. Although the centre only opened in April, its head of care, Mike Hale, has already signalled his intention to leave.

Last week, Norman Warner, senior policy adviser to the Home Secretary Jack Straw, announced that the Government was so impressed with the centre that it was planning a massive expansion of such institutions.

The disorder at Medway broke out at 8pm on Thursday when five youngsters began smashing up the accommodation block that they share with two members of staff. A closed circuit television camera was damaged along with other fixtures and fittings and several windows were smashed.

The children then burst out into the courtyard - a landscaped garden designed to look like a village green - and taunted staff who pleaded with them to calm down.

Four other children, who had been allowed into the centre's games area in return for their previous good behaviour, rushed out to join the other five, snatching balls from the pool table and hurling them at staff.

The youngsters then ran to the education block and began smashing the windows. Police were called and more than 30 officers, wearing riot equipment, restored order by 10pm. Kent police said it was "entirely possible" that more children would be arrested as investigations continued.

A spokesman for Rebound ECD (Education, Care, Discipline), a subsidiary of Group 4 Security, said it was a "shocking incident" and condemned the children's "violent, abusive and hooligan behaviour". The centre has 100 staff, although

the spokesman would not say how many were on duty during the disorder. He said the children did not appear to have a particular grievance.

Medway is the first of five planned STCs, proposed by the then home secretary, Michael Howard, in 1993. They were condemned by Labour while in opposition as "colleges of crime" and have been widely criticised by penal reform groups.

Frances Crook, director of the Howard League, called yesterday for Medway to be "closed down forthwith and the children sent somewhere safe". She said it was appalling that social services' child protection teams were not allowed on to the site unless invited by Group 4.

Stephen Shaw, director of the Prison Reform Trust, said the violence should be the subject of a public inquiry, while Harry Fletcher, of the National Association of Probation Officers, said that more violence was likely to occur.

The Home Office said the disorder was an internal matter for Group 4. "It's a significant incident but not a serious, major incident," said a spokesman. "It has been described as a riot but nine kids is not a riot."

The children at Medway are held under Secure Training Orders, which detain them for between three months and a year, with an equivalent period spent after release under supervision in the community.

To be sent to the centre, children must have committed three imprisonable offences and have breached a supervision order. Before the centre opened it was impossible to detain such young children unless they had committed serious crimes such as rape or murder.

The next STCs are due to open at Onley in Northamptonshire and Medomsley in County Durham.

## Priest admits 15 child-sex charges

A ROMAN CATHOLIC priest yesterday appeared in court and admitted 12 indecent assaults on boys under 16 and three charges of indecency with a child.

Father David Crowley, 44, committed the offences while he worked in West Yorkshire and Devon between June 1981 and August 1992. Crowley was suspended by the Bishop of Leeds, the Rt Rev David Konstant, who said he had betrayed the diocese.

"Along with all Catholics I am saddened and distressed that such shameful actions were committed by a priest," the bishop said. "We extend our

deep sympathy to the young people affected and to their families.

"The interests of children and young people are paramount to us and it is inexcusable that someone who was in a position of trust should cause hurt."

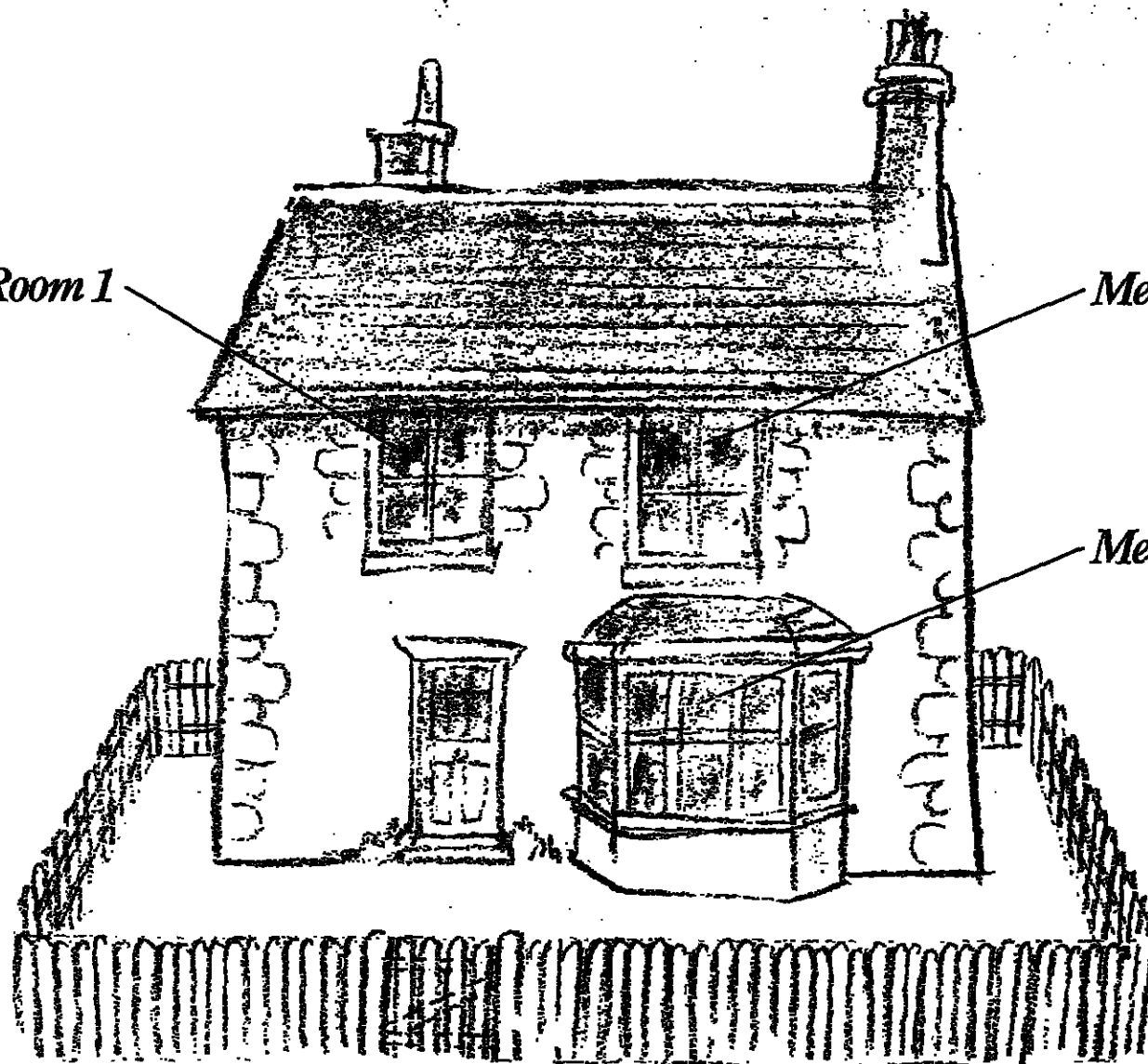
"The people of the diocese have every right to expect a high standard of pastoral care. Now they justifiably believe their trust was betrayed."

Sentencing of Crowley, who was a priest at St Joseph's Church, Little Horton, Bradford, was adjourned at Bradford Crown Court to a date to be fixed.

Meeting Room 1

Meeting Room 2

Meeting Room 3



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# More hunts in fox-breeding scandal



FURTHER EVIDENCE emerged yesterday that fox-hunts around the country are using artificial breeding dens for foxes.

The League Against Cruel Sports claimed it could identify 32 hunts, including the Beaufort, which is favoured by Prince Charles. Among the others were the Heythrop, Cumberland Farmers, Cheshire, Bicester with Whaddon, Chase, Isle of Wight, Essex, West Norfolk, and Puckeridge and Thurlow. The organisation claimed that its evidence included photographs of the dens.

The claims come in the wake of *The Independent's* revelation yesterday that the prestigious Sinnington Hunt in North Yorkshire is under investigation by the RSPCA. Inspectors and police found a pair of cubs trapped in a cage on land owned by the hunt.

After yesterday's disclosure, the Master of the Foxhounds, the sport's governing body, announced that it was launching its own inquiry into the claims. Animal activists say the dens undermine the argument of blood-sport supporters that hunting is essentially a form of pest control.

Fields Sports campaigners are said to be deeply embarrassed about the Sinnington Hunt revelations, which are the result of an investigation by the League Against Cruel Sports. If animal cruelty charges are brought, it could lead to a maximum penalty of six months' jail or a £5,000 fine. The British Field Sports Society claimed that what ap-

BY KIM SENGUPTA

peared to have been found at Sinnington was "very much a legacy of the past".

There were further claims yesterday that some hunts created artificial earths to ensure that there were foxes for slaughter.

Clifford Fellow, a kennelman and huntsman for 23 years, said the practice was a fairly commonplace. "Artificial earths ensure foxes are attracted to the area and provide foxes for poor scent days," he said.

"Some hunts then take a further step. The kennelmen work through the night to block up all badger setts and earths - it's called 'earth-stopping'. This means the foxes cannot get away, and ensures a good day's hunting."

Mr Fellow claimed that in one incident a fox caught in a trap was kept in a shed for two days and then tipped out on the day of the hunt. "Despite all this, the fox actually got away. The theory of pest control is a joke. Hunting people have hundreds of excuses but really no justification for what they do."

Peter Hepworth, a Yorkshire farmer, said he knew of a hunt which had around 16 artificial earths. "It may well be shocking but it is not particularly surprising to country people. Having the artificial earths ensures the hunters do not have what they consider to be a wasted day. It is particularly important if the hunt has an important guest; it makes sure there is a fox to hunt and there is no embarrassment on the big day."

As the row rumbled on yesterday it emerged that divisions had appeared in the pro-hunting Countryside Alliance, over the sacking of one of its most high-profile campaigners.

Janet George fronted the public relations campaign for the Countryside March to London earlier this year but was sacked by the alliance's new chief executive.

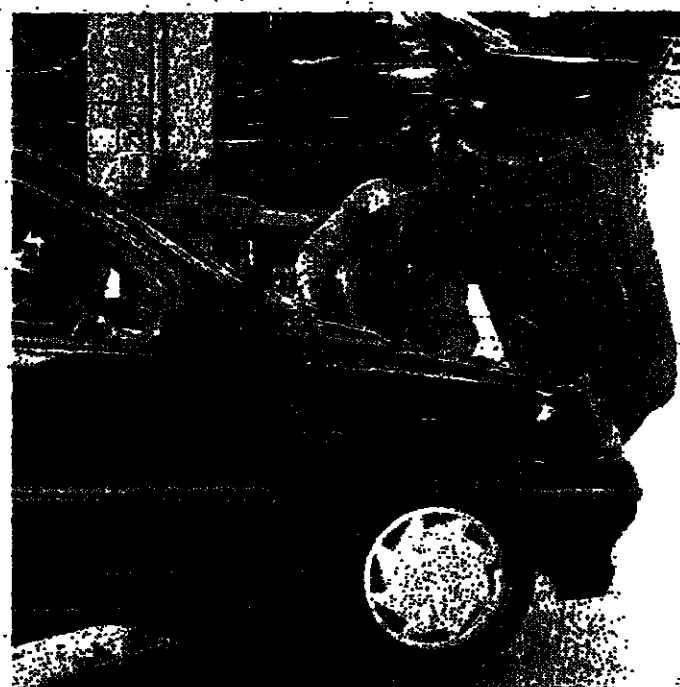


Far left, igloo of sticks, known as a stockpile, taken in Heythrop Hunt country. Left, brick structure taken at Long Marston, Hertfordshire. Above, a fox cub caught in a trap on land owned by the Sinnington Hunt in North Yorkshire. League Against Cruel Sports

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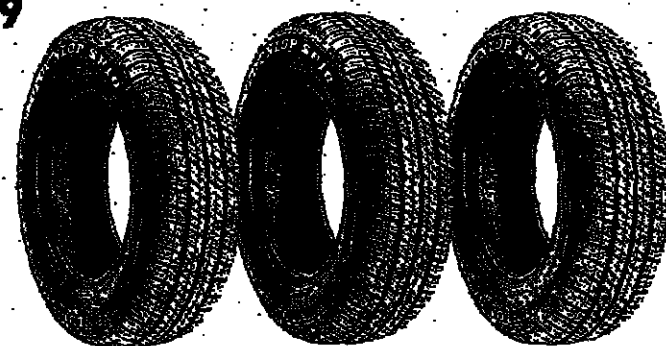
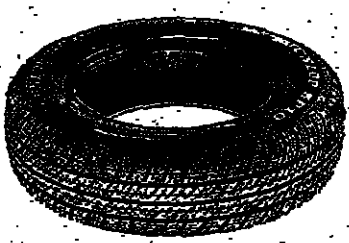
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## Special squad aims to stop illegal Viagra

A HIT SQUAD has been set up by the Government to investigate private clinics which are selling the impotence drug, Viagra, illegally.

The Medicines Control Agency has established a Special Enquiry Unit within its enforcement division to target the illegal sales because of concern about the high level of public interest in the drug.

Viagra is not yet licensed in the UK, and MCA agents will have the power to seize illegally imported supplies and have offenders prosecuted.

In a strongly worded warning, the MCA said yesterday: "Viagra is a powerful medicinal product and should only be used in accordance with the directions of a doctor. People run very real risks with their health if they obtain it from other sources, such as mail order or the Internet, and take it without the direction of a doctor. We strongly advise against buying Viagra this way."

The unit was set up to crack down on the black market in Viagra before it grows too big - there have already been more than a dozen reports of illegal attempts to sell Viagra in Britain.

BY JEREMY LAURANCE  
Health Editor

Publicity surrounding the drug, which is said to make men of 60 feel 18 again, has led to huge demand worldwide, with people willing to pay high prices for illicit supplies.

Doctors have warned that people with heart conditions should be wary of the drug. Several deaths have already been reported in the United States.

Until it is licensed in the UK, which is expected in September, Viagra can only be sold or supplied on a "named patient" basis. A doctor prescribing a drug in these circumstances has to take personal responsibility for the outcome.

Under the 1968 Medicines Act, selling Viagra through small ads or Internet web sites is a criminal offence punishable by a maximum two-year prison sentence or an unlimited fine.

A Medicines Control Agency spokesman said: "We've had over a dozen reports of illegal trading. It's not on a big scale, but we want to nip it in the bud." A confidential tip-off hotline has been set up for anyone who can help the enquiry unit. The number is 0171 273 0617.

## Tories scent blood over Robinson

THE TREASURY minister Geoffrey Robinson was yesterday defended by Peter Snape, the Labour MP as a "sitting target" who was being accused by Tory MPs of impropriety because he was rich and a Labour minister.

Tory MPs were in full cry in their pursuit of Mr Robinson, the Paymaster General, for allegedly failing to declare £150,000 paid as a director of a company run by Robert Maxwell. Mr Snape, a friend of Mr Robinson, said: "It's not a new allegation. It's been made previously and denied previously."

I think some of these stories come forward because he is a rich man and a Labour MP and a rather successful minister. It makes him a sitting target."

The millionaire former businessman is being pursued over his extensive business dealings. The latest twist in the saga, involving money received nearly eight years ago, was dismissed by officials who insisted that he had done nothing wrong. Mr Robinson has an acknowledgment that it was declared but it did not appear because of Members' Interests because it was too late for the printers.

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Psychology conference: Researchers find strong gender divide persists over role of women with children

# Pregnancy 'is unwelcome in workplace'

NEARLY THREE-quarters of men believe that pregnant women should not be in the workplace because they cannot cope physically or mentally.

In turn, mothers are less likely to want to return to work after giving birth because of the treatment they receive during pregnancy.

Researchers told the Women's Psychology Conference at Birmingham University yesterday that pregnant women felt they were undervalued as workers and not seen as effective by employers and colleagues. This is despite the fact that the majority of pregnant women continue to work, with more than three-quarters working up to the third trimester.

The researchers questioned 200 men and women from a variety of backgrounds - including manufacturing industry and academic. Around 50 per cent of those interviewed saw pregnancy and work as a bad combination.

However, there was a strong gender divide with up to 70 per cent of men seeing pregnant workers in a negative light compared with one-third of women.

"Women were treated as if they were already mothers of young children, with all the issues of whether it's wrong for women to go out to work," said Dr Helen Fattison of Birmingham University, which carried out the research.

BY GLENDA COOPER  
Social Affairs Correspondent

ham University, which carried out the research.

"Pregnancy was also seen as a time of debilitation, when women were physically incapacitated and also became emotional with wide mood swings and forgetfulness," she said.

One man in the survey commented: "Women who become pregnant should suffer the consequences if they lose money from their jobs."

Others thought that many jobs became too dangerous for women in pregnancy. One man also said that for women in their first pregnancy their work would be affected because of their "uncertainty" and "lack of confidence", whereas older pregnant women should not work because of the "danger" to the child.

Dr Fattison said: "There is this notion of the home as a place of safety and work as a place of danger for mothers. Yet we know from other work that the home is an area of more danger."

Those with more positive views said that employers should take responsibility for their staff. One man said: "Pregnancy is a normal and vital part of living in society and employers should support both parents."

The researchers said that their study helped understanding of prejudice against working while pregnant, which could help in planning future social policy.

"It's a bit depressing," said Dr Harriet Gross, co-author of the study. "It is difficult enough for women in the workplace with children, never mind pregnant women. It is not going to encourage women back into the workplace unless maternity is viewed in a more positive experience."

Another study from Dundee University found that men thought that women had achieved gender equality, whereas women still thought there was a long way to go. The study looked at how men and women believed that gender roles and stereotypes had changed between 1945 and 1997 and how they were likely to change again by 2040.

It found that both sexes believed there were significant changes in women's behaviour from past to present, with their involvement in traditional "masculine" roles - career, education and leisure activities - increasing and childcare and home responsibilities decreasing.

Women also believed that they worked harder than men and they thought they were more assertive, stronger and more intelligent than the male group.



Mothers-to-be speak to their babies. Researchers say pregnant women feel undervalued as workers

## Girl bullies 'can be just as violent as boys'

GIRL BULLIES can be just as violent as boys, setting fire to their victim's hair, and indulging in physical attacks and beatings, according to a new study.

The incidents of girl bullying, however, tend to remain hidden, with teachers often assuming that the problem is limited to name-calling and the exclusion of victims from cliques.

Fiona Hardy of Derby University told the conference that aggression and violence was not solely the domain of males.

Bullies and victims aged 12 to 16 were interviewed for the study, which found that bullies were not necessarily delinquent but had been victims of bullying themselves.

Incidents included setting fire to a victim's hair, stalking another girl for a long period of time and beating up another girl severely and repeatedly.

"The most surprising thing was the high level of violence towards each other," Ms Hardy said. "We have often suspected this but it was confirmed by the study."

"The propensity for violence is always there in all of us, but because there is such a taboo about women expressing it, it is very much underground. Boys fighting is accepted. With girls it is not and it is much more difficult to deal with."

Rather than problems with their peers, all the bullies said there had been difficulties at home and they claimed this was a more severe problem for them. Many could not accept their behaviour was bullying and tried to minimise it as a "bit of a scuffle" or a "little fight".

Once named "bully" or "victim" the label stuck and the girls found it very difficult to break out of that cycle of behaviour, she said. "The bullies in particular felt they had an image to keep up."

Ms Hardy said that a major problem was how schools handled the problem. "From the evidence of what the girls said, teachers do not often know how to deal with it although they did know what was going on."

## What's in a name? Sharon, Tracey and Doris reveal all

SHAKESPEARE GOT IT wrong. He might have written: "What's in a name?", but if you want your daughter to be perceived as attractive, sexy and clever, make sure you name her Francesca, not Doris.

A survey of 3,000 people found that we closely connect attributes to names.

The conference heard yesterday that 18 women's names were rated for different characteristics, such as attractiveness, honesty, strong-mindedness, happiness and intelligence. Asked to choose characteristics of a name to be used as a television character,

the names least associated with positive attributes were Sharon, Tracey and Doris, whereas those seen as the most attractive were "upper class" names: Elizabeth, Francesca and Penelope.

Poor Doris scored least on the grounds of cleverness, attractiveness and class. She was also thought to be the worst gossip. Francesca, in comparison, was seen as the most sexy, attractive and feminine. We also think that Helgas are strong-minded, Lucys are happy and Traceys are weak-minded.

Dr Malory Wober, the author of the study, said soap operas

and sitcoms reinforced connotations with names.

"Another reason could be the names which appear in books," he added, "although it might just be experience. At school in our earliest days the kind of people we met called Francesca and Penelope were better off, arrived at school in a Land Rover and were better equipped to deal with life."

As for his own name, Dr Wober confessed: "Well, Malory used to be the name of a hero who climbed Everest. Now it's the name of the heroine in the controversial film *Natural Born Killers*." At least it's not Doris.

## Mothers back surrogacy

RED TAPE surrounding adoption means that many childless parents find it easier to turn to surrogacy even though they may pay up to £40,000 for their child.

A study by Birmingham University shows that most surrogate mothers are happy with their decision and describe the experience as "very positive". The parents' major fear was that the surrogate mother would refuse to give up the child - as has happened in a number of high-profile cases - but they felt that tighter regulation would prevent this.

Last year, for example, a Dutch couple began a legal

battle to gain custody of a child after the surrogate British mother, Karen Roche, refused to give her up.

Dr Olga van den Akker told the conference that women who chose to find surrogate mothers had clear reasons for not being able to have their own babies. Thirty five per cent had had a hysterectomy and another 30 per cent had been born without a womb.

The women Dr van den Akker spoke to were mainly in their thirties and had tried other means such as IVF and adoption before turning to surrogacy. "They had looked into adoption," she said, "and some had tried that but had

had many problems with actually adopting babies and there seemed to be less problems with surrogacy." The women told her that they paid between £10,000 and £40,000 in their quest for a child.

They did not always choose the first surrogate they met, with 28 per cent feeling the surrogate was not appropriate. In 6 per cent of cases the surrogate pulled out and a further 13 per cent saw the treatment fail.

But of the arrangements which resulted in pregnancy, except for two which ended in miscarriage, all resulted in healthy babies which were handed over by the surrogate to the parents. The majority of

surrogate mothers were "delighted" to do so. Parents were most likely to say they had found the experience positive and felt that the surrogate genuinely wanted to help.

Financial expense was almost as much of a problem for couples as the fear that the surrogate would not hand over the baby. Other potential worries were whether the baby would be healthy and possible legal complications.

"Although there are many tensions, and sometimes expectations do get shattered, for the most part participants describe their experience of surrogacy as very positive," said Dr van den Akker.

### IN BRIEF

#### Two British soldiers charged with assault in Cyprus

TWO BRITISH soldiers serving in Cyprus have been charged with assault and causing actual bodily harm after a disco brawl early yesterday. Cyprus Police said two soldiers stationed at Dhokkella garrison, Luke Metson, 21, and Binny Gunn, 22, were charged with assault and causing actual bodily harm after British tourist Daniel Fife-Fallow, 20, was attacked in the resort of Protaras.

#### Harvesters suffer burns

HEALTH AND safety experts yesterday issued a warning to fruit and vegetable pickers after 16 teenagers suffered "severe burns" while digging up parsnips. The skin complaint, phyto-photodermatitis, is caused by a reaction between the juices in vegetables and sweat on skin, and appeared on workers in fields near Woodbridge, Suffolk. The Health and Safety Executive was investigating the incident.

#### Escaped bull shot dead

A BULL which escaped from a slaughterhouse was shot dead by a police marksman yesterday. The animal had to be put down after becoming trapped in a river, said a Cleveland Police spokesman. Police had warned parents, and alerted drivers to the dangers of colliding with the bull after it escaped from a slaughterhouse in Stockton-on-Tees on Thursday.

Leading article, Review page 3

#### Airport guard joins eco-warriors

A SECURITY guard paid to keep eco-warriors at bay became so sympathetic to their cause he joined their ranks - as a human mole. Norman Stoddard, 55, spent five months as a guard at the site of Manchester Airport's second runway. But this week Mr Stoddard turned in his security pass and began digging tunnels in Arthur's Wood, which lies next to the new runway site.

#### Spread and butter both the same

A HIGH COURT judge ruled yesterday that Anchor Spreadable qualifies for the same lower rate of import duty as butter. New Zealand butter imported into the EU attracts a tariff duty of £720 a ton, while non-butter products such as margarine are subject to £2,000 a ton.

#### Professor Roger Scruton

AN ARTICLE on 21 January suggested that Professor Roger Scruton has written at length about homosexuals being outlaws who should be excluded from having any stake in society. We accept that this statement misrepresents Professor Scruton's views, and we apologise to him.

## Plans to wipe 'blot on skyline' delayed

THE HOME Secretary and the Defence Secretary could be responsible for delaying plans to remove a blot from the London skyline until after the next general election.

Jack Straw and George Robertson have intervened in the plans to knock down the "eye sore" triple towers of the former Department of Environment and Transport.

The concrete tower blocks, occupying a prime spot in Westminster near the House of Commons, have offered Cabinet ministers and their officials one of the best views of London since they were put up in the Wilson era.

But Londoners have felt less privileged with the view of the three towers, which are universally regarded as a monument to bad building.

Michael Heseltine, who once occupied the airy offices as Secretary of State for the Environment, finally decided they had to go when the exterior began deteriorating. There are plans to replace the ugly tower blocks with a more modest mixed development of offices and flats.

Tony Blair's Government inherited well-advanced plans to knock down the multi-storey of

BY COLIN BROWN  
Chief Political Correspondent

rice buildings and the demolition contract was due to be signed this summer.

But the two Cabinet ministers' departments said they might be able to use the empty offices as temporary accommodation while their own headquarters were refurbished.

The civil servants handling the plans have warned the ministers that the intervention by their departments could delay the whole project to knock down the former DoE building in Marsham Street until 2002, which could be after the next

general election.

John Lock, Chief Executive of the Property Advisers to the Civil Estate, said: "Government's intention was to sign a contract for its demolition this summer, with the work expected to take some 18 months to complete."

"Temporary re-occupation will have the effect of deferring demolition until autumn 2002 at the earliest."

The delay has infuriated Tory MP Edward Leigh, who has been waging a single-handed campaign to get the buildings pulled down.

He said: "It's a disaster. The buildings are sad and deteriorating, the windows are unclean and the whole building is covered in scaffolding. It is a complete eyesore."

But Mr Leigh, a former junior trade and industry minister and MP for Gainsborough, blames the civil servants. "It is typical of the civil service. They can't bare to give up property and they are keeping hold of it. All this is because of the change of Government. The new ministers came in and I suspect the civil servants took some time before showing them the papers. The civil servants are doing a soft shoe shuffle."



Jack Straw: Intervened over 'eye-sore'

### HOWARD JACOBSON

'For a whole week now I have been unable to think of anything but Linford Christie's lunchbox'

THE WEEKEND REVIEW, PAGE 5

## Thinking of buying a computer?

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## MPs wait in wings to succeed Madam Speaker

THE LINGERING up has already started for a candidate to replace Betty Boothroyd, as the Speaker of the House of Commons, although her last curtain call is likely to be some years away.

Whoever emerges will be ard-pressed to match the star qualities of the former dancer who became the first woman speaker in history with the words: "Call me Madam!"

Ms Boothroyd, 68, has signalled that she will be standing down from her West Bromwich central constituency at the next general election, sparking speculation at Westminster about her successor.

BY COLIN BROWN  
Chief Political Correspondent

There is no shortage of candidates to take on the chair, the wig, the black tights and the buckled shoes to call "Order, Order" in the House. Traditionally, there is a "Buggins' turn" with the Tories alternating with Labour for the chair.

As a result, MPs are already drawing up lists of senior Tories who might fit the bill, such as Sir Brian Mawhinney, the former party chairman, and Sir Norman Fowler, the party's "comeback kid", who was appointed by William Hague as home affairs spokesman in this month's



The Speaker, Betty Boothroyd, is still in office, but already possible successors, such as Sir Norman Fowler (top left) and Kenneth Clarke, are being mooted. Brian Harris

reshuffle. Tom King, a former defence secretary, and John MacGregor, former Leader of the Commons and a member of the Neill committee on public standards, could be "establishment" Tory candidates.

Labour MPs yesterday said neither Sir Brian nor Sir Norman would be acceptable to the majority of Labour backbenchers. Sir Alan Haselhurst,

the deputy Speaker, a pro-European Tory moderate, may be a better bet, but he is regarded as lacking the star qualities now seen as part of the job for controlling the House in the television era. Another prime candidate is Patrick Cormack, a senior backbench Tory who was overlooked for preferment by John Major.

Labour MPs would relish

the prospect of seeing the former chancellor, Ken Clarke in the Speaker's wig. "Ken Clarke would be brilliant, but whether he would want to do it is another matter," said a ministerial aide.

"You need someone with a bit of wit, and a bit of charm," said a Tory MP. "Fowler would be all right. I suppose that must be why he's hanging around so long."

There is also the intriguing prospect of it switching for the first time to the Liberal Democrats and Alan Beith, who lost the leadership race to Paddy Ashdown after David Steel retired, is regarded as having the right qualities.

By the time that Ms Boothroyd steps down, there could be unexpected Labour candidates from the Cabinet,

such as Ann Taylor, the Leader of the House. Michael Martin, who is on the Speaker's panel of chairmen, is another popular Labour contender.

Ms Boothroyd, a former Labour right-winger shows no signs of being in a rush to leave, despite the arduous hours, and the exhausting tours abroad when MPs are on their recess.

She has confided to friends that when she gets a break, she likes nothing more than to go parasailing from the back of a motor boat in the Mediterranean.

Letting the wind blow through her hair, dangling from a parachute, the Speaker can forget all about points of order.

Leading article  
Review, page 3

## IRA 'to reveal twelve secret graves' Identity-swap murder jury to view yacht

BY ALAN MURDOCH  
Dublin

THE IRA is preparing to reveal the locations of bodies of a dozen of its victims who were buried in secret graves in the Irish Republic, former Irish Prime Minister, Albert Reynolds, signalled last night.

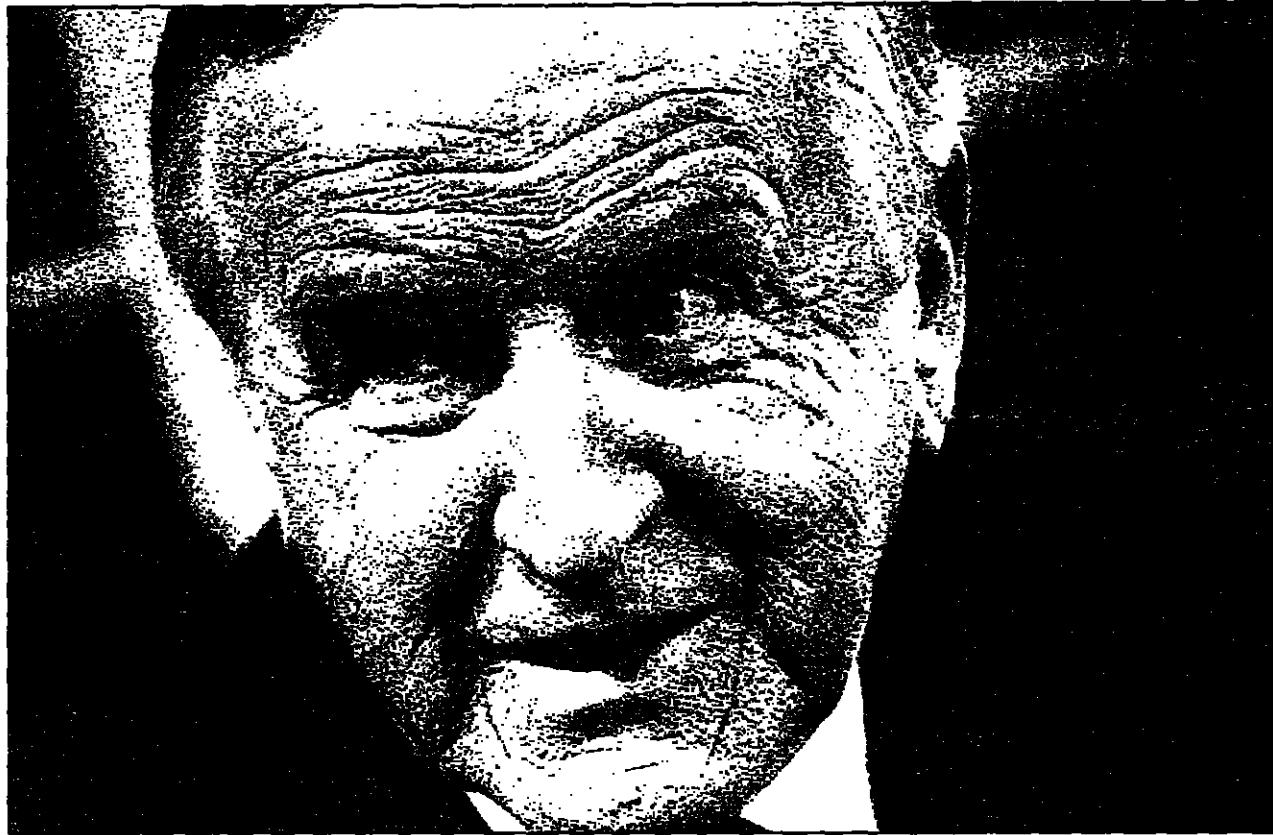
The dead were civilians abducted and killed between 1972 and 1980 and have been the subject of a campaign by families of the Disappeared, a pressure group for bereaved relatives. This has pressed the Sinn Féin and the IRA to turn the bodies or reveal their burial places.

Mr Reynolds told *The Independent* his contacts indicated him that an announcement could come before the autumn. He said: "I would be hopeful that in the very near future there will be a move towards identification of where bodies have been buried."

"I think it is part of a healing process that is absolutely necessary to close a dark chapter that has been there for too long," he said.

"This should be part of the confidence-building measures at are necessary to make the (Northern Ireland) Assembly work, and to make the partnership with Unionism and nationalism and republicanism easier to put together in the Assembly."

The former Taoiseach, who played a key role in drawing the Provisional IRA into the peace process between 1992



The former Irish Prime Minister, Albert Reynolds, expecting an announcement before the autumn

and 1994, said a move on the graves issue would be "a clear recognition of the necessity for reconciliation, and that the republican movement will play their part". He believes an IRA gesture towards the relatives would reaffirm republicans' acceptance of purely democratic methods and reaffirm finally that the conflict is over.

Irish Government sources said it was an issue Dublin had taken up repeatedly, but were not yet aware of any specific agreement. The expected formula would entail Garda authorities in the Irish Republic being informed of the graves' locations, and Dublin's State Pathologist's Office assisting in identifying bodies.

A Dublin Government spokesman said: "We would hope there is a move of this kind about to locate missing persons. It is something that would be very welcome and would be fully encouraged."

Publicly, Sinn Féin sources were cautious, stressing many IRA members with information had themselves died in

the conflict and hoped relatives' expectations would not be raised without good reason. But a senior source said they "would very much hope that it is possible, and we hope it will happen."

Families of the Disappeared spokesman Seamus McKendry, son-in-law of Jean McConville, a mother of 10

abducted from her home in Belfast's Divis Flats in 1972, said: "I take it all with a pinch of salt. Our hopes have been raised so many times only to be dashed."

"Very senior members of Sinn Féin last year wouldn't identify which of the disappeared they were involved in. So I find it incredible that they have located the burial ground of 12 of them," he said.

Mr McKendry said if Sinn Féin wanted to enter a democratic process, the issue of missing bodies would need to be resolved.

"We know for a fact some of the disappeared bodies are buried under housing estates in west Belfast. So how come all of a sudden they have turned up in Donegal or Louth or wherever," he said.

In February, the Irish Prime Minister, Bertie Ahern, told the Dail he had again requested republicans to renew their contacts in an effort to end the families' ordeal. He told Sinn Féin leaders it would be a helpful confidence-building measure, and reminded them that in other international conflicts, information on disappeared people had been part of a settlement.

As votes were counted in the Northern Ireland Assembly elections, Families for the Disappeared yesterday sought signatures outside Belfast City Hall for a petition seeking information on the missing, to be handed in to Sinn Féin.

A YACHT at the centre of an identity-swap murder trial is to be inspected by the jury, it was decided yesterday.

The eight women and four men trying Albert Walker, a 52-year-old Canadian businessman, at Exeter Crown Court will view his 34ft cruiser *Lady Jane* one morning next week.

Charles Barton QC, for the prosecution, and Richard Ferguson QC, for the defence, both said they wanted the jury to see the craft, which is out of the water at an undisclosed location.

The Crown alleged during the first week of the trial that Mr Walker, who fled to Britain to escape marital and financial problems in Canada, murdered Ronald Platt - whose identity he had assumed.

Mr Barton has alleged that Mr Walker, who kept the *Lady Jane* on a mooring on the river Dart in south Devon, took Mr Platt out sailing on 20 July 1996, and put him "over the side" of the vessel, weighing him down with a 10lb anchor.

Mr Platt's body was hauled up off Teignmouth, south Devon, in the nets of the Brixham fishing vessel *Malkerry* on 28 July 1996, and was identified via his Rolex watch.

Mr Walker, from Woodham Walter in Essex, denies mur-

BY CHRIS COURT

dering Mr Platt between 18 and 22 July 1996.

Dr Bob Allen, a lecturer and specialist in river and ocean hydraulics from University College, Swansea, said the body would have sunk to the seabed in about 30 seconds if the anchor had been attached to it.

The body would have not moved at all in the tides and currents if it had been weighed down with the anchor, he told the jury.

Barry Hall, manager of the Sport Nautique chandlery in Dartmouth, south Devon, said that on 8 July 1996, a customer using the name Platt bought seven items by credit card, including a 10lb plough anchor.

Patrick Gill, who served the customer, said the man had a Canadian accent.

Mr Gill said he recommended a heavier anchor to the customer, who told him he had a motor cruiser. But the customer, he said, decided the 10lb anchor "would be adequate."

The prosecution has alleged that Mr Walker assumed Mr Platt's identity after paying him to start a new life in Canada, but then murdered him when he returned to Britain.

The trial was adjourned until Monday.

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## Tory leader has sinus operation

BY COLIN BROWN

THE TORY leader, William Hague, was last night recuperating after a routine operation to drain blocked sinuses, Conservative Central Office said.

Mr Hague, who has been off work for a week with flu and sinusitis, is now back at his Yorkshire home following the operation at Darlington Memorial Hospital, where he was treated as an NHS patient.

He was admitted to hospital for tests after feeling unwell for a number of days with an upper respiratory infection, which caused him to miss Prime Minister's Question Time. He was given a scan which found one

sinus blocked, and had the operation under general anaesthetic.

A Tory party spokesman said Mr Hague would be speaking with his doctor over the weekend and deciding when to return to active duty.

Joseph Carlin, the ear, nose and throat consultant who saw the Tory leader, said: "Mr Hague's general good health should assist with a speedy recovery. He was very sensible to follow doctors' advice throughout this week. By putting his health first, he will make a full recovery much more quickly."

## Focus group threat to city pedestrian plan

CAMPAIGNERS FEAR plans to pedestrianise the heart of London could be under threat.

It follows reports that proposals to reduce traffic in Trafalgar Square and Parliament Square - due to be voted on by Westminster City councillors next Tuesday - have been rejected by Government focus groups.

The plans were to close some of the roads alongside the squares to enable visitors to stroll more freely outside Westminster Abbey and the Houses of Parliament, and in front of the National Gallery.

Similar schemes operate in

Leicester Square, Covent Garden and in front of Buckingham Palace.

A ministerial meeting chaired by John Prescott, the Deputy Prime Minister, was held in March to decide how the Whitehall project should be taken forward.

Now the masterplan will be discussed by Westminster council's planning committee.

Mr Prescott has given the proposal his blessing. He said: "I am delighted that we have a masterplan that shows how the historic heart of London can be returned to the people."

"I am looking forward with

great interest to taking delivery of the final proposals."

But Paul DeZyva of Friends of the Earth fears focus groups have rejected banning cars because it would be unpopular with the middle classes.

He said: "Pedestrianisation is an important feature for central London and we would be supportive, although it is not a total solution. It sounds as though Tony Blair is keen to bend over backwards to appease polluting motorists."

"If we cannot get pedestrianisation in central London, then we don't stand a chance of pedestrianisation elsewhere."



# NHS goes abroad to buy cheap drugs



Denise Parkinson, a multiple sclerosis sufferer, who has paid £10,000 a year for drugs doctors refused to prescribe

Rob Stratton

BY PAUL LASHMAR

THE National Health Service has started buying drugs from abroad, saving up to 40 per cent on the same drugs supplied by the same drug companies in Britain.

Plans to make substantial savings were outlined in documents presented to a meeting of senior health executives this week, which would help cut the NHS's £5bn annual drugs bill.

The NHS purchasing arm admitted yesterday that it had been buying drugs on the "parallel import" market. Some NHS trusts, including those covering hospitals in Southampton and West Midlands, have been buying on this grey market for some time.

These moves will embarrass the Government, which has pricing agreements with the drug companies that maintain prices at levels higher than for the same drugs in other European countries.

The new deals are possible because of the growth of parallel import companies which take advantage of lower prices in France, Spain and Italy to export to other countries including Britain. The strong pound has made the drugs even cheaper and the trade is booming. The parallel import market into Britain is already estimated to be worth £300m a year.

The NHS Supplies Trust, which buys drugs for many of the country's hospitals, said yesterday it had bought drugs on the parallel import market,

Drug	Treatment	Manufacturer	NHS price June 98	Parallel import quote
Neurothol 100x100mg	Anti convulsant	Parke-Davis	£22.86	£13.60
Emcor 28x10mg	Hypertension	Merck	£18.50	£15.10
Cefaclor 100x1mg	Parkinson's disease	Ulliy	£219.62	£88.20
Tarivid 100x200mg	Infections	Hoechst	£102.51	£67.50
Retrowar 40x250mg	HIV	Wellcome	£124.95	£93.40

but that accounted for "a small percentage of our business". A spokesman added: "I would like to emphasise that all our parallel imports contracts are squeaky clean in terms of EU procedure."

On Tuesday the NHS committee that advises on national drug purchase policy, the National Pharmaceutical Supplies Group, met to examine proposals to buy a wide range of drugs on the parallel import market. According to confidential documents obtained by tomorrow night's *Money* Programme on BBC2, the NHS could achieve substantial savings.

Some of the drugs listed, including those used for the treatment of schizophrenia and motor neurone disease, are costly and are rationed by NHS trusts, some of which admitted that they could treat more patients if the drugs were cheaper.

The NHS documents show that the drug Riluzole which is

used in the treatment of motor neurone disease, at present has a British list price of £286, compared with the Spanish wholesale price of £214. A parallel importer can offer the drug at £243.24.

While purchases by trusts have been piecemeal so far, if the NHS as a whole began to import drugs, the Government's pre-tax profits last year were £2.6 billion, Glaxo said that "had we not had this parallel trade situation, we clearly would have had more resources available to research new medicines."

"We've certainly had less money coming into us than if we did not have this iniquitous trade that is of no benefit to patients, no benefit to the Government and no benefit to ourselves."

## NHS won't pay for too costly treatment

IT STARTED with the pins and needles in her legs, as Denise Parkinson walked across the college campus.

Then she began to suffer from loss of balance, vertigo, deteriorating eyesight and severe bouts of sickness. She was forced to quit her job as a part-time sociology lecturer at University College, Worcester.

In 1992, almost two years after the first symptoms appeared, doctors confirmed she was suffering from Multiple Sclerosis.

At that time, the mother-of-two had ambitions to study for a PhD and become a full-time lecturer, but the crippling illness began to dominate her life.

"I just slowed down and it was quite dangerous for me to be at home alone because I would fall over," said Mrs Parkinson, aged 43, of Bredbury, near Hereford.

"One of the most frightening things is that you choke quite a lot. I also had total body cramp - it was so painful, the doctor gave me morphine."

Doctors gave Mrs Parkinson

BY RICHARD SMITH

steroids to relieve the symptoms, but refused to prescribe the more effective, but more costly, beta-interferon treatment.

So 13 months ago, Mrs Parkinson and her husband, David, who owns an electrical transformer company, decided they would pay the £10,000-a-year cost of the drug Avonex.

She is one of more than 70 MS sufferers being treated at Queen Elizabeth Hospital, in Birmingham, but the local NHS trust can afford to prescribe the drug for only 44 patients.

The trust could save more than £70,000 if it accepted "parallel imports" of Avonex from Italy, allowing them to offer the drug to more patients. It is thought that Mrs Parkinson is now near the top of the waiting list.

The couple have no savings and they have had to shelve plans to move from their two-bedroom detached bungalow into a larger house. The drug is brought to their home by courier van once a week and

Mr Parkinson administers it by injecting his wife in the thigh.

One month after Mrs Parkinson began taking the drug, she began to feel better and she has experienced fewer severe attacks. She has now started studying for her PhD in English.

"For the first time there is hope and I don't feel MS is the dominating force in my life," Mrs Parkinson said.

"I have more energy. The drug is not a cure but it's keeping the disease at bay and giving me hope, which is very important."

"It's changed my life. I feel happier and more at ease with myself. I still have some of the disability, but I couldn't possibly have done the PhD without the drug."

"I feel annoyed that the majority of people don't have access to the drug and that it's rationed because of cost. It is the duty of central Government to pay for this drug to be more widely available. They have a duty to provide it for MS sufferers, but at present it's like a lottery," she said.

## 'Easy access' to Billie-Jo's back garden

IT WOULD be easy to gain access to the rear of the family home where 13-year-old Billie-Jo Jenkins was found battered to death, a court was told yesterday.

Sion Jenkins, 40, denies murdering his foster daughter Billie-Jo, whose body was found on the patio at the back of their home in Hastings, East Sussex, in February last year.

The prosecution alleges that Mr Jenkins battered her as she painted the patio doors, and then took his daughters Lottie and Annie on a bogus trip to buy white spirit before returning to the house and "finding" the body.

Investigator Nicholas Hillman told the jury at Lewes Crown Court yesterday he and an assistant had examined the area at the rear of the house.

It would be easy to gain access to the back garden from next door and through wasteland at the back, he said.

Earlier Professor Michael Trimble, a professor of neurology, who has written a book about post-traumatic disorder, was asked about the effect of shock.

Mr Jenkins had been questioned when he was testifying about why he had not followed instructions from the am-

BY PAUL EDWARDS

lance operator during a 999 call and put Billie-Jo into the recovery position. He denied having not done so because he knew she was already dead.

Professor Trimble told the jury that in shock, a person's concentration and the ability to plan effectively fell apart.

"I think people in shock very often fail to act properly on instructions and often ignore instructions because they don't take them in properly or their mind is deployed to doing something else which they consider, irrationally or rationally, to be the thing to do," he said.

Camden Pratt QC, prosecuting, said it was common for someone who has committed a violent crime to claim, and may have, amnesia at the moment of the crime.

Professor Trimble said: "They do not remember the crime."

Mr Pratt said: "They do not remember the crime... and just have a blank as to the existence of that person being there at all."

## British eat most cheaply on Corfu

BRITISH holidaymakers pay least for taxis in Tenerife and the cheapest eating out is on Greek islands, according to a spending index of popular destinations.

The cost of many usual holiday items has dipped sharply recently thanks to the strength of the pound, said Thomas Cook, the compilers of the index.

Tenerife had the cheapest taxis, with a three-mile trip costing £2.95 compared with £11.35 for the same journey in Malta. Best value for eating out was the Greek island of Corfu where a three-course set meal cost only £6.70. Malta, at £13.75, has the most expensive meals.

The survey found that Spain's Costa del Sol had the cheapest beer, at 65p a bottle, while Sorrento in Italy had the dearest, at £1.80 a bottle. A cup of coffee cost 45p in Madeira but £1.20 in Cyprus.

Turkey had the cheapest 24-exposure film (£2.05), while the dearest was in Malta (£3.60).

"Things have just got better and better for holidaymakers over the past three years since we started the index," said Andrew Windsor, Thomas Cook retail director.

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# Welcome to Glastonbury, the biggest communal mudbath in the land

BY JOHN DAVISON

THE RAIN came down on another Glastonbury Festival opening yesterday, reviving memories of last year's mudbath and dampening some enthusiasm with the prospect of a repeat performance.

After a dull, drizzly start, black rainclouds finally engulfed the huge natural arena in mid-afternoon. More of the same, with attendant mud fights and mayhem, is forecast.

For medical services, it means packing away the aloe vera lotion and rehydration salts and breaking out elasticated bandages to treat the twists and sprains of those who, perhaps a little the worse for wear, have fallen flat on some part of their anatomy. For the police, it was initially meant a relatively quiet time. "It's the quietest festival I can remember," a spokesman said. "So far."

Up the hill in the healing field, where alternative practitioners ply their trade, one early rush gave an indication that many of this year's festival goers have been concentrating their early efforts under cover. A sign outside the "fest aid" tent announced: "Condoms for hire, small deposit required" - a humorous comment on the fact that they had run out of supplies.

"We give them away for free and we had hundreds, but they've all gone already," said Paul Diprose, who marshals a group of National Health Service nurses in the field to complement Fluffy Welfare, Indian Head Massage and a Yin Yang tarotthon.

Mr Diprose also reported a steady stream of "fence-related injuries", referring to those who are a cropper while scaling the 4 ft steel perimeter fence to avoid the £30 entrance fee.

But it was all proving too much for Shining Bear, who as reclining on a sheepskin rug in his tent advertising "Did-ido Healing". He was getting some rest in before appearing with Rolf Harris in part of last night's show, he said.



A brave early riser greeting the morning at 6am yesterday at Glastonbury as most of the festival goers huddle together for shelter in tent city

Tom Pilstan

"The sound of the Didg' takes the thinking mind on a spiritual journey, allowing the natural healing process to take place," explained Bear, a huge - well, bear of a man with piercing blue eyes. "I've seen some incredible results, especially with emotional stress and trauma."

On the other side of the valley, at festival medical services, business was a bit more brisk.

Here the 100 or so conventional staff are co-ordinated by a doctor wearing a head-set and microphone, and people wear green bibs and baseball caps.

By yesterday afternoon, they had treated more than 700 of the 100,000 people estimated to be on site. The addition of another soul, in the shape of this year's first festival baby (there were three last year), was

averted by a quick referral of a mother in labour to hospital.

Otherwise, it was the usual range of sprains and burns from tent fires, treated in the 17-room medical centre. Psychiatric services reported a quiet time, perhaps because no one had had the chance to get seriously paranoid from the range of illegal substances available.

Police yesterday reported

the arrest of three people for possession of drugs and 21 for dealing. A new mobile analysis unit allows quick processing of cases and avoids having to give dealers bail, which would enable them to go back to work.

In the five weeks leading up to the Somerset festival, there were 250 arrests for drug-related offences by those suspected of stockpiling for the

event and more than £1m of drugs seized - mostly cannabis.

Certainly there was plenty of weed and goodwill in the air on Wednesday night, when the gathering crowd resembled a ragged medieval army on the eve of battle. Banners flew from Canada, Jamaica and South Africa, and combat gear was the favoured sartorial statement. There was a heavy flag bias in

favour of Inger-land, and last night the main performance by James was put back so football fans could watch the England match on a huge screen.

Weather and mishaps apart, the general aim was to have a good time. Richard, of Newcastle, did not even know which hands were playing. "I'm not really here for the music," he said. "I just come for the ... thing."

## Marine 'hit for falling asleep'

BY MIKE BROWNELL

A ROYAL Marine told a court martial yesterday he was punched in the face by a sergeant for falling asleep during a training lecture.

Marine David Tait alleged Sergeant David Foggin punched him through an open tent window after he was ordered to stand up during the lecture.

The soldier gave evidence in the trial of two Royal Marines non-commissioned officers accused of bullying recruits. A lieutenant is also accused of failing to report the matter.

The court heard how the alleged attack happened while Marine Tait was taking part in the tough 30-week Royal Marines commando training course. Marine Tait was one of 40 recruits on Exercise First Base at Woodbury Common, near the Marine's base in Lynnhurst, Devon, in 1996.

Marine Tait said: "I was instructed to stand up by Corporal Amphlett, who was giving the lecture, because I was falling asleep. I felt a strike to the right hand side of my face."

"I didn't turn around, but I heard Sergeant Foggin's voice instructing me to wake up. I didn't report it to anybody because I thought it was trivial."

The court has heard how other recruits were allegedly punched and kicked in a string of attacks by Sergeant Foggin and Corporal Amphlett.

The allegations were later brought to the attention of Lieutenant Michael Geldard but he failed to take action.

Sgt Foggin denies four charges of ill-treating recruits and four alternatives of battery. Corporal Amphlett denies one charge of ill-treating recruits and an alternative charge of battery, while Lieutenant Geldard denies one charge of conduct to the prejudice of good order or military discipline.

The case continues on Monday.

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## A high-contrast, black and white photograph of a woman, identified as Mrs. Duggan, sitting behind a large pile of potatoes. She is wearing a light-colored shirt and a dark apron. A sign above her head reads "JOS. C.". The background shows a window with a view of trees.

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# Little Egret nests in Britain for first time

SOME OF Europe's most graceful waterbirds, once rare visitors to Britain and Ireland, are now set to become a regular feature of the countryside, according to leading ornithologists.

Little Egrets, long-necked snowy-white members of the heron family, have established successful nesting colonies in Dorset and Ireland and a new report says climate warming could encourage the population to spread.

Forty years ago, only 23 of the marshland birds with wispy head plumes had ever been recorded here, and keen birdwatchers had to go on Mediterranean holidays for a glimpse.

But numbers subsequently grew in Spain, France and Italy and the population spread north into Normandy, resulting in birds increasingly taking short autumn flights across the Channel to southern England and Ireland over the past decade.

This led to over 1,000 migrant egrets coming to English and Irish

By BRIAN UNWIN

shores in some years - the world's most northerly gatherings - and a report in the new edition of the monthly journal *British Birds* announces the details of what has long been eagerly anticipated by naturalists.

A pair nested, raising three young, on Brownsea Island in Poole Harbour, Dorset, in 1996 - then five pairs reared 12 young there last year. Meanwhile, there was also one pair in an unnamed Irish spot in 1996 - and the outcome last year was around 30 young from 12 pairs of adults.

The report by Leigh Lock, South West England Conservation Officer for the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, and Kevin Cook, warden of the Dorset Wildlife Trust's Brownsea Island reserve, points out that this is even better productivity than in the egret's heartland in the South of France.

They comment: "If egrets are given adequate protection from

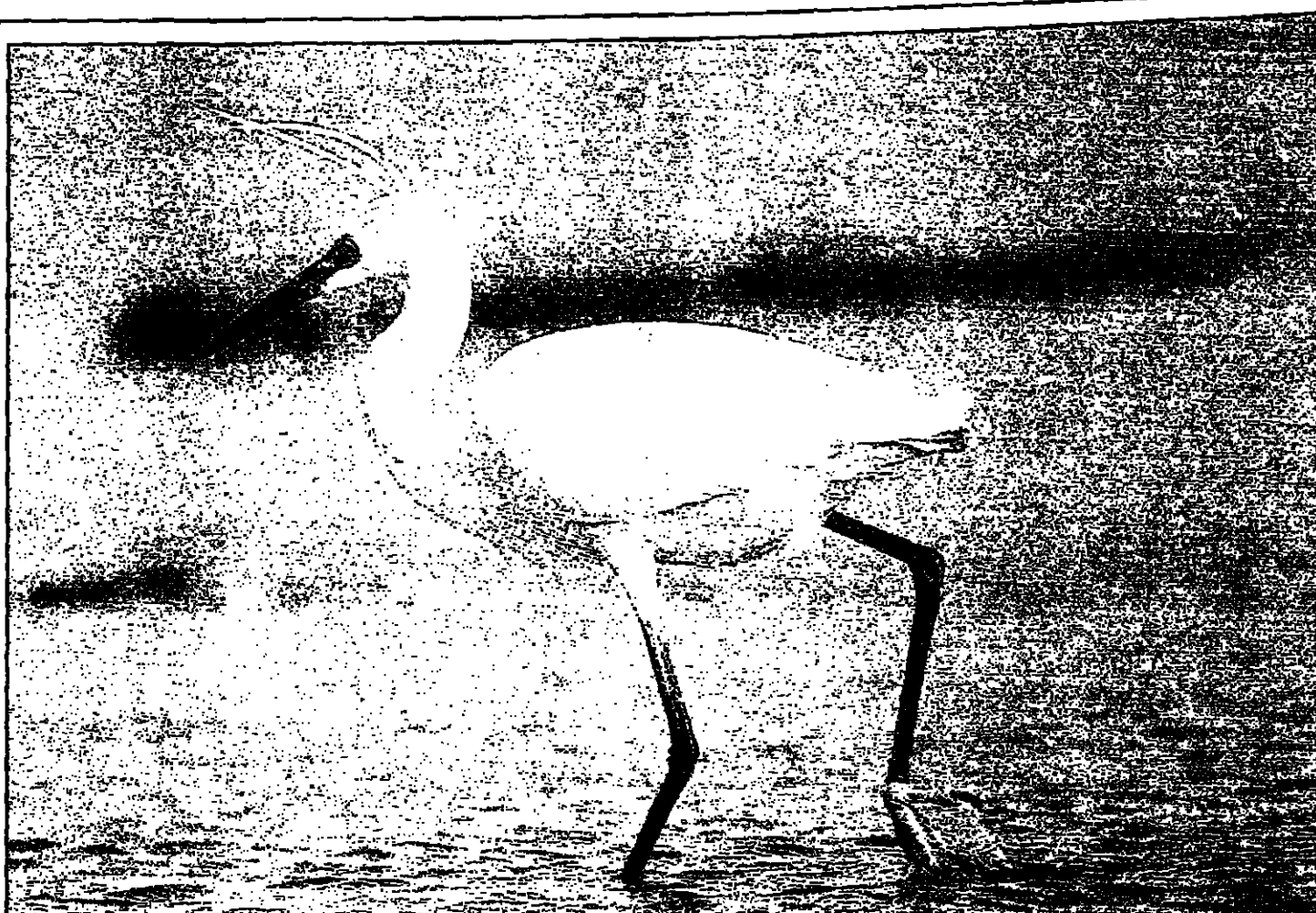
disturbance, particularly during the breeding season, they are likely to flourish in southern England in coming decades.

"While the precise effects of climate change are difficult to predict and a number of scenarios have been proposed, mild winters would be likely to encourage further overwintering, and increasingly warm summers would be suitable for breeding.

"If these occur, there may be even greater range expansion, and the Little Egret may become a familiar breeding species along the South Coast, possibly being joined by other southern European species, such as the Black-winged Stilt, before too long."

They point out that, on the Continent, Little Egrets often nest in the same groups of trees as Grey Herons.

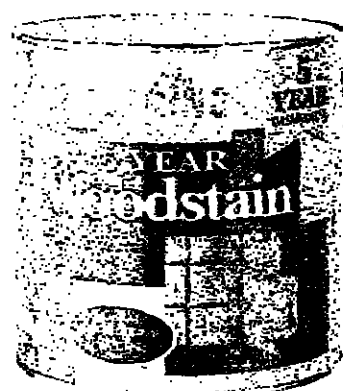
This is the case with the Dorset and Ireland birds - and the report reckons that there is plenty of scope for them to nest in other places as well.



The Little Egret is beginning to breed in southern England and in Ireland

Planet Earth Pictures

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## Judges reinforce beef on bone ban

THREE SCOTTISH appeal judges yesterday upheld an appeal by the Crown against a ruling that had raised questions about the legality of Britain's controversial beef-on-the-bone ban.

A sheriff in Selkirk ruled in April that the regulations were "defective" and "manifestly absurd". The Crown appealed against that decision and at a hearing in Edinburgh yesterday, Scotland's Lord Justice Clerk said it was the judges' unanimous opinion that the appeal succeeded.

He went on: "The case is to be remitted to the sheriff to give his conclusion on points he did not decide, and for that purpose to hold a preliminary proof, if that is necessary."

The ruling amounted to a setback for supporters of the hotelier Jim Sutherland, the first person in Britain to be prosecuted under the ban, whose case is at the centre of the legal wrangle.

David Kidd, from the law firm representing Mr Sutherland, said: "While we are disappointed that the appeal has been upheld, the case is far from over. Today's ruling was on only one of our four main defence points - the issue of 'preparation'."

"We will now go back to Selkirk Sheriff Court with renewed vigour and put our case once more to Sheriff (James) Paterson, who has been directed to rule on the remaining issues on which our defence was based."

Mr Sutherland became the first person in Britain to face prosecution under the bone ban regulations after he served a well-publicised beef dinner to 180 diners at his hotel near Lauder in the Scottish Borders five days after the ban was introduced last December. The case was thrown out at a pre-

By JOE QUINN

liminary hearing into legal issues in April, in which Sheriff Paterson called the regulations "defective".

The Selkirk ruling had centred on the use of the word "preparation" in the bone ban regulations. The sheriff ruled "preparation" was ill-defined and could mean simply subjecting a carcass of beef to cold temperatures - which would render illegal the whole system of beef distribution.

It was against that ruling that the Crown appealed.

A Ministry of Agriculture spokesman welcomed the ruling and defended the Government's stance, saying: "The beef-bone regulations were introduced to protect the public from the possible infectivity from BSE taking account of the advice of SEAC [the Government's BSE advisory body] and the Chief Medical Officer."

"They are essential for the protection of public health. The case now returns to the sheriff's court, but the Government expects that following today's judgment the regulation will continue to be observed and enforced."

A spokeswoman for the National Farmers' Union, which opposes the regulations, said: "The decision is disappointing as we believe consumers should have the right to choose whether or not they eat beef on the bone."

"As farmers we are not in the position to dispute the legality of the regulations' wording. Instead we're against the very existence of the legislation. All the evidence from SEAC shows the risk posed by eating beef on the bone is absolutely minimal. Consumers should be able to make their own informed decision."



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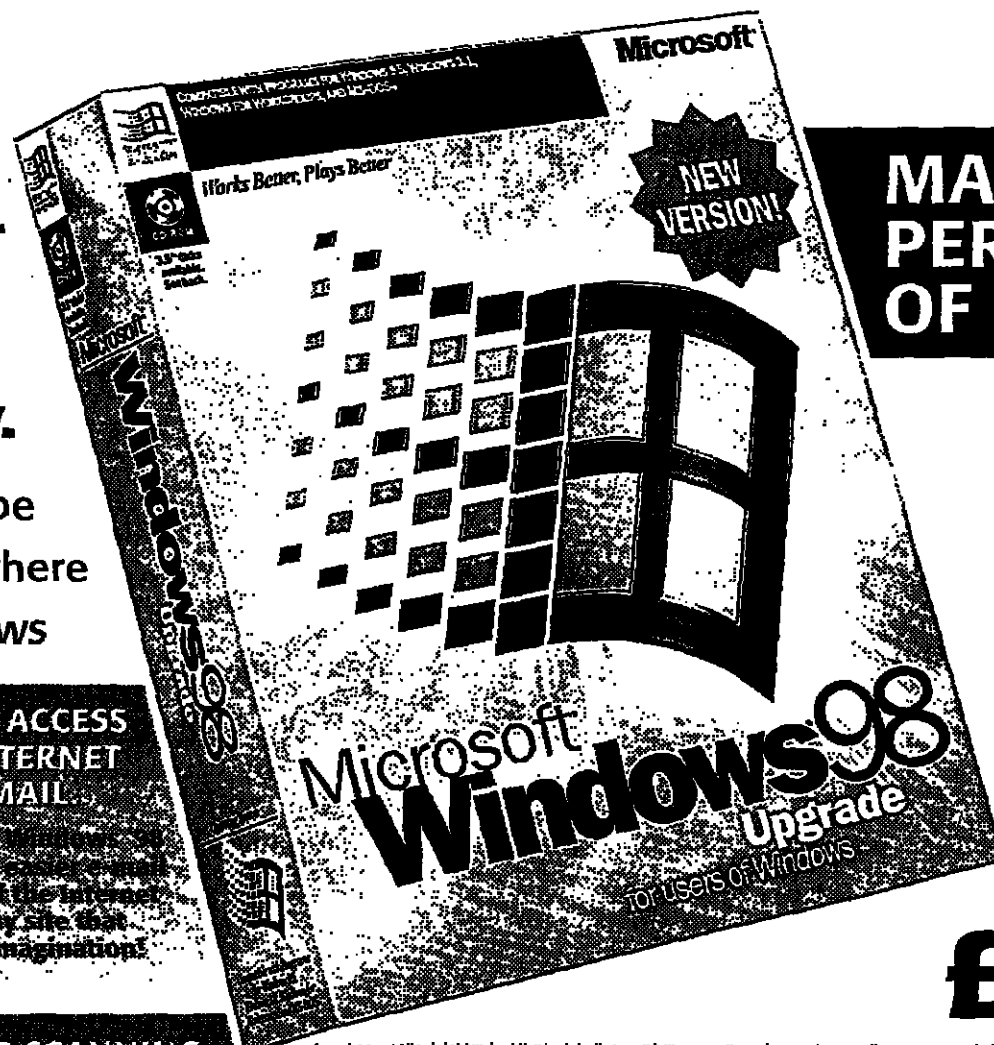
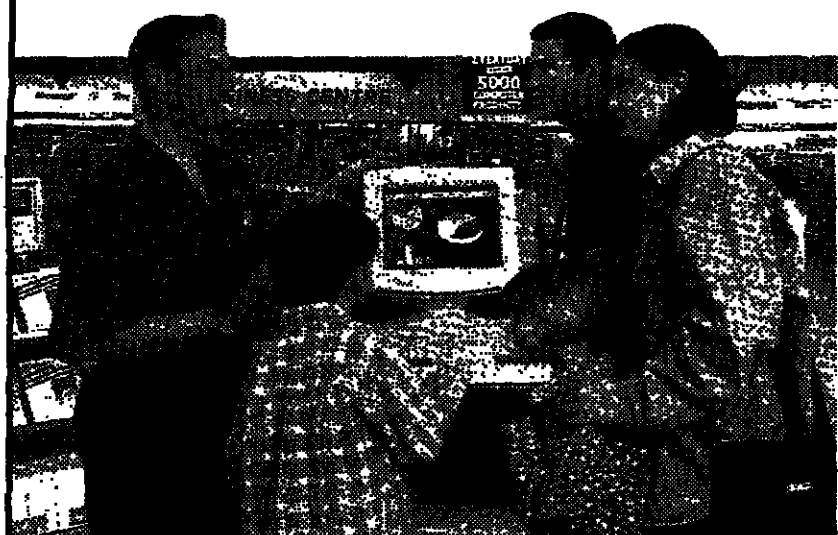


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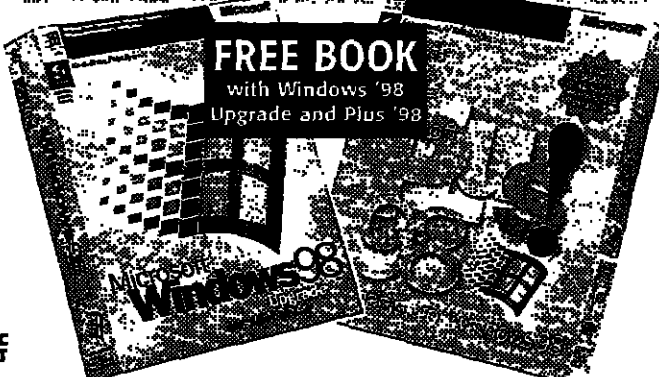
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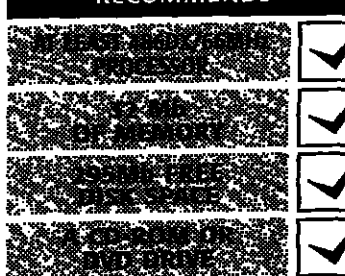
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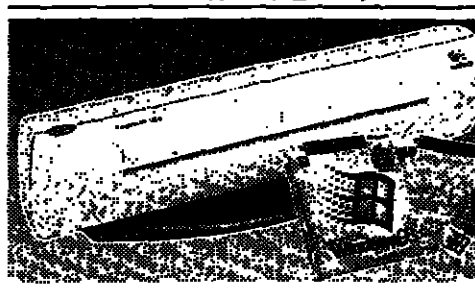
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# Dissident arrests mar Clinton visit

PRESIDENT CLINTON flew to Peking last night, shifting the focus from the picture-studio start to his state visit today's controversial for-d welcome in Tiananmen square, scene of the June 1989 protests of pro-democracy activists.

But for ordinary Pekingers, the United States president's visit was something to be feared. As his 30-car convoy rolled through the capital city in the late evening, crowds of protesters erupted into spontaneous applause and people were pulled from the buses.

Today's summit with President Jiang Zemin represents a business stop of the US president's nine-day "long march" through the mainland and Hong Kong. No-one expects any diplomatic breakthroughs, but the symbolic setting will set a tone for the

By TERESA POOLE  
in Peking

rest of Mr Clinton's visit, including how the two sides deal with differences over human rights.

Yesterday, amid photo-opportunity presidential visits to a Chinese village and the 2,000-year old terracotta warriors, neither side was pulling its punches over the question of why a number of Chinese dissidents had been rounded up by police before Mr Clinton's arrival in the city of Xian on Thursday evening.

The US National Security Advisor, Sandy Berger, said: "It's the China security apparatus doing what comes naturally. People are not debris to be swept up for a visitor." He said China's response to US concerns had been "disappointing", and that Mr Clinton

would raise the matter today with Mr Jiang.

Mr Clinton, pressed by US reporters, said he found the reports disturbing. "If true they represent not China at its best, not China looking forward but looking backwards. One of the reasons that I came here was to discuss both privately and publicly issues of personal freedom," he said.

China's own public statements yesterday appeared designed to confirm the West's worst perceptions. A foreign ministry spokesman declared: "So-called arrests of dissidents by the Chinese side are rumours spread by people with an axe to grind." Technically, the Xian dissidents who were taken into custody by police were "detained", not "arrested".

For anyone who wanted an introduction to "old China"

yesterday, there could be no better demonstration than the state media's treatment of Mr Clinton's arrival in China, a visit long yearned-for by the leadership in Peking. The main Chinese language newspapers yesterday morning printed not one single photograph of the US president's arrival, and omitted all his comments on the benefits of "individual thoughts, beliefs and creativity".

The biggest headline in yesterday's *People's Daily* read: "Conscientiously study and understand the spirit of comrade Jiang Zemin's speech and steadfastly walk in the front ranks of constructing reform and opening and modernisation."

None of this has much relevance to the way most ordinary Chinese people now try to lead their lives.



President Clinton tours the terracotta warriors with his wife Hillary and daughter Chelsea



Gary Hershorn

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## Texas braces for Klan invasion

THE SMALL Texas town of Jasper has already been through a desperately painful month. When it wakes today the pain will still be there, and so will the Ku Klux Klan, the New Black Panthers and half the world's media.

It is the grisly death of a black man in a racially-inspired killing that has brought Jasper such pain. The murder hurt a small community that had never thought of itself as the spawning ground for such evil. But then the Klan decided to show its face to disavow the killing and make its mark on a place that had little time for it. It planned a march for today.

The Panthers, who have little to do with the original black power group, decided they would respond in kind and have threatened to come armed. Shops closed early last night as local officials prepared for a day that risks spilling over into something desperately ugly.

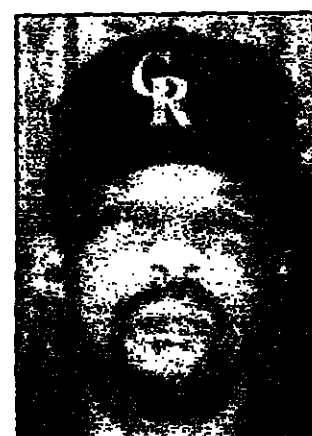
This dreadful pageant began when the dismembered body of James Byrd was found on 7 June, scattered along a mile of country road. He had hitched a ride from three white men but picked the wrong people. They beat him up, tied him with a chain to their pick-up truck and dragged him along until he was dead. Shawn Berry, one of those arrested, told police that Lawrence Brewer and John King had been drunk and had gone berserk.

Jasper is far from the big cities of Texas in the eastern most part of the state. It lies in an area of woods and lakes that has little to do with the sprawling cattle and oil regions to the west. Eastern Texas was a slave-holding area before the Civil War and has more than its fair share of racist groups and dark secrets today.

By ANDREW MARSHALL  
in Jasper

Nearly half of Jasper's population is black, as is the mayor. The town, according to those who live here, has little recent history of racial confrontation.

This quiet town of 7,000 people plainly feels that it wants no more attention. The local radio station is advising everyone to



Klan victim James Byrd

stay away from the rally, and the square in front of the pretty courthouse is roped off, to keep the media away.

Jasper feels that it has been made the scapegoat for much wider problems that are not its own, and it is afraid.

For the Klan, this is a great opportunity. Members of up to seven different organisations will assemble in town today, including the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan and the White Camellia, an Eastern Texas group. They argue that they had nothing to do with the murder and that it serves them little good.

Mark Potok, of the Southern Poverty Law Center, is not normally well disposed towards the Klan, but he agrees.

"I don't think there is any evidence of the involvement of racist organisations [in the murder]," he said. But with Klan membership falling and more radical groups emerging, "the Klan has taken advantage of the situation."

The involvement of racist movements in the killing is the most controversial aspect of the case. Some argue that, brutal though the murder may have been, it was an isolated incident. "Don't go reading far more into this than these guys deserve," Time Magazine quoted a local attorney, Rife Kimler, as saying. "These are three guys who got mean, got drunk and saw an easy target."

But Time neglected to point out that Mr Kimler has acted as the lawyer for Charles Lee, the Grand Dragon of the White Camellia Knights.

What is not contested is that Brewer, King and Berry, had plenty of time to absorb the ideas and emotions of the white supremacist right.

All three had served time and it was in prison that they seem to have acquired links to right-wing groups. King is thought to have contacts with the Aryan Brotherhood, the largest white prison gang.

He had also adopted Odinism as his religion, a sect that worships Nordic gods and has a following among neo-Nazi skinheads.

If this killing, vile as it was, had just been an act of drunken savagery it was bad enough for Jasper. But it has brought the television cameras and the Klan and everybody else to a small place that is still grieving.

It is hard to feel that anything good can come from this, however hard and honestly the people of Jasper work to heal the wounds left by a murder.

## Mugabe firm over white land seizure

ZIMBABWE'S PRESIDENT Robert Mugabe vowed yesterday that he would implement his controversial plans to seize mostly white-owned commercial farms for black peasants, even if donors withdrew vital support.

Mugabe said land redistribution had become an urgent issue in the wake of illegal occupation of some commercial farms by villagers.

He said any more delays would spark anarchy from peasants, who say Mugabe has failed to deliver on a key promise he made during Zimbabwe's independence war in the 1970s, in a struggle many say was fundamentally over land.

Officials deny that the government may have prompted villagers to occupy half a dozen farms in the past week in order to give impetus to Mugabe's land seizure plans.

Mugabe, 74, says blacks have a greater right to the land than white settlers he charges "stole" it.

## Riots over killing of Algerian singer

HUNDREDS OF Berber youths smashed windows and damaged cars in angry protests yesterday, after the murder of a popular Algerian singer, Lounes Matoub.

Matoub, 42, was killed yesterday near his Berber hometown. He was an outspoken critic of Algeria's violent six-year conflict, attacking both the government and its fundamentalist Muslim opponents.

He had just returned from exile after surviving a kidnapping by Muslim militants.

Youths took to the streets of several towns in the region of Kabylie, eastern Algeria, and many clashed with police. No arrests were reported.

Thousands of people arrived in the Berber region-

al capital of Tizi-Ouzou overnight to pay their respects to Matoub, whose funeral will take place on Sunday.

Algeria's security forces said the singer had been "cowardly assassinated" and shot several times.

Matoub was killed outside the village of Oued Aissi, near Tizi-Ouzou.

It was the latest assassination of an Algerian artist during an insurgency that has claimed more than 75,000 lives.

Witnesses said his wife and two sisters-in-law were also wounded in the attack. They said Matoub's car was stopped at a false roadblock, but that the singer drove on. The assailants then showered the car with bullets.

MARIO VARGAS LLOSA

*'The hooligan is no barbarian - he is an exquisite and terrible product of civilisation'*

— THE WEEKEND REVIEW, PAGE 5



**BY STEVE CRAWSHAW**

**BY MARY BRAID**

US assistant secretary of state for African affairs, said in Nigeria the stakes were "enormous". A democratic Nigeria she said was the key to a stable and prosperous West Africa and an invigorated continent. There are fears that Nigerian instability might lead to a return to conflict in Sierra Leone, where Nigerian troops ironically helped restore a democratically elected government.

But the US's desire to welcome back Nigeria into the international fold is driven by more than concern about the region. A reformed Nigeria would end an embarrassment at home – though it has been scathing about Nigeria's human rights record the US has continued to guzzle up its oil. Last year, the US doubled its oil purchases to \$6bn.

Little is known about General Abubakar, who is believed to be the military junta's compromise candidate. But US and European diplomats pin their hopes on a few established details which seem to set him apart from General Abacha. While General Abacha was the master of murky, military politics, the more low-key General Abubakar, 55, a Muslim from northern Nigeria, has risen through the ranks, steadfastly avoiding politics and somehow sidestepping the endless coup plots, show trials and purges of the senior ranks.

After fighting in Nigeria's civil war in the late 1960s and serving as a UN peacekeeper in Lebanon in the 1980s he is one of only a few soldiers to have risen to the rank of general without holding government office. His associates insist he has never had political ambitions.

Observers hope he belongs to a faction of the armed forces now believed to regret the trashing of their reputation and integrity - to say nothing of the country's - by military rule. It is unclear just how numerous and influential they are.

But the armed forces, the largest in Africa, are split over the way ahead.

Some believe General Abubakar's hand is strengthened by his close association with former military leader Ibrahim Babangida, who recently emerged from a five-year silence as a born-again critic of military rule. There is speculation that Mr Babangida is planning a political comeback as a civilian or that the two men share the view that the military should get out of politics.

With General Abubakar's support, along with his true game plan, hard to gauge, it is wise to remember that compromise candidates elected by divided groups can find themselves in dangerously, even fatally, weak positions.

## Belarus leader unrepentant

## Indian shells kill villagers

## Timorese denounce referendum

## Ghost draws crowds

**Two Albanians shake hands to clinch the sale of machine guns close to the border with Kosovo**

Arben Cel

**THE LIBERAL Democrat**  
**leader: Paddy Ashdown.**

weapons, and small arms ar in any case constantly smuggled in. Mr Ashdown describe seeing one place that was "th Albanian equivalent of Safi ways", with arms and ammunition, including weapon looted in last year's rioting freely on sale. The price-tag fr a Kalashnikov was said to b \$10 (£6).

Following a five-day trip to the region, Mr Ashdown argued that failure to act could lead to a disastrous explosion of violence, where "the potential ramifications are huge".

His fact-finding trip included conversations with leading politicians in Albania and Macedonia, both of which border Kosovo. Mr Ashdown said the large Albanian population in Macedonia, in particular, was "increasingly radicalised".

On the Albanian-Kosovo border, Mr Ashtdown watched a Serb mortar unit and heavy machine guns attacking "one farmhouse after another". He said that he saw no returning fire. He noted that the actions were in clear breach of commitments given to President Boris Yeltsin by President Slobodan Milosevic.

The Kosovo Albanians are clearly out-gunned. But they have made enormous advances, despite the lack of

Mr Ashdown argued that was essential to "take steps to stop pan-Serb nationalism. Measures might include "sanctions, if you wish". But he made it clear that he believed the hanging threat of possible military action to be more effective. He noted that Serb position shelling villages were "very open to air attack".

He argued, however, that the "danger of pan-Albanian nationalism" was also real. He said he opposed full independence - as opposed to enhanced autonomy - for Kosovo "if independence happens: Macedonia blows up." And he suggested that the new strength of the guerrilla Kosovo Liberation Army, which now holds large swathes of territory in Kosovo, meant it would be difficult to dictate terms.

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| W. CARDIFF        | W. HIDDERSFIELD  | W. NORTHAMPTON   | W. SHEFFIELD   | W. BRENTFORD | W. LAMESIDE       |
| W. CHATHAM        | W. HULL          | W. NORWICH       | W. SLOUGH      | W. CHRYDON   | W. STAPLES CORNER |
| W. CHESTER        | W. IPSWICH       | W. NOTTINGHAM    | W. SOLIHULL    | W. ENFIELD   | REF EP153         |
| W. COLCHESTER     | W. LEEDS         | W. OLDHAM        | W. SOUTHAMPTON |              |                   |
| W. CONVENTRY      | W. LEICESTER     | W. PETERBOROUGH  | W. SPENCERFORD |              |                   |
| W. DUNDEE         | W. LONDON        | W. PENWALTH      | W. STOCKPORT   |              |                   |

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# PC WORLD

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# Belgium opens old war wounds

MORE THAN 50 years after the Allied liberation of Belgium, the country's two linguistic communities, the Dutch-speaking Flemings and French-speaking Walloons, are embroiled in a rancorous feud over who collaborated with the Nazis, and more compellingly, why.

Words like "complicity", "traitor" and "pariah" reverberate once more around towns and villages as a result of moves by the regional parliament in Flanders to award cash compensation to Flemish men and women convicted as collaborators after the war.

Parliament's vote has reopened a traumatic chapter in Belgium's history, causing deep offence to many Walloons and unleashing what local newspapers have called the "demons" of ethnic and linguistic tension seething beneath the surface of Belgian life.

To add insult to injury, the vote was only passed with support from an extreme right-wing Flemish separatist party, the Vlaams Blok.

The compensation bill, known as the Suykerbuyk law, after the Flemish Christian Democrat MP who campaigned for it, could still be overturned by the courts. The Walloon government, which runs the southern, French-speaking part of the country, Francophone political parties, the Walloon parliament, and the Walloon cities of Dinant and Bastogne, where memories of wartime bombardment are bitter, have all joined forces to launch a legal challenge. The Belgian senate last week said it would ask the courts to have the measure declared unconstitutional, as only the federal government can legislate for

BY KATHERINE BUTLER  
in Brussels

there are men and women who, thanks to delays, still cannot claim a pension, although they may have been pardoned by the appeal courts in the 1960s.

Collaborators have endured decades of ostracism. Mr Suykerbuyk insists that allowing people to claim the handout will not rewrite history: "It does not in any way change the fact that they were convicted as collaborators."

But the Walloons see the measure as an amnesty for Nazis and a victory for the extreme right in Flanders. Flemish nationalism, is now more than ever linked in Walloon minds with the far right.

The Walloon collective memory venerates the notion of French speakers as heroic members and supporters of the underground resistance. True, there were a few high-profile French-speaking acolytes of Hitler in the 1930s, such as Leon Degrelle, the founder of the fascist Rexist movement, but the belief is that there was little grassroots sympathy among Walloons for the Nazis.

Flemings dispute this. They point out that Flemish cities such as Gent and Antwerp were important centres in the resistance. "Not all Walloons were in the resistance and not all Flemings were collaborators," Mr Suykerbuyk says.

But on the Flemish side there is also an ambivalence about the whole concept of collaboration. Their philosophy is that it has to be seen in context. "If you took a job from the German battalion stationed in your village, does that make you a Nazi?" Mr Suykerbuyk asked.



Belgian Nazi collaborators on trial

war-time matters.

The sense of outrage the bill has awoken may never heal. "Our own people have seen fit to inflict on us a shame more abject than that of the SS," said Arthur Hauot, a Walloon veteran.

"Let us not forget that of the 70,000 Belgian prisoners of war, 67,000 were Walloon, only 3,000 were Flemish," Jose Happort, a Walloon Socialist MP said.

The bill aims to soften the last remaining effects of the harsh laws concerning "repression of collaboration", which were enacted after the war. Mr Suykerbuyk, the bill's sponsor, insists the change is long overdue. "We should have done it 20 years ago," he told *The Independent*. The law would give a token state hand-out worth around £400 a year to surviving "victims of repression" and their immediate families for the rest of their lives.

To claim this aid, they would have to prove both that their collaboration was small-scale, and that they were impoverished as a direct result of the punishment meted out in the post-war years.

Almost half a million Belgians were investigated for alleged collaboration with the Nazis after the war. Three thousand were condemned to death by military courts. Most had their sentences commuted to prison terms. But 242 went in front of the firing squads.

Tens of thousands of others, many of them Flemish, were branded as collaborators, were jailed or fined and lost their civil rights and property. To this day

"For many it was a question of how to put bread on the table."

The problem is that there were many card-carrying Flemish Nazis, not to mention sympathisers. The wartime Vlaams National Verbond (Flemish national Union) campaigned for the union of Germany, Holland and Flanders. They encouraged Flemish people to guard bridges against saboteurs and join the German army on the eastern Front. There were outright Flemish Nazis, such as Jef Van de Wiele, and a Flemish branch of the SS, whose members flooded the police and gendarmerie in Belgium the early days of the Occupation.

What the present row has exposed is the fact that many Flemings in 1939 did not see their refusal to defend a country run by a French-speaking elite as "betrayal". They felt no allegiance to a land where their language and rights were suppressed. Many did not know which was worse - the French-speakers who ran the country, or the Germans, who they hoped would at least redress Flemish grievances.

Hugo Schlitz, a former Belgian deputy prime minister and a leading member of the Volksunie, a moderate Flemish party, says: "The real problem is the blinkered Walloon attitude: Francophones still cannot admit that Flemish collaboration was due in part to the injustices of the time. They go on insisting that Flemish nationalism and Nazism shared the same hideous face."



Leon Degrelle, founder of the fascist Rexist movement, was a French-speaking Walloon

## Howard courts Hanson voters

A NEW state government of Queensland formed by the Labor Party was sworn in yesterday, almost a fortnight after an election which rocked Australia over the strong vote for One Nation, a party built on racially divisive policies.

The Labor Party will be able to govern Queensland for the next three years with support from an independent MP and Pauline Hanson's party will play no part in the government, despite winning 11 of the state parliament's 69 seats and capturing 23 per cent of the vote.

The Prime Minister, John Howard, yesterday went on a speaking tour of rural Queensland to try to win back support from Mrs Hanson's converts. But in doing so, he appeared to sympathise with some of her more controversial policies, opposing Asian immigration and welfare spending on Aborigines.

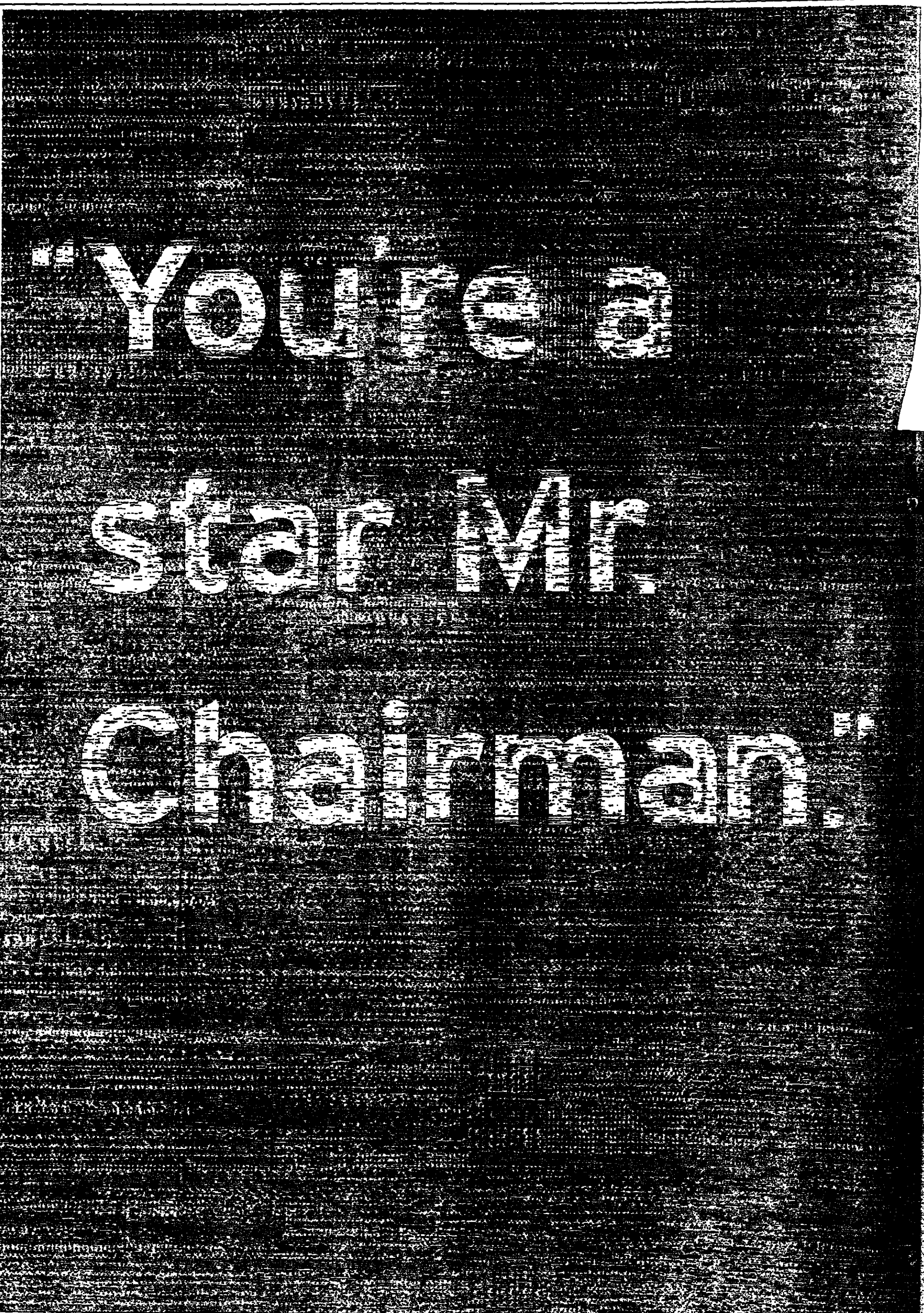
In a crowded hall in Maryborough, north of Brisbane, Mr Howard said he did not want an Australia where "people of Asian background" felt

BY ROBERT MILLIKEN  
in Sydney

unwelcome. But, he added: "I resent, along with a lot of other people in this room, the fact that you haven't been able to talk about immigration in this country for years without being called a racist. I've suffered that criticism myself. I suffered that criticism when I attacked the Aboriginal affairs policies of the former government..."

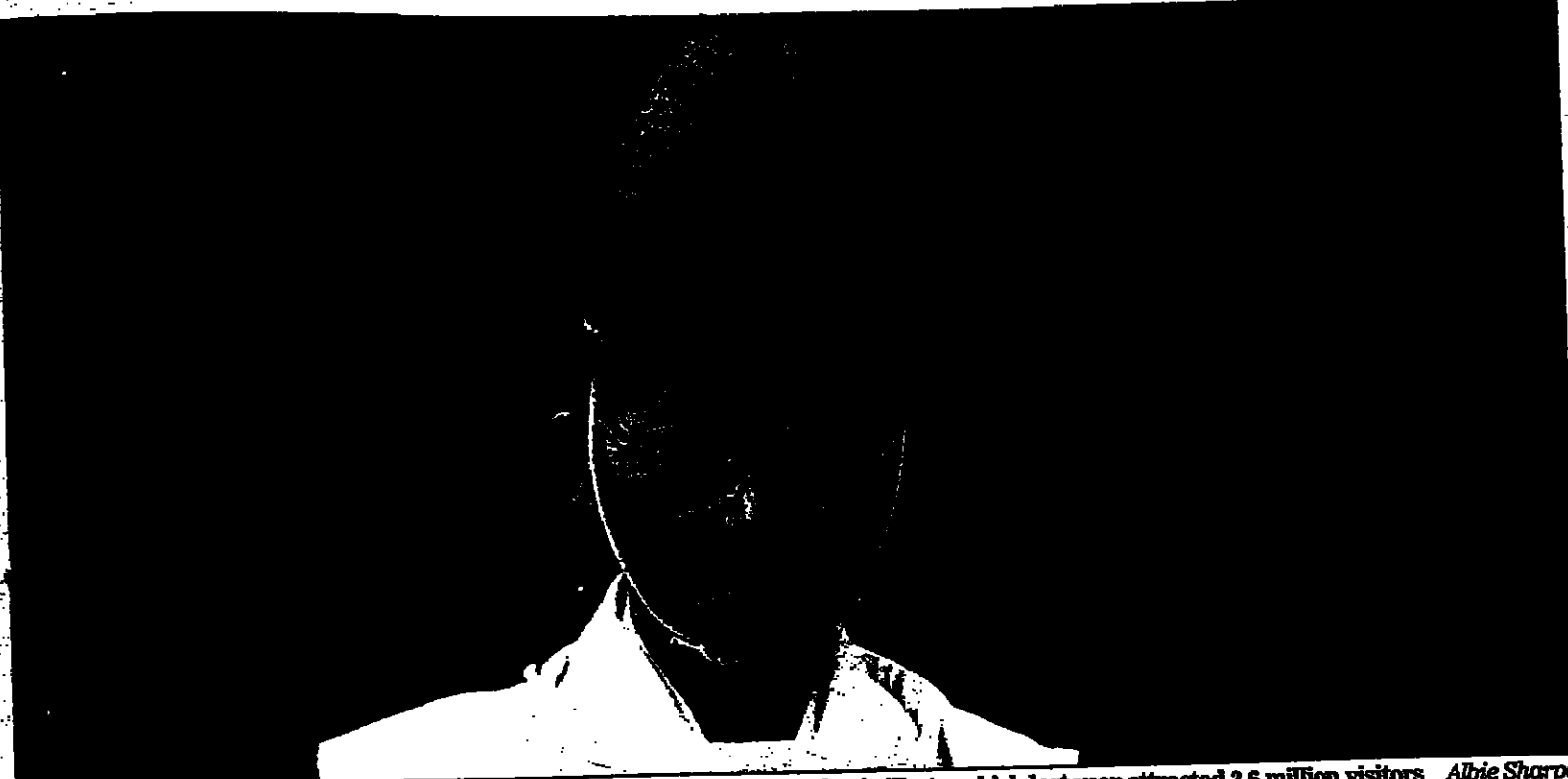
The Prime Minister's remarks drew applause from his conservative audience who, by and large, supported Mrs Hanson's call for abolition of the federal laws that give Aborigines native title rights to traditional lands. Mr Howard's government is trying to amend the law in a way that restricts Aborigines' rights to native title over outback pastoral leases.

The bill is blocked in the Senate, the upper federal house, and Mr Howard has threatened to call a "double dissolution" election of both houses to resolve the issue.





# Man who knows the path to heaven



Yoshiro Asai, chief priest at the 1,050-year-old Kitano Tenmangu Shinto shrine in Kyoto, which last year attracted 2.6 million visitors. *Albie Sharpe*

JAPAN HAS been in the grips of football mania for more than a week and the 1,050-year-old Kitano Tenmangu Shinto shrine has not been spared.

Yoshiro Asai, the chief priest, has met many types of worshippers in his 53 years at the shrine and admits quite a few have been asking the gods to intervene on the Japanese football team's behalf.

At 76, he is still spry and clearly devoted to his job at one of Kyoto's most famous shrines. "My daily life is dedicated to serving the gods with a true heart," he said. With a certain pride he recounts that the shrine holds 120 festivals annually and last year had 2,600,000 visitors.

Sitting in the shrine office, surrounded by ancient relics, photographs of visiting Japanese royalty and sipping endless cups of green tea, he jokes about his working hours: "Usually nine to five, like a typical Japanese salary man". It is hard to imagine Mr Asai, dressed in a white silk kimono shirt and hakama (divided skirt), ever belonging to the

## A WEEK IN THE LIFE OF YOSHIRO ASAI, Shinto Priest



world of suits and commuters. Shinto, "the way of the gods", is the ancient polytheistic religion of Japan. Mr Asai defines Shinto as "the way of showing devotion to one's parents. The gods are our ancestors and we must pray to them with respect and sincerity".

He trained as a Shinto priest before the Second World War, when Shinto was a state religion and Emperor Hirohito was revered as a living god.

This weekend culminates in an important date on the shrine's festival calendar; the Gotoshinsai, or birthday festival of Michizane Sugawara, the 10th-century scholar who is enshrined at Kitano.

He is the reason why the shrine is visited by droves of students. Mr Asai spends a lot of his time guiding students around the shrine and explaining how to pray.

The lead-up to the festival is keeping him busy. He must oversee the preparations, and is worried the rainy season will interfere with an expected crowd of 100,000 worshippers.

A week before the festival, Mr Asai meets the publisher of his book on the history of the shrine. He has spent the past 20 years writing the book, which is to be released at the festival.

LAST WEEKEND the shrine was mostly deserted. A violent storm turned the temple grounds to mud. Most of the shrine priests had gone to collect *chigoya* (reeds) from a mountainside. They are to be twisted into a giant wreath, called a *chinowa*, for the festival. Thousands of people will pass through it as they enter the shrine, expecting their bodies to be purified and leaving them free from sickness.

AN 81-YEAR-OLD woman visits the shrine with her numerous children and grandchildren, to be purified by Mr Asai. She is a regular worshipper and comes every year on her birthday to ask the gods for long life and good health.

This year she says she feels unwell and is adamant that Mr Asai perform a ceremony. He is in great demand to perform ceremonies, which involve exorcising health problems and bad luck and purifying new buildings. "As I walk around the shrine people often stop me and

ask for my advice on a matter. I don't usually offer spiritual advice, just common sense".

Saturday is Mr Asai's day off. He attends a Rotary club lunch, then he goes on to his annual junior high school year reunion. Later Mr Asai sits down at home to watch Japan's World Cup match against Croatia, with his 68-year-old wife Kazuko.

Shinto priests are permitted to marry. In fact, Mr Asai points out that it is the duty of Shinto followers to produce offspring.

SUNDAY is the shrine's busiest day. But it is raining again and there are only a few pupils in uniform, wandering around under umbrellas.

Later Mr Asai meets six important shrine parishioners. Most of them run weaving companies in Nishijin, the traditional kimono manufacturing area of Kyoto. They meet occasionally to discuss shrine affairs and festivals but today's conversation centres on the economic recession and how it is affecting the shrine. "The Nishijin companies used to give us large donations," Mr Asai says.

"Now it's half the amount." The government will only subsidise half the cost of repairs at Kitano. The rest of the money has to come from donations and other sources.

MR ASAI begins the day as usual, waking at 6am and spending about an hour before breakfast praying at the two altars in his house, to the Gods and to his ancestors. He makes offerings of steamed rice, salt and water. After lighting candles at the altars he recites ritual prayers. He repeats the ritual in the evening, usually before dinner.

After breakfast Mr Asai watches the news and his favourite television drama *Ten Urara* (Beautiful Heaven), the story of a comedian. Mr Asai reaches the shrine at 9.30 and strolls around the grounds, stopping on the way to pray at each of the 50 smaller shrines.

Ten priests under Mr Asai's supervision begin to twist the reeds into the giant wreath. Mr Asai begins his self-purification in preparation for the festival. He must stay within the shrine grounds until after the festival and only eat food cooked at the shrine. He also prepares the offering he will make to Michizane Sugawara for the festival.

More schoolchildren visit the shrine. They want good luck in their exams. Mr Asai chats to them as they watch the reeds being twisted. But talk soon turns from exams to football and the rainy season.

THE DAY dawns clear and the festival begins. The whole area around the shrine is busy, as people bustle around the antique and food stalls. The shrine staff are kept busy, too, selling lucky charms and talismans to ward off epidemics and bad luck.

SALLY MCLAREN

## French N-tests 'polluted atolls'

FRENCH NUCLEAR testing in the South Pacific has polluted lagoons and atolls with plutonium, according to a report in the *New Scientist* magazine.

The magazine said there were "several kilograms" of the substance in the sediment of the lagoons at the Muroroa and Fangataufa atoll sites, where France carried out 193 atmospheric and underground nuclear blasts between 1966 and 1996.

Quoting a scientific report to the International Atomic Energy Agency, the magazine says plutonium particles have been scattered over the surface of three islands near the main test site on Muroroa.

"The study says radioactive tritium is leaking into the lagoons (of the two atolls) from cavities left by underground tests, creating concentrations often 10 times higher than in the open ocean," said the *Dominion* newspaper in Wellington, New Zealand.

The study, by independent scientists, was to verify monitoring by the French government. It also finds that the lingering nuclear contamination from the tests was unlikely to harm the nearest residents, some 80 miles (130 km) away, or damage the natural environment.

New Zealand has consistently questioned French assurances that the South Pacific nuclear testing programme would cause no environmental or human harm.

A spokeswoman for New Zealand foreign minister Don McKinnon confirmed the government had received a copy of the report and would study it but would not comment before doing so. "It is an independent scientific report," the spokeswoman said. "Now it is open to scientific review and scrutiny."

The report is expected to be tabled at an International Atomic Energy Agency conference in Vienna next week.

## FERGAL KEANE

*'Throughout his life my father carried the mental scars of his schooldays in the newly independent Irish state'*

— THE WEEKEND REVIEW, PAGE 3

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# BUSINESS

## Go-ahead given for BNFL \$1.2bn US nuclear deal

### BRIEFING

#### UK and US defend SA currency

THE BANK of England and the US Federal Reserve intervened in the foreign exchange markets yesterday to defend the South African rand, which had been weakened by strong speculation in the past weeks, according to traders.

The embattled currency spiked up in value as soon as rumours that the two central banks had been selling dollars and buying rands reached the markets, rising from a record low of 5.7875 rand to around 5.70 rand to the dollar.

However, it soon retreated to a new low of 5.81, hit by a fresh bout of selling.

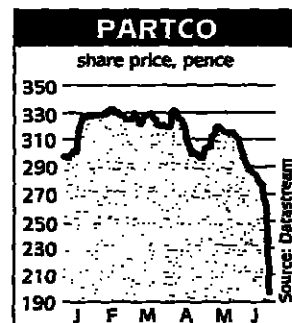
#### Horlick gains role at Parambe



NICOLA HORLICK, the star fund manager who left Morgan Grenfell after a bitter dispute last year and is now at SocGen, is to become non-executive director of the investment company Parambe. The company yesterday bought Gioma, an operator of Latin American themed restaurants for \$6.3m.

Parambe disposed of its art-dealing subsidiary to concentrate on running Gioma's Gaucho Grill and Down Mexico Way chains.

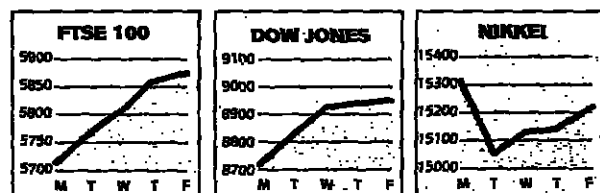
#### Partco profits hit the brakes



PARTCO GROUP shares slumped 16 per cent yesterday after the UK's largest vehicle parts distributor warned that profits for the first six months of the current year would be below market expectations.

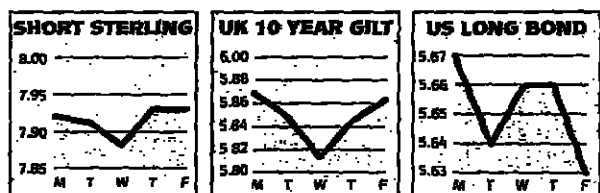
The shares fell 40p to close at 196.5p. The company, which owns 254 vehicle parts distributing companies in the UK, said that the mild winter had led to a decrease in demand for brakes and radiators. A decrease in overall demand for commercial vehicle parts and services was also behind the fall in sales.

### STOCK MARKETS



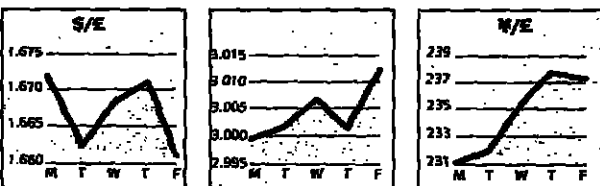
Index	Close	Change	High	Low	Yield (%)
FTSE 100	5877.40	18.50	5920.50	5832.80	3.90
FTSE 250	5322.30	-5.40	5370.50	5284.20	3.48
FTSE 350	2831.40	6.70	2840.10	2821.80	3.82
FTSE All Share	2762.00	6.37	2817.04	2706.59	3.78
FTSE SmallCap	2618.80	1.30	2693.80	2582.10	3.13
FTSE Floating	1433.60	3.00	1517.10	1425.20	3.16
FTSE AIM	1100.70	3.50	1146.90	965.90	1.14
FTSE EBOC 100	1046.08	-0.95	-	-	-
Dow Jones	6990.52	8.96	7011.91	6971.32	1.60
Nikkei	15210.04	77.82	15299.79	14988.21	1.00
Hang Seng	8607.86	-57.97	8682.31	8551.68	4.76
Dax	5670.42	9.79	5676.76	5647.24	2.76

### INTEREST RATES



Index	3 month	Yr chg	1 Year	Yr chg	10 year	Yr chg	Long bond	Yr chg
UK	7.81	0.95	8.00	0.89	5.86	-1.22	5.45	-1.62
US	5.69	-0.09	5.84	-0.25	5.47	-1.04	5.63	-1.15
Japan	0.66	0.00	0.71	-0.18	1.54	-1.16	2.03	-1.06
Germany	3.56	0.43	3.87	0.60	4.75	-0.90	5.34	-1.12

### CURRENCIES



Index	Close	Change	Yr Ago
Dollar	1.6612	-0.04	1.6652
D-Mark	3.0121	+1.09	2.8752
Yen	237.21	+0.14	188.63
E index	106.80	0.00	101.80

### OTHER INDICATORS

Index	Close	Chg	Yr Ago
Brent Oil (\$)	12.14	0.23	17.65
Gold (\$)	293.15	-0.65	338.25
Silver (\$)	5.39	0.10	4.78

### TOURIST RATES

Australia (\$)	2.6705	Medan (new peso)	13.47
Austria (schillings)	20.44	Netherlands (guilders)	3.2793
Belgium (francs)	60.13	New Zealand (\$)	3.1111
Canada (\$)	2.3878	Norway (krone)	12.38
Cyprus (pounds)	0.8497	Portugal (escudos)	204.83
Denmark (krone)	11.16	Saudi Arabia (rials)	6.0806
Finland (markka)	8.9002	Singapore (\$)	2.6370
France (francs)	9.7592	Spain (pesetas)	246.49
Germany (marks)	2.5217	South Africa (rand)	8.7581
Greece (drachma)	490.84	Sweden (krone)	12.85
Hong Kong (\$)	12.53	Switzerland (francs)	2.4497
Ireland (pounds)	1.1525	Thailand (bahts)	61.79
India (rupees)	65.30	Turkey (liras)	425120
Israel (shekels)	5.6458	USA (\$)	1.6302
Italy (lira)	2882		
Japan (yen)	230.73		
Malaysia (ringgits)	6.2621		
Malta (lira)	0.6306		

Rates for indication purposes only  
Source: Thomas Cook

BNFL, the state-owned nuclear waste reprocessor, last night completed its controversial \$1.2bn (£720m) deal to take over part of the US nuclear programme despite fears that the British taxpayer could be saddled with huge liabilities.

The breakthrough came after the Treasury approved BNFL's participation in a consortium bidding for Westinghouse's nuclear activities, including the processing of plutonium for the US nuclear weapons programme.

The pressure group Friends of the Earth has attacked the deal for exposing British taxpayers to financial risks, and the Liberal Democrats intend to press for an emergency Commons statement on the deal on Monday.

Matthew Taylor, the Liberal Democrat MP said: "BNFL have taken over Westinghouse at a bargain basement price because they have agreed to take on the US company's liabilities. The Government must explain what kind of burden this massive US liability is going to place on the British taxpayer."

BY MICHAEL HARRISON AND COLIN BROWN

The deal will double the size of BNFL, which runs the Sellafield waste reprocessing facility in Cumbria, and make it one of the leading players in nuclear waste reprocessing and plant decommissioning.

Under the deal BNFL and its US partner, the engineering group Morrison Knudsen, will pay \$238m for Westinghouse's nuclear operations and take on \$800m in liabilities and other financial obligations.

BNFL will put up \$70m of the cash purchase price, giving it a 40 per cent share of the venture, but will assume \$800m of the liabilities. However, 90 per cent of the liabilities relate to non-nuclear business, mainly steam generation contracts dating from the 1970s and early 1980s.

The Treasury, which put the deal on hold last weekend, is understood to have been reassured that it will have no effect on public spending or BNFL's External Financing Limit.

The Westinghouse activities that the BNFL/Morrison Knudsen consortium is taking over are its energy systems business, defence-related business and nuclear clean-up and decommissioning activities.

BNFL will be in charge of the energy systems business, which provides nuclear fuel fabrication services, while Morrison Knudsen will take responsibility for the US military work. The clean-up and decommissioning business will be run jointly.

The pressure for a Commons statement was stepped up by Friends of the Earth. Environment minister Michael Meacher's former assistant, Ian Wilmore, FOE spokesman, said public financial guarantees on future liabilities might be needed to fund the deal because BNFL was owned by the UK Government.

The environmental campaigners also warned it could lead to an expansion of the Thorp reprocessing plant at Sellafield, raising the quantity of highly radioactive nuclear waste stored in the UK.

BNFL has a £13bn order book, including \$2.5bn worth of work in the US. Its US subsidiary, BNFL Inc, has contracts to clean up a number of former military nuclear weapons sites in Washington state, South Carolina, Tennessee and Colorado.

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## Second warning hits Danka shares

BY LEA PATERSON

SHARES in Danka Business Systems, the photocopier distributor, fell by more than 20 per cent after the company warned that first-quarter profits would be 10 per cent lower than expected.

The announcement was the second profit warning from Danka in seven months. In December shares in Danka, a former stock-market star, more than halved after it admitted that the integration of Kodak's office-imaging business was proving more complex than initially thought.

Yesterday, shares in Danka closed down 51p on the day at 205p. At their peak the shares were trading at 835p.

Mark Vaughan-Lee, Danka's chief executive, said the problems were confined to sales in the company's US hardware division. "International sales remain strong," he said.

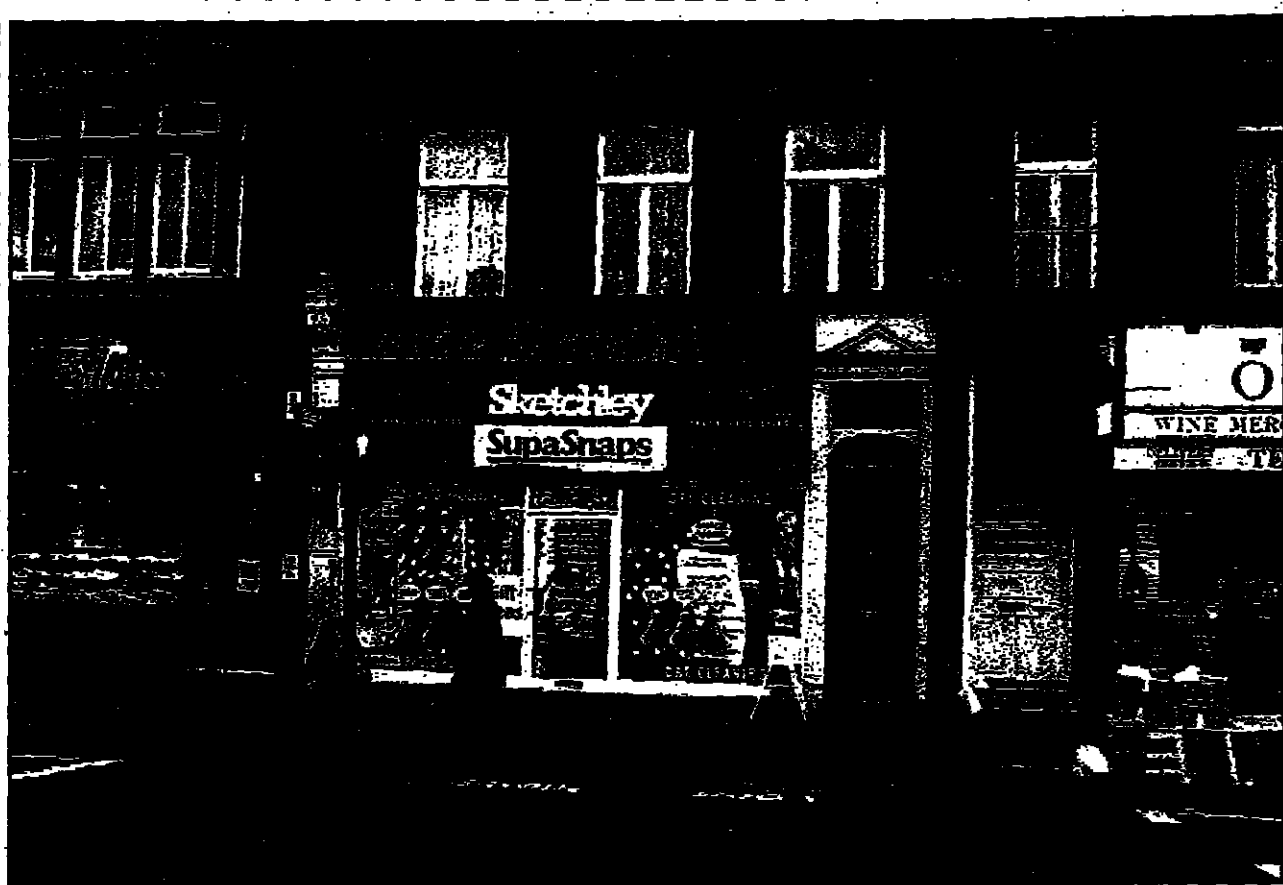
Mr Vaughan-Lee identified two key US difficulties. He explained: "First, on 1 April, we announced a new compensation programme which would bring Danka and Kodak employees into line. This has produced uncertainty in the field, and we need to rekindle motivation. Second, we have talked about the necessity of increasing our sales force. It takes time to train people and to bring them up to speed." He added: "We always said this would be a transition year in merging the two businesses."

In September 1996 Danka announced it was buying Kodak's office-imaging business for \$64m, which doubled the size of the company.

Mr Vaughan-Lee said the solution to Danka's problems was partly one of time, and that the company now needed to focus on driving up morale.

In a statement, Danka said: "The company expects revenue for its first quarter ending 30 June 1998 to be approximately 10 per cent below market expectations. The company's revenue and net earnings for the fiscal year to 31 March 1999 are also expected to be negatively impacted."

Analysts had been expecting Danka to achieve pre-tax profits of £87m for the year to March 1999. The company is scheduled to report first-quarter results on 13 August.



The Sketchley brand name will live on, but under the ownership of Minit Group

## Sketchley quits the high street

BY ANDREW VERITY

SKETCHLEY, the troubled dry-cleaning and business services group, yesterday signalled an end to its high-street presence with the sale of its 620 outlets to the Minit Group for just £123m.

John Jackson, the chief executive, resigned as the sale was announced, leaving Sketchley without a chief executive. He was said to be looking to pursue other interests.

The group will be forced to change its name once the sale has been completed. Yesterday it also emerged that profits from Sketchley's retail division were too little to carry on paying the rent on its properties.

Sketchley has a market value of £34m, but in the last

three years has run up losses of £30m. In 1996, Sketchley said it would close 160 outlets in the face of stiff competition. It has struggled to sublet enough of the stores to cover the rents, and many remain closed.

Last July, David Davies, the chairman, announced results which he called "disappointing in the extreme". An expected profit turned into a £4.3m loss after serious accounting errors were discovered. Richard Meyers, then finance director, resigned that day.

In January the group said it was in talks with a mystery bidder for the entire group, but these ended last week.

The business problems were compounded by tragedy when Ray Washbrook, a 25-year-old father of two who worked for a Stevenage subsidiary of Sketchley, died after being trapped overnight inside an industrial tumble drier. Two weeks ago the company was fined £25,000 for contravening health and safety regulations in the incident.

Minit Group, the international key-cutting to shoe-repair chain owned by UBS Capital, yesterday said it would keep the Sketchley name as well as its other retail brands, including SuperSnaps, Jeeves of Belgrave, Lilliman & Cox and Tohills. It will also guarantee the rump Sketchley business

against becoming liable for rent on the properties - a bill for up to £50m over the coming years - should the Minit group fail.

Gavin Chittick, finance director of Minit's UK operation, pledged to transform Sketchley into a "services supermarket", training staff to offer shoe and watch repairs, key cutting and dry cleaning under one roof. He added there were no plans for redundancies.

Under another name, the rump Sketchley group will concentrate on business services such as renting out work clothes and contracting for British Telecom. No replacement for Mr Jackson has yet been proposed.

## Stock Exchange to probe briefing claim

THE STOCK Exchange is to look into allegations that analysts were selectively briefed earlier this week before downgrading their profit forecasts for Imperial Chemical Industries, writes Andrew Verity.

Shares in ICI continued to fall yesterday slipping 16p to 979p on the back of suspicions that the group will suffer heavily from the impact of the Asian crisis and exchange rates. ICI yesterday dismissed suggestions it may have broken Stock Exchange rules on revealing price sensitive information to selected people.

John Edgar, a spokesman, said: "The investor relations team [which speaks to analysts] are not going to be talking about speculative information which they wouldn't have anyway."

Questions began to be asked on Wednesday as two brokers, Credit Suisse First Boston and Credit Lyonnais, downgraded their profit forecasts.

Both put out profit forecasts for the full year of £500m. However, Mr Edgar said another broker, Southenders, had forecast £400m.

## ITC softens ban on cable TV firms' deals

CABLE TELEVISION companies won a reprieve yesterday as the Independent Television Commission (ITC) watered down its proposals to stop them selling up to 40 channels at once in a "bundle", writes Andrew Verity.

The television regulator said it would ban deals which guaranteed that new customers were forced to buy a bundle of channels when signing up to a cable company. But it backed down on a crucial plan to extend the ban to existing deals.

The concession removes the threat of legal action against the

ITC by Channel One and Live TV, two of the biggest broadcasters on cable, who complained a complete ban could put them out of business.

Richard Horwood, of Live TV, said: "This is great news for us and we are delighted. We now have contracts with pretty much all of the cable industry requiring them to distribute Live TV to 100 per cent of their viewers until 2005."

Some television companies are expected to take the ITC to a judicial review on the grounds that the regulator is exceeding its powers.

## Power firms face capacity curbs

BY MICHAEL HARRISON

THE TWO big electricity generators, National Power and PowerGen, could be forced to dispose of a third of their coal-fired stations under proposals to be unveiled next week by the industry regulator.

Professor Stephen Littlechild, the director general of Oftec, is expected to call for a radical opening-up of the generating market, which could see the two companies obliged to dispose of as much as 8,000 megawatts of capacity.

The regulator's move follows the Government's energy review, which called for plant disposals to increase competition in generation, bring down electricity prices and increase the market for coal.

An Oftec spokesman said that Professor Littlechild would make a statement next week on the prices in the electricity pool and the market dominance of the generators. "The aim is to increase competition in generation and plant disposal has a role to play in that," he added.

The industry is braced for a more ambitious disposal programme than three years ago when National Power and PowerGen agreed to sell 6,000 megawatts of coal-fired capacity to Eastern in return for the lifting of price controls in the electricity pool.

Professor Littlechild is believed to be looking for several new entrants to come into the generating market to produce real competition. "If he genuinely wants competition then he isn't going to settle for just 2,000 megawatts from each generator," said an executive.

National Power has 13,000 megawatts of coal-fired capacity. PowerGen, about 11,000 megawatts, and Eastern 6,000 megawatts. Between them they control electricity prices for 90 per cent of the time.

Following the decision to block the construction of most new gas-fired stations, splitting up the generators' coal-fired capacity will be the only way of introducing more competition. However, there is already an estimated 10,000 megawatts of gas-fired capacity either under construction or likely to get consent - enough to displace more than 20 million tons of coal burn and increase gas's market share to nearly 50 per cent.

## AROUND THE WORLD'S MARKETS

### LONDON

Worries about Asia and fears of higher interest rates hampered shares but a late flourish produced an 18.5 points Footsie gain to 5,877.4.

In the past four sessions the index has risen 165. The mid cap index was, however, back to losing ways, falling 5.4 to 5,523.3. Standard Chartered, the banking group, was the best performing blue chip, gaining 35.5p to 680.5p on stories a 15 per cent shareholding is changing hands ahead of a bid. Derek Fain, page 28

### NEW YORK

US STOCKS rose yesterday, boosted by optimism that a growing economy with little inflation and low interest rates will increase corporate profits later this year.

The Dow Jones Industrial Average rose 56.05, or 0.6 per cent, to 8,991.63 in mid-morning trading, and the Standard & Poor's 500 Index rose 6.20, or 0.6 per cent, to 1,135.48. The Nasdaq Composite gained 7.95, or 0.4 per cent, to 1,870.38. Merck led the Dow industrials higher: Microsoft recovered from previous selling.

### TOKYO

JAPANESE stocks rose on news that the ailing Long-Term Credit Bank of Japan may merge with Sumitomo Trust & Banking Corp, ending unease about LTCB's future.

The Nikkei 225 index rose 77.82 points, or 0.51 per cent, to 15,210.04. The broader Topix index gained 5.29 points, or 0.45 per cent, to 1,190.82. LTCB surged 15 yen, or 26 per cent, to 75 yen before being suspended, topping the most-active list with 18.6 million shares traded. Sumitomo Trust fell 20 yen, or 3 per cent, to 648 yen before trading was halted.

### RUSSIA

THE MARKET tumbled yesterday with the benchmark RTS index down 5 per cent to a 20-month low on concern that oil production cuts pledged by Opec will not be large enough to boost prices.

The Russian Trading System index fell to 163.39, its lowest level since 8 October 1996. OAO Lukoil Holding, the largest oil producer, fell 5.1 per cent to \$9.20. Stocks also dropped because talks on an International Monetary Fund emergency loan to the government could take months to finish, analysts said.

### FRANCE

THE FRENCH stockmarket reached another closing high yesterday as Wall Street's early trading gains lifted the index in late afternoon after it had been flat for most of the day.

The CAC-40 index finished 11.89 points higher at a record closing high of 4,215.70 and off an intra-day high of 4,222.65. Dealers said that although the yen lifted from a low of 143 earlier today unrumoured Bank of Japan intervention it remained below 140 throughout the session and continued to weigh on the market.



[illegible]



# Danger of Snook's mobile fantasy

HANS SNOOK, managing director of the Orange mobile phone network, has a dream: it is that one day all the world will be Orange, or at least that "within 10 years the great majority of people will have wire-free telephones", and that perhaps as much as a quarter of them will be Orange subscribers. This might seem like a challenging enough business objective in itself, but there's more. Much, much more.

Many of us might think the mobile phone is already one of the great inequities of our time, but according to Mr Snook it has so far only begun to scratch the surface of its potential. In a time not too far distant he foresees penetration rates of perhaps 150 to 200 per cent. Yes, I had to think about that, too. What it means is that many of us will have more than one mobile phone.

As important, there will be legions of automated mobile phones which, for instance, will remotely inform the supplier that his Coca-Cola vending machine needs replenishing or that there's a problem with the superloo. Oh, and finally, Mr Snook reckons that in 10 years' time, some 90 per cent of all voice telephony will be mobile.

Starry-eyed stuff. The extraordinary thing is that the City seems to have bought the story hook, line and sinker. Analysts



JEREMY WARNER

Extraordinarily, the City seems to have bought Orange's mobile phone story hook, line and sinker

may be entirely right to take the bait in this way: this could indeed be the future. Rather more likely, however, is that it is not - or, certainly, that it won't prove as lucrative for Orange as Mr Snook hopes.

I would rate Orange's chances of meeting its long-term business objectives as at

best 50 per cent and probably a lot lower. To be fair, this is not so far off the probability of success that could be applied to most business plans. The difference is, however, that Orange's share price has begun to anticipate that these objectives will be met in full. There's still a little bit of scepticism left in the price, but not much.

In the last six months the shares have doubled. This week they rocketed into the stratosphere on the back of the company's latest marketing initiative, a tariff-cutting exercise which will make Orange price-competitive with Vodafone, the market leader. Many brokers are saying there's another couple of quid to go at least, which if true would put a stock market value on Orange of more than £8bn. All this for a company whose revenues have only just crossed the £1bn a year mark, that will lose in the region of £70m this year, and whose debt is £1bn and rising.

Maybe the City is right to be optimistic, but here's what I believe might be a more realistic view. After a marked slowdown, the mobile phone market has resumed past rates of steady growth, with net new subscribers rising 27 per cent in the first quarter of this year. It is a statement of the obvious to say that the bigger a market gets,

the harder it becomes to keep up past rates of expansion. Eventually it becomes impossible. But it is certainly true that so far the market has defied the sceptics.

However, in order to reach Orange's projection that 50 per cent of the population will have a mobile by 2004 (Vodafone predicts it will be a year later, but there's pretty much common ground here between the networks), the market is going to have to carry on growing exponentially.

For 30 million people to have a mobile by 2004 requires compound growth of around 25 per cent for the next three years, falling to 20 per cent in the final year. Given that there are only 31 million ordinary fixed phone lines in Britain, this might seem just a little ambitious. Around 97 per cent of households in Britain have a phone, but the number of fixed lines per head of population has yet to achieve anywhere near the 50 per cent level Orange reckons will occur in mobiles over the next five years.

It is one thing to be sceptical about achievable growth rates, but perhaps as important is the quality of those going mobile. About half of net new subscribers right now are "pre-paid", a comparatively new area of the market which allows the subscriber

to pre-pay for a certain amount of mobile usage. As yet it is unclear precisely how this new type of subscriber is going to behave. Obviously there's less credit risk with such people, but by the same token they seem not to spend nearly as much as ordinary subscribers. Furthermore, this part of the market might be quite small and quickly reach saturation point. In any case, the present apparently high rate of growth in net new subscribers may be misleading.

To return to the specific case of Orange, the company has had to change its marketing pitch markedly to stay with the pack. Throughout 1996 into the early part of last year, Orange was showing 40 per cent-plus growth in net new subscribers, but this rate of growth then began to fall and by the final quarter of last year it was less than 18 per cent. Meanwhile the others were continuing to power ahead. Even One2One showed growth in the same quarter of nearly 30 per cent. Plainly the Sainsbury's-like approach being adopted by Orange - the belief that people are prepared to pay more for a higher quality product - wasn't working. That was the backdrop to this week's announcement by Mr Snook that he is entering the price war with a vengeance.

So even if Mr Snook is right about growth in the mobile market, the networks may have to slash their tariffs down to commodity price levels to get there. Certainly if mobile is ever going to take 90 per cent of voice traffic, it will have to be price competitive with fixed-line telephony.

Things may change, but for the time being such a pricing strategy could not be made economic. On average, each mobile subscriber is subsidised to the tune of £200 for the initial cost of his handset. If this money is not clawed back through tariffs, how else are the mobile networks going to get their money back?

It seems to me that Orange, and to a more limited extent the other mobile operators as well, have created a real problem for themselves here. Rather than have the market base its judgement on what management knows to be achievable, they have allowed investors to buy into their dreams.

To base any stock market valuation on what the world might look like even five years down the line, let alone 10, is always madness. The best Mr Snook can hope for is that he will meet stock market expectations. Much more probable is that he will disappoint them.

## IN BRIEF

### Hays buys three French agencies

HAYS, the business services group, yesterday bought Alpha TT, Arec and Quasar, three specialist recruitment agencies in France, for £196.3m (£19.5m).

Hays also spent £2.2m to buy Delta Medical Express Group, a courier company with operations in Belgium and France.

### BAA in US move

BAA, the airport operator, yesterday won a 15-year contract to run shops at two terminals in New Jersey's Newark Airport, and plans to invest \$7m (£4m) to expand the number of shops by 20 per cent.

### Staff cuts in HK

JARDINE FLEMING Group, the troubled Hong Kong-based joint venture of Flemings, the British investment bank, yesterday dismissed 40 of its fund management staff in a bid to cut costs in the face of the Asian turmoil. The cuts come after a review of the firm's fund-management business the company said.

### New UBS opens

THE new UBS, formed from the merger of Swiss Bank Corp and Union Bank of Switzerland, will begin operating on Monday, the group said yesterday. It will have 4,300 employees in London, around 50 per cent more than expected.

### Media merger

THE DEPARTMENT of Trade and Industry yesterday cleared the acquisition by Southwens of Informer Publications and the Yellow Advertiser newspaper group, part of the United News and Media group.

### Claremont loss

CLAREMONT Garments, the clothes producer which supplies Marks & Spencer, yesterday blamed a poor operating performance and high disposal costs for a near-threefold rise in pre-tax losses to £12m in 1997, against a loss of £4.2m in 1996, on flat sales of £186m.

### Phone takeover

CALL-NET Enterprises, the Canadian telecoms group, is to buy long-distance rival Fonoria for an agreed C\$1.8bn (£700m).



## Northern buys maker of Poppets for £10m

NORTHERN FOODS, the food producer, yesterday bought the Paynes confectionery business from tea company James Finlay for around £10m in cash.

Paynes's turnover in 1997 was £17m, and it came in with pre-tax profits of £141,000. Its products include the chocolate confectionery brands Poppets and Just

Brazils, and Lift instant lemon tea.

The move is the final stage of James Finlay's restructuring, and follows the sale of its financial services arm and

other non-core businesses.

The proceeds of the sale will be used to buy tea plantations in Sri Lanka, the company said.

Photograph: Mykel Nicolaou

## Japanese banks set to merge

LONG-TERM CREDIT Bank (LTCB), the troubled Japanese bank, yesterday looked set to be merged with one of its rivals in an attempt to stave off bankruptcy.

Sumitomo Trust & Banking confirmed it was considering merging with LTCB after being approached by the embattled Japanese bank earlier this week. Negotiations began yesterday, Sumitomo said, adding that no deadline had been set on reaching an agreement.

Atsushi Takahashi, Sumitomo's president, said: "The authorities have told us they'll give the merger their full support." The news was broadly welcomed by the market, which saw the development as further

BY LEA PATERSON

evidence of the Japanese government's willingness to face up to the country's continuing financial crisis.

"It appears policy makers are finally biting the bullet on troubled banks," said Michael Scarlatos at Bankers Trust New York. However, analysts were quick to point out that mergers were, on their own, not enough to sort out Japan's banking problems. The market is looking for far-reaching structural reforms to Japan's financial system, analysts said.

The yen steadied at around 143 to the dollar, while the Nikkei closed up 77.82 points at 15,210.04.

LTCB, with assets of around 26.2 trillion yen (£110bn), specialises in making long-term loans to Japanese business. However, revenues from these types of loans have dried up after clients sought cheaper means of financing via the capital markets, threatening the long-term health of LTCB and similar banks.

LTCB is currently struggling with around 1.4 trillion yen of bad debt and has seen its credit ratings cut to just above junk bond level. Its shares have plunged from 300 yen in March to just 50 yen earlier this week. Yesterday its shares rose to 73 yen before being suspended.

Under the terms of the merger deal under discussion,

Sumitomo would only take on LTCB's performing debts, with LTCB's bad debts likely to transfer to Japan's new "bridge bank". The bridge bank - which is expected to manage the bad debts of struggling financial institutions - is believed to be a key feature of Japan's eagerly awaited plans for financial reform.

Sumitomo's shares fell on the news by 20 yen to 648 yen before being suspended.

Separately, Dai-ichi Corporation filed an application with the Tokyo District Court for liquidation, said Japanese media reports. Dai-ichi, said to have bad debts of 413.5 billion yen, is Japan's 13th-largest failure in the post-war period.

## Way clear for Amex, Nasdaq to merge

NASDAQ, the second-largest US stock exchange, was yesterday given the green light for its proposed merger with Amex, the third-largest US exchange, writes Lea Paterson.

Separately, the French and Spanish derivatives exchanges announced their intention to cooperate, a development seen by many as further evidence of the trend towards consolidation of financial exchanges.

Members of the American Stock Exchange (Amex) voted

by 622 to 206 in favour of the merger with Nasdaq, comfortably above the two-thirds majority required. The exchanges announced plans to join forces earlier this year.

Charles Balfour, managing director of Nasdaq International, said: "It's very good news for them and it's very good news for us. It will help shape the future of the securities market in the global marketplace."

At the end of 1997, 5,466

companies were listed on Nasdaq, with a total value of £1.65bn. Amex had 733 firms with a total value of £103bn. Their combined US equity market share will be 47 per cent.

The Nasdaq/Amex merger, which will include the Philadelphia Stock Exchange, will give the exchanges a combined market share of the US options market of 50 per cent.

Mr Balfour declined to comment on the "talks about talks" between Nasdaq and Deutsche

Börse, the German exchange. The two are understood to be considering linking systems and initiating joint marketing, but are thought unlikely to agree a full merger.

Meanwhile, Matif, Monep and Mef, the French and Spanish derivatives exchanges, said they planned to create a partnership called Euro Globex. A spokeswoman for Liffe, London's futures and options exchange, said it had no plans to link with any other exchange.

## Shares mark time as Asia and interest-rate fears cap Footsie

STANDARD CHARTERED, the banking group, is back in the takeover limelight. A story that the 15 per cent stake held by Singapore businessman Tan Sri Khoo Teck Paut had changed hands started the excitement.

The buyer was said to be the Development Bank of Singapore, and although it was quick to reject the rumour, Standard shares, in busy trading, continued to move ahead, ending 35.5p higher at 680.5p.

Speculation about the Far Eastern tycoon's stake is never far below the surface. He is the last of the famous "white squires" who rode to Standard's rescue 12 years ago when it was under threat from a hostile bid from Lloyds TSB. Since that acrimonious encounter he has on several occasions increased his shareholding.

The bank was the subject of feverish speculation earlier this year when Barclays was seen as a likely bidder, there were suggestions its directors were split over an approach from Martin Taylor, Barclays's chief executive.

With its echoes of the days of empire through its middle and Far Eastern banking network, Standard is regarded as a desirable capture for a group

ARM, the microchip maker, had an eventful session. At one time up 22.5p, the shares ended the day with a 100p gain at 1,080p.

Deals with two groups for Arm's K50 chip was the reason for all the excitement. Arm is also regarded as a likely chip supplier for Palm's superphone.

The company only arrived on the stock market in April. The shares have been down as low as 750p. Acorn Computer, up 11p at 122p, is a major shareholder.

like Barclays or even the re-plused Lloyds.

Futures activity, with the buyer of 250 contracts looking for a mid-July price of 760p, made a significant contribution to the day's activity, so did talk that Morgan Stanley had put a 1,000p target on the shares. Before the Asian turmoil took its toll, Standard shares were riding at 1,081.5p.

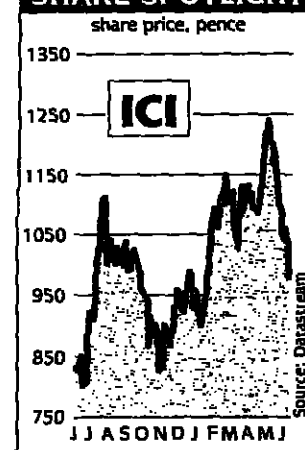
Imperial Chemical Industries was another active share, although its direction was downward. The shares fell 18p (after 34p) to 979p as its controversial telephone briefings on Wednesday continued to take its toll. Since the conversations the shares have fallen 55p as analysts have taken the axe to their profit forecasts. Stockbroker Sutherlands cut its year's estimate from £530m to £400m. CSFB moved from

## MARKET REPORT



DEREK PAIN

### SHARE SPOTLIGHT



£530m to £500m.

There are suggestions that ICI's telephone conversations may have broken Stock Exchange rules. It is said that the Exchange is investigating, although one-to-one briefings are a regular occurrence in the City. The argument revolves around insider trading which would have occurred if any trading had taken place based on information which was not in the public domain. There was, however, widespread market awareness of Wednesday's share price.

Analyst input was evident yesterday with, for example, Rentokil, the environmental group, up 6.75p to 437p after meeting analysts. Merrill Lynch seemed to go against the pack, changing its stance from buy to neutral.

Credit Lyonnais urged a switch out of J Sainsbury, off 6.5p at 554.5p, into Asda, up 2.75p to 207.75p, or Tesco, down 4.5p at 578p; the latter is taking analysts to see its Irish operations next week.

Gallagher, the tobacco group, was puffed up higher at 317.5p on Dresdner Kleinwort Benson support; the company meets analysts on Monday.

Cable & Wireless Communications' recent headline charge came to an end with the shares easing 12p to 594.5p. Henderson Crosthwaite moved its target price to 650p using the AT&T deal with Telecommunications Inc, America's biggest cable company, as a yardstick.

Last month a Canadian group sold a 14.25 per cent stake at 480p.

Recruitment group Robert Walters added 18p to 423.5p after Killik said the fall from a

565p peak last month had been overdue.

Most equities moved narrowly, with Footsie recording a 18.5-point gain to 5,877.4. But mid cap shares were back to their losing ways, although the small cap index notched up a small advance. Asia remained an inhibiting factor. Reports that the last MPC meeting voted seven-to-two in favour of the base-rate rise to 7.5 per cent increased fears that higher rates are on the way.

The Government's power play left PowerGen, known to be keen on buying a regional electricity company and also rumoured to be talking to America's Houston Industries, up 20p at 850p.

National Power, which let it be known it did not plan to sell any more coal-fired power plants, rose 4p to 535p. RJR Mining, with DKB saying the shares have a 150p "fair value", fell 14p to 121p.

The housebuilder, Barratt Developments, gave up 13p to fall to 260p with, it would appear, an attempt to place 250,000 shares doing most the damage.

Psion, the handheld computer group, caught its breath after the week's staggering rise: even so it achieved a 5p gain to 607.5p.

Claremont Garments pro-

duced its much delayed figures. Underlining the market adage that delay means dismay, it announced a £12m loss. But it could have been worse, some felt: the shares gained 4.5p to 34p.

Two companies were suspended, pending acquisitions. London & Edinburgh Publishing halted at 9p, is buying TLA Publishing Services, which provides back-up services to publishers, for up to £5.24m.

Trading was stopped in the investment group Parnam after it agreed the reverse takeover of Gloma, a restaurant chain taking in such brand names as Gaucho Grill and Down Mexico Way. The cost is £8.3m.

SEAQ VOLUME: 772.8 million

SEAQ TRADES: 36,811

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## Rogerson to head Viridian



PHILIP ROGERSON, (pictured, right) the former deputy chairman of British Gas, is to become the next chairman of Viridian, the parent company of Northern Ireland Electricity.

Mr Rogerson was the executive responsible for putting BG's case to the Monopolies and Mergers Commission during its long and bitter battle over prices with the gas industry regulator, Clare Spottiswoode of Ofgas.

He also helped to oversee the demerger of British Gas into the trading and supply business, Centrica, and the pipeline, storage and exploration arm, BG.

Mr Rogerson will take over from the current Viridian chairman, David Jefferies, on 1 January next year. Mr Jefferies, chairman of the National Grid, has held the Viridian post for the past four years.

Prior to joining British Gas, Mr Rogerson was general manager finance at ICL. His current boardroom posts include the deputy chairman's job at International Public Relations.



# SPORT

كلنا من الالاص

## No one's been round to check I'm not dead

AFTER 48 games in 18 days we have now reached the stage in this World Cup tournament where the Optrex has to be bought in bulk and the fake tan deployed to disguise the deathly pallor. Despite the permanently drawn curtains nobody from the Social Services has been round to check that I am not dead on the couch. But I can at least be grateful that my kelly does not boast a wide flat screen nor quadraphonic sound. Watching Belgium move slowly across 32 inches of irradiated glass with David Platt screaming at you from the four corners of the living room cannot be a life-enhancing experience.

The past week has been one of departures, of bags packed, of frustrated dreams. Those who travelled

STAN HEY  
VIEW FROM THE ARMCHAIR



to France in hope seeing themselves as stylish contributors to a great festival have had their inadequacies punished. But now we know that Barry cannot get through to the final having lost out to Motty on the "away vowels rule" - "Oh! Oh! Gooooaaal!" and that's before the excitement. Barry at least has a chance of reaching the semi-finals

but I fear that some of the other minnows will not go much further than the second round.

Gubba has been in the World Cup on several occasions now and always promises to come through without ever being good enough to do so. Drawn in an apparently easy group, Gubba just failed to show the right sort of spark early doors and ended up pointless. After accumulating more than a dozen red cards for dour and elusive language it will come as some relief if Waddle is expelled from the tournament. Meanwhile Chin didn't really deserve to qualify after many human rights abuses - torturing prisoners with non-stop opinion - but was able to sneak some results thanks to a series of strange refereeing decisions. The authorities

are still awaiting the results of a urine test on McCoist.

In the other half of the draw, the Venetians put on an unexpectedly educated display in a fetching new kit of restrained beige, while the ageing Mediterranean squad of Bigon seem rejuvenated, despite falling foul of FIFA's new ban on match-day jewellery. But some fierce tackling from behind and blatant dissent may have put paid to the chances of Fergie progressing much further. The hot favourites, Moore and Keegan, have disappointed so far but may be saving their worst for later. Their interplay has been mostly on the predictable side - too many missed passes, not enough excitement and an inability to read the game.

This means that a couple of the unfancied dark horses Drury and Tyldesley could yet sneak through but that is probably a bit of a long shot. The longer this tournament goes on the less chance there is of taking risks. There wasn't even that much to choose between what we had expected to be the strongest overseas teams, with Ginola and Gullit finishing level on points but with many fewer goals scored than expected. It may yet just be that, as we Brits have always suspected, these foreign outfits don't travel well.

Looking ahead, the quarter-finalists seem sure to include Lynnam, Hansen, Linaker and O'Neill from the top half of the draw. O'Neill, in particular, has played with great

freedom and seems capable of putting together several effective attacks. So knocking out Chin is a distinct possibility and would surely be good for the game. Lynnam has been a bit careless at the back but hasn't really been stretched yet, while Linaker has been playing at a nice tempo but may need to up it to go all the way.

But in the bottom half of the draw I can see some real upsets on the cards. My fear that Wilson may yet make a shock exit, with Rosenthal coming through in a dramatic shoot-out. Wilson tends to play with a flat back four and a sweeper, with nothing much in midfield or indeed up front for that matter. Such a dull, cautious approach could yet bring about a humiliating defeat at the

hand of younger, fitter rivals. Don't rule out Reggie Boy Barnes for top honours either.

A similar fate to Wilson's probably awaits Robson, whose legs may have gone after too many previous tournaments and is prone to losing it in midfield. If they are drawn together don't be surprised if the audience switches off. Meanwhile the Venables need to improve their communication, because it is not always easy to understand what game they are trying to play, or indeed whose side they are on.

So, just 16 games left to go and it's still all to play for. At the end of the day, there can only be one winner, and 15 losers. But today, I really must get some exercise and change the battery in my remote control.

### European Cup: Individual talent can help Britain's defence of trophy but injuries undermine visit to St Petersburg



A high-stepping Nathan Morgan stretches out at his Leicester track during training for this weekend's European Cup in St Petersburg, where he hopes to 'produce the goods' for Britain

Peter Jay

## Morgan in pursuit of Lynn the Leap

FOUR YEARS ago, British triple jumping was not an outstandingly interesting area of the sport. How swiftly things can change. We now find ourselves with the men's world record holder, in Jonathan Edwards, and the women's indoor world record holder, in Ashia Hansen.

Why certain events ignite for Britain at certain times remains a mystery, although the catalyst is always an outstanding performer. Which brings us to the long jump, which also brings us to Nathan Morgan.

This morning, this 19-year-old from Leicester faces the biggest challenge of his fledgling athletic career as Britain's representative in the European Cup in St Petersburg. He goes into the competition with the words of Britain's athletics performance director, Max Jones, ringing in his ears.

"Nathan will produce the goods this year," said Jones at last week's team selection announcement. "This could be the guy who is going to take British jumping into world class. I think he will be the one to break Lynn Davis's British record."

Pressure? What pressure? Sensibly, Morgan steps back from making any wild predictions about when - or even if - he will surpass the mark of 8.23 metres which has eluded every other British jumper since it was set in 1968. Yes, 1968, year of the Mexico Olympics, which goes to show what an outstanding athlete the 1964 Olympic champion was.

"People ask me when I'm going to break his record," Morgan said with a hint of a chuckle. "When it happens, it happens. I know I've got a lot more to come."

As he well knows, many have travelled the hopeful road before him. Seven years ago, the precociously talented Stewart Faulkner appeared to have positioned himself within reach of the domestic summit with a leap of 8.15 metres, still the furthest any

British long jumper has stood still since the 1960s but now has a young contender aiming for an old mark. By Mike Rowbottom

British athlete other than Davies has achieved. But Faulkner, ultimately, proved too fragile a talent. A year later, a more rumbustious character, the Irishman Mark Forsythe, managed 8.14. He, too, found Lynn the Leap beyond his reach, however.

Morgan is the obvious new talent in the event, a fact that he formally announced when he became European junior champion. His winning distance in Ljubljana - 7.90m - stands as his best, although he procured a wind-assisted effort

of 8.04m at the same venue earlier this season. Realistically, 8.23 is far off. But he is approaching tomorrow's challenge with clear goals in mind. "This will be the biggest competition I've ever done," he said. "I'm going to be going for big

jumps. I'm expecting to be over eight metres."

After two years of domestic domination Morgan welcomed the opportunity to extend himself going into St Petersburg. A month ago, there was talk of Colin Jackson claiming the long jump spot in addition to the hurdles, but injury and cancelled events means the Welshman has been unable to jump this season. Morgan, however, was uncon-

cerned about that possibility. "I didn't think the selectors would pick Colin for the long jump," he said. "Even if he had got a jump in. Because I am better than him."

Money from the National Lottery - and additional assistance from the ubiquitous benefactor, Sir Eddie Birchfield Harrier to train full time for the past two years. The 30 hours a week jobs in local grocery stores are a thing of the past.

Earlier this year he went warm weather training in Tallahassee along with his coach, Darryl Bunn, who also coaches Britain's world heptathlon silver medalist, Denise Lewis.

It is a set-up which is working well for the boy who used to get under the feet of the senior athletes at Leicester's Saffron Lane track after being taken down to the club by his father as a promising eight-year-old.

Natural speed - the essential pre-requisite for any jumper nowadays - has been harnessed to the event which he took to best in inter-school and county competitions.

His ambitions extend beyond St Petersburg, naturally enough. In this season's European Championships and Commonwealth Games. The latter competition, he believes, looks set up for Jamaica's James Beckford. "He is a class above anyone else," Morgan said. "But I have seen the best people in Europe. And they haven't got anything that I haven't got."

That's the spirit. Watch this space.

## Britain's chance to lift spirits

BY MIKE ROWBOTTOM

IT HAS been a very long year since Linford Christie plunged into the mass of British athletic supporters at Munich's Olympic Stadium, brandishing the European Cup which his team had just recaptured after an interval of nine years.

Within four months, Britain's incomparable sprinter had retired, along with his fellow Olympic champion of 1992, Sally Gunnell, and British athletics had gone bankrupt.

The men who defend the trophy in St Petersburg this weekend form the least experienced British team in the event's history. Their task was made all the more difficult by the injuries which obliged three proven performers to drop out in midweek - the Olympic high jump bronze

medalist Steve Smith, the UK pole vault record holder Nick Buckfield, and the European javelin champion Steve Backley.

The void left by Christie - whose record of 13 individual European Cup victories is unmatched - has been partly filled by his old friend and training partner Colin Jackson, who is doubling up to add the 200 metres to his customary high hurdle commitment.

That was a controversial decision given the number of talented young sprinters Britain has to choose from right now, but Max Jones, Britain's performance director, stressed that Jackson, the world 110 metres hurdles record holder, had been picked because he could be relied upon to "produce the goods on the day".

Frustrated as the young sprinters may have been, their conten-

poraries in other events have been given ample opportunities to introduce themselves to the wider world through this point-scoring competition in the way Robert Hough did in Munich as he won the 3,000 metres steeplechase in what was his international debut.

Hough is injured this year, so another debutant, Ben Whitby, comes into the event. Other first-timers include Anthony Borumato in the 400 metres hurdles, Karl Keska, a US-based 5,000 metres runner, and Nathan Morgan, the 19-year-old European junior long jump champion.

In naming his original team, Jones was upbeat about the forthcoming task. "I will be disappointed if we don't win," he said. "I will be really disappointed if we don't qualify for the World Cup." Only the top two men's and women's teams

will qualify for that lucrative event in South Africa on 11 to 13 July. But Britain's chances of making the trip have dipped in the face of strong opposition from Germany - still smarting from defeat on home soil last year - Italy, and the hosts, Russia.

The women's team, third last year, will also have an uphill struggle to contest a World Cup place with the favourites, Russia, and strong-looking German French, Czech and Italian selections.

Apart from Gunnell, they are also missing the world indoor triple jump record holder Ashia Hansen, 1500m runner Kelly Holmes and world heptathlon silver medalist Denise Lewis, who are all nursing injuries. One leading figure who is fit, the world cross country silver medalist, Paula Radcliffe, will double up over 1500 and 5,000 metres.

As David Moorcroft, the chief executive of the at present intermediate UK athletics body, strives to get the domestic sport back on track, another victory would be timely indeed in terms of morale. Realistically, however, that is unlikely.

Spirits are likely to be raised by some individual flourishes, however, with much expected from Jackson, Mark Richardson in the 400 metres, the European indoor 3,000 metres champion John Mayock in the 1500 metres, and the men's 4x400 metres team.

For the women, Radcliffe is expected to shine and sentiment dictates a satisfactory outing for Judy Oakes, the veteran shot-putter who is taking part in her 10th cup final - more than anyone else in the history of the competition.









# Meadow to mow down opposition

By SUE MONTGOMERY

OF the trio of Derbies this weekend, only one is definitely for dogs, though those of a cynical nature might suggest otherwise. The richest of the three is tomorrow's Irish Derby at the Curragh, worth some £26,000 to the winner, the most historic is the so-called *Pimen's* version, the Northern-berland Plate, being contested for the 154th time at Newcastle this afternoon. And between them is the Greyhound Derby at Wimbledon tonight.

City Honours, second in the real thing three weeks ago, will be following in some distinguished footsteps as he goes for consolation. In the past 25 years, 14 Epsom runners-up have attempted to go one better in Ireland and four — them at Goodwood Court, El Gran Senor, Law Society and St Jovite — have succeeded. In the same period nine French Derby winners have attempted the double, with successes from Asser and Old Vic.

Dream Well (3.55) represents the Chantilly farm this time, and on the book the race

does look a match. Both horses stay well, which they will have to do, given the testing underfoot conditions they will have to face. The Pascal Barry-trained Sadler's Wells colt may have a better turn of foot than the Godolphin representative and can become the first French-based, French Derby

**RICHARD EDMONDSON**  
Nap: French Connection  
(Newcastle 4.20)  
NB: Arctic Owl  
(Newcastle 3.50)

winner of Ireland's premier race.

The home side have taken the prize for the past two years but their defence does not look up to coping with the big two this time. The best of them at a decent each-way price may be progressive Campo Catino, who has taken the same route so far as last year's runner-up Dr Johnson. His stablemate and one with whom he is compared favourably.

The Irish Derby will be televised by both BBC and Channel 4, but only those with dishes

or cables can see the Northern-berland Plate from their armchair. The two-mile handicap, with a maximum field of 20, is as tricky a puzzle as ever to unravel, but three suggested against the field are Symonds Inn (3.50), Cyrian and Opague. There have been occasions when Symonds Inn has looked as if he would be at home in traps rather than stalls, but he has always been highly regarded by his astute trainer, Jimmy FitzGerald, and ran an encouraging staying on-second over a shorter trip at Gosforth Park last month.

Cyrian is one of several to make a quick reappearance after running at Royal Ascot. The presence of his Paul Cole stablemate Windsor Castle, last year's winner but a flop in the Gold Cup, keeps him attractively weighted and he was not given a hard time once his stamina ran out in the Ascot Stakes. Opague, who needs to be held up, is in his sparkling current form, as is his jockey Lindy Charneck.

French Connection (4.20) missed his date at the Royal meeting when the cat for the

Britannia Handicap was made one horse above him, but he can pick up quick consolation for Jack Barry's in-form stable in the UK Land Estates Trophy. The three-year-old got up close home to beat Lucayan Indian at Haydock a month ago and has scope for further progress.

The feature at Newmarket, the Van Geest Criterion Stakes, is probably the classiest affair of the day and should provide an opportunity for Hidden Meadow (3.45). The four-year-old acquitted himself well at Epsom when chasing home subsequent Queen Anne Stakes winner Intikhab. Rabi, who caught a similar tartar in Diktat on his last appearance, is the obvious danger.

Usually the Greyhound Derby, worth £50,000 to the winner, will have only five runners as one of the final qualifiers — whittled down from an entry of 200 — tried to bite a rival and was thrown out. Toms The Best is the favourite to live up to his name.

Sunday's cards and Hyperion's selections will appear in tomorrow's Independent on Sunday



Cash Assmusen and Dream Well, victors at Chantilly, try to follow up at The Curragh tomorrow

## NEWMARKET

**2.00 Broughton Magic**  
**2.35 Menacer**  
**3.10 Redbridge**  
**3.45 Hidden Meadow**

**GOING:** Good. **STALLS:** 1m 21+ - stands side; rest - far side.  
**DRAW ADVANTAGE:** Low bet when state far side.  
Right-hand course with no shelter (dry course).  
Course a SW of town on A1304. Bus link from Cambridge and Newmarket stations.  
**ADMISSION:** Club £10 (half-price 10-25-year-olds); Grandstand & Paddock £1 (half-price 10-25-year-olds). CAFs: Family Enclosure £2 (25% discount all enclosures 14 days in advance). CAFs: Family Enclosure £2 (25% discount all enclosures 14 days in advance). CAFs: Family Enclosure £2 (25% discount all enclosures 14 days in advance).  
**LEADING TRAINERS:** L. Clontar 10-14 (53%), J. Gosden 10-17 (54%), R. Hannon 10-17 (52%), J. Gosden 10-17 (54%), J. Gosden 10-17 (54%), R. Hannon 10-17 (52%), J. Gosden 10-17 (54%), R. Hannon 10-17 (52%), J. Gosden 10-17 (54%), R. Hannon 10-17 (52%).  
**FAVOURITES:** 10-20 (53%), 10-20 (53%).  
**BLINDING FIRST TIME:** Chantilly Bay (200), Capesville (200), Brimbleton (1000), 615.

### 2.00 A & A ELECTRICAL CLAIMING STAKES (CLASS D) £5,000 added 3YO 1m Penalty Value £4,045

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# Ecclestone sides with Schumacher

## MOTOR RACING

BY DERICK ALLSOP  
at Magny-Cours

THE DRIVING force behind Formula One, Bernie Ecclestone, entered the sport's raging debate here yesterday with a ringing endorsement of Michael Schumacher's aggressive style and a withering put down for "whingeing losers".

Schumacher, who is seeking a fourth win in five years at the French Grand Prix tomorrow to maintain his championship challenge, has been criticised by his fellow drivers following his antics in Canada earlier this month.

The German won the Canadian Grand Prix, despite incurring a stop-and-go penalty for allegedly running Heinz-Harald Frentzen off the track. Frentzen, supported by his Williams team-mate Jacques Villeneuve, has called on Schumacher to step down as an official of the Grand Prix Drivers' Association.

Ecclestone, never a man to discourage controversy, responded: "I get fed up with hearing all the complaints about Michael Schumacher's driving. I don't know why they keep harping on about it. He's a racer and it's a pity we have not got more like him."

"He's good for the sport and like other guys in the past such as Ayrton Senna and Nigel Mansell, he's prepared to take a few risks. We don't want drivers pussyfooting. We want them racing and competing."

"But Michael is a big boy. I am sure he will be able to cope with his critics on and off the track. Whingers are losers."

"Schumacher shouldn't have been penalised in Canada. I saw nothing wrong and there was no accident. The stewards should never have done what they did. He didn't have the chance to give his side of things."

It is widely perceived within Formula One that Ecclestone is keen to see Schumacher stay at Ferrari, rather than move to McLaren

-Mercedes, a scenario that might spell an end to the controversy as well as competitive racing.

"Michael is happy at Ferrari and there is no reason for him to leave," Ecclestone said. "He's the man taking it to McLaren and making a fight of it."

Schumacher's win in Montreal lifted him above McLaren's David Coulthard to within 12 points of McLaren's other driver, Mika Hakkinen. Schumacher's declared optimism here was reinforced by the performance of his team-mate, Eddie Irvine, in yesterday's practice session. Irvine was second quickest, just eight-hundredths of a second behind Hakkinen.

"I am cautiously optimistic. I hope I can make it tough for McLaren," Irvine said. "I put my money on Michael at the start of the year and see no reason why I should change my mind."

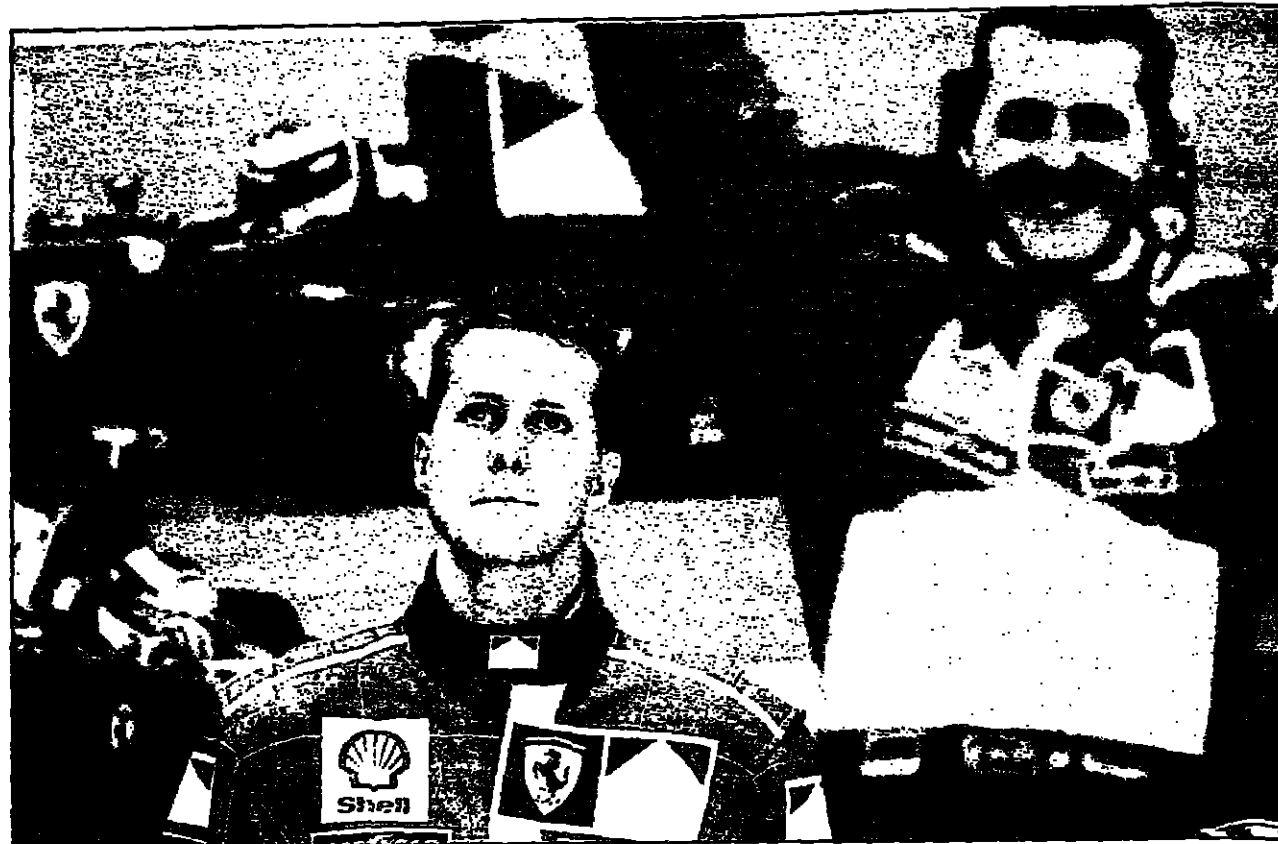
Coulthard, anxious to stay in touch with the title chase after being let down by his car in Montreal, was third yesterday, a tenth of a second behind

Irvine. Frentzen was fourth ahead of Schumacher.

Damon Hill, continuing his search for a first point in the Jordan, was encouraged by ninth place. "We have definitely used our testing to good effect," he said. "We have a much better chance of qualifying further up in the top 10 than normal."

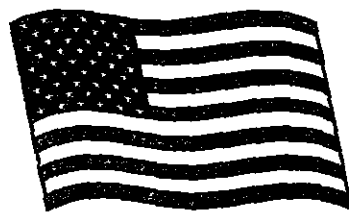
Johnny Herbert's Sauber was a disappointing 10th following an encouraging performance in testing here last week.

**FRENCH GRAND PRIX (Magny-Cours):** Positions after yesterday's unofficial practice: 1 M. Hakkinen (Fin) McLaren-Mercedes 1:16.577; 2 E. Irvine (GB) McLaren-Mercedes 1:16.597; 3 D. Coulthard (GB) McLaren-Mercedes 1:16.707; 4 H-H Frentzen (Ger) Williams-Mecachrome 1:17.026; 5 M. Schumacher (Ger) Ferrari 1:17.429; 6 R. Schumacher (Ger) Jordan-Mugen-Honda 1:17.505; 7 G. Rashedi (Ug) Benetton-Mecachrome 1:16.664; 8 A. Wurz (Aut) Benetton-Mecachrome 1:17.706; 9 J. Villeneuve (Can) Williams-Mecachrome 1:17.895; 10 J. Herbert (GB) Sauber-Petronas 1:17.977; 11 J. Trulli (It) Prost-Peugeot 1:18.036; 12 J. Alesi (Fr) Sauber-Petronas 1:18.172; 13 O. Panis (Fr) Prost-Peugeot 1:18.367; 14 R. Barrichello (Bra) Stewart-Ford 1:18.648; 15 M. Salo (Fin) Arrows-Yamaha 1:18.656; 16 R. Barrichello (Bra) Stewart-Ford 1:18.703; 17 J. Villeneuve (Can) Williams-Mecachrome 1:19.008; 18 P. Diniz (Bra) Arrows-Yamaha 1:19.023; 19 T. Takagi (Jpn) Tyrrell-Ford 1:19.057; 20 J. Verstappen (Neth) Stewart-Ford 1:20.286; 21 S. Nakano (Jpn) Minardi-Ford 1:20.445; 22 E. Tuero (Arg) Minardi-Ford 1:20.871.

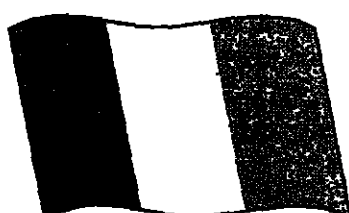


Michael Schumacher watches the monitor in the Ferrari pit during practice at Magny-Cours yesterday. Allsport

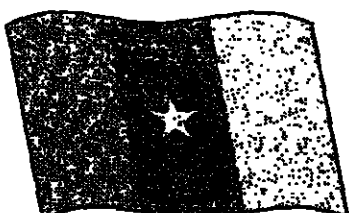
## BT's line up for the World Cup.



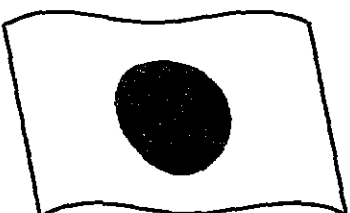
USA from 12p



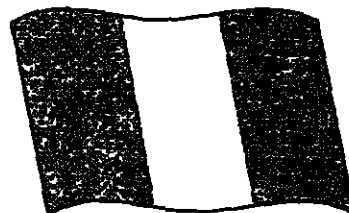
France from 13p



Cameroon from 56p



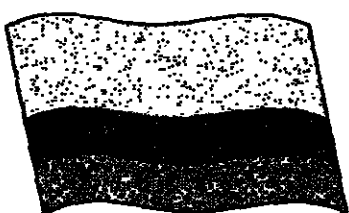
Japan from 31p



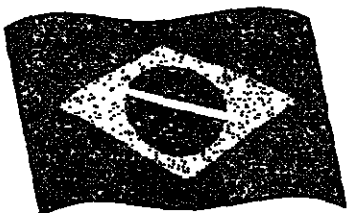
Italy from 15p



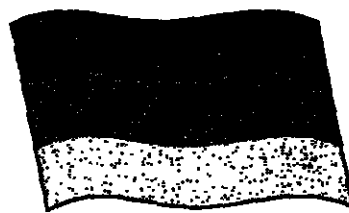
Austria from 19p



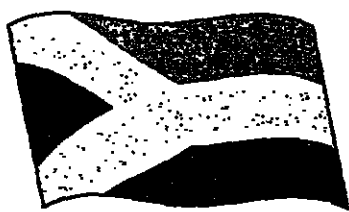
Colombia from 68p



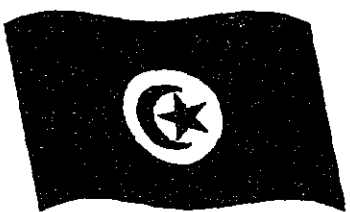
Brazil from 56p



Germany from 13p



South Africa from 38p



Tunisia from 31p

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## Seeing is not believing in an instant replay age



MIKE ROWBOTTOM

I HAVE never attended a match at a World Cup final. This is not a complaint, or even a plaintive request, simply a fact. Like most people, I have always experienced the World Cup through the medium of television. And I know for another fact that if I were to be present at one of the matches in France 98 now, I would probably struggle to believe in it.

In our televisually dominated society it can come as something of a shock to see a sporting event simply taking place in front of one's eyes - to experience sport as they did in the olden days. Observing a ball rolling about in a net, or a digital track-side clock frozen on an improbably low figure, our instinct is to suspend disbelief until the pictures, and commentary, confirm it all.

Seeing, nowadays, is not quite believing. Of course, as a sports journalist, I am in a privileged position when it comes to gaining access to the action. But at any major happening, such as the Olympic Games, the watching press have television monitors to watch replays of any incident of note. It makes life much easier. Indeed, for events such as the 100 metres, where eight men or women flash across the line together, it makes life possible.

Big screens now offer the same facility to the spectator. It is not just the Olympics - football clubs are doing it, too. Arsenal ran a high-volume action replay down your throat at half-time, while Tottenham have developed a routine of playing back incidents during lulls in play.

The nature of spectating is being transformed - in fact, it is being homogenised. And while we all gain in terms of information, something is lost in the process.

For one thing, the phenomenon of, shall we say, imaginative recollection is becoming a thing of the past. That free-kick which curved into the net like a boomerang - it took a deflection off a defender. The scorer who was a mile offside when the ball was played - well he wasn't. The pictures prove it.

Whole tranches of pub conversation have been killed stone dead, although there seem to be enough other issues to fill the gap.

As far as the fourth estate is concerned the leeway that was afforded to reporters before the television age - a leeway that was often scandalously abused - has now ceased to exist.

Paradoxically, most of the readers who peruse a report the following day are likely to be more fully appraised of whether the ball crossed the line or the tackle was intentional than was the writer as he sat in his press box, working towards a deadline. They have seen it on the television.

Often, too, the reader is in a position to be better informed in terms of post-match or post-race quotes. On several occasions, particularly at large events such as the Olympics when edition deadlines are pressing, I have found myself phoning the office to check what Linford said to Brendan immediately after the race knowing that it will be half an hour before the sprinter clears the mass of other television and radio interviews and is nabbed for the benefit of the written press. Such is life for the reporter in the technological age.

So why be there? Who said that? There's no call for that, thank you. Well go on. Justify it.

Answer One: To quote an incorrigible former Fleet Street sports editor: "Where we score is the quality of our reportage."

No? All right then. Answer Two: Like a tennis player, you have to go for the angles. Background research, or a novel viewpoint, can contribute to a report which includes something not available from the televised coverage.

On occasions that viewpoint can sometimes be geographically different to that of the cameras. Three years ago at the European Cup in Lille I was chatting to some British athletes in a dug-out along the side of the triple jump pits when Jonathan Edwards flew over like some kind of supersonic plane en route for the longest distance ever covered in the event. It was awe inspiring.

During that competition, along with a radio reporter, I also witnessed Linford Christie whooping and bounding about inside a locked room after a particularly satisfying victory in the 200 metres, for all the world like a diver decompressing after a deep-sea mission.

The rules of the game have changed for sporting scribes. What happened is now given; why, how, and what happened next are the questions which have to be answered.

The overall approach works towards a rationale fondly and often expressed by one of my esteemed colleagues in the press box: "We're not here to watch it; we're here to report it."



# Gough medicine vital for England

CRICKET  
BY DEREK PRINGLE

ONLY TWO Tests into the summer and already England's selectors are contemplating change. After the debacle at Lord's, where England's batting twice collapsed in spectacular fashion, England clearly need an infusion of something, and tonight's meeting in London does not promise to be a brief one.

Raising flagging spirits will be as vital as getting the side right if England are to bounce back at Old Trafford next week. But if one or two heads roll, there is at least one magic rabbit David Gough can pull out of his hat and Darren Gough, badly missed at both Lord's and Edgbaston, where his bowling would have at least forced South Africa to follow on, should be fit to return after breaking his finger.

A three-week hiatus is what most bowlers dream about, though not at this stage of the season. Before Allan Donald's litter did the damage at Edgbaston, Gough's bowling was full of life and rhythm.

A rest can destroy that, and Gough will have a bowl against Cambridge University over the next few days in a bid to rekindle the "feel" he had a few weeks ago. If the pitch at Old Trafford is as green as the one last year – and with all the rain around it could be – England will need Gough close to his best if they are to win the match and square the series.

Gough's return may not guard against middle-order collapses, but his Alka-Seltzer personality is sure to ease at least part of the hangover suffered by Alec Stewart's demoralised side.

An extra fillip, so important when you are looking to level the series, would be the return of the "Gaffer" himself to open the innings. The only time South Africa's bowlers looked inconvenienced was when Stewart and Nasser Hussain belted the second new ball to all corners of Lord's.

Before that happens, and that particular panic button is bound to be pressed sooner or

later, Mark Butcher, missing at Lord's with a cracked thumb, must prove his fitness, as must Hussain, who is suffering from a bout of sciatica.

Providing Butcher, who plays in a club game today – Surrey do not have a county match until Wednesday – feels no ill effects, then Steve James, whisked up to replace him at Lord's, will be dropped. So, in all likelihood, will Mark Ealham, who with just two wickets and 24 runs from both Tests, has once again struggled to fill the role of all-rounder.

Genuine all-rounders have long been thin on the ground, and to that end the selectors will probably opt to play an extra bowler rather than one who offers something significant with the bat, like, for example, Ben Hollis, who has still to wow crowds in the Championship as he has in one-day matches. In any case, England's problems in the last Test stemmed from the moment South Africa, reeling on 46 for 4, made over 250.

Whether the pitch, whose preparation has been hampered by some particularly inclement Manchester weather, will justify two spinners is not yet known, and the selectors will probably pick a squad of 13, six of whom will be front-line bowlers.

Since three of them – Gough, Dominic Cork and Angus Fraser – pick themselves, the other three, if two are to be spinners, will probably be picked from Robert Croft, Ashley Giles, Phil Tufnell, Dean Headley, Chris Silverwood and Ed Giddins.

With each man having a persuasive claim for inclusion, finding the right permutation should keep the panel occupied well past the pudding course. Hopefully the time spent will be worth it later, though as ever, proof will only come when South Africa, never an easy team to beat when they have their noses out in front, are forced to relinquish their lead.

Possible squad: A Stewart, M Atherton, M Butcher, N Hussain, G Thorpe, M Ramprakash, D Cork, R Croft, D Gough, A Fraser, G Giles, D Headley, C Silverwood.



Mike Gatting runs into the record books as Middlesex's second highest run-scorer

Peter Jay

## Gatting in historic mood

BY DAI LLEWELLYN  
in Southgate

Middlesex v Essex

HISTORY WAS put on hold for a frustrating couple of hours, but the weather finally relented long enough for The Walker Cricket Ground to stage its first County Championship match. There had been first-class cricket on this picturesque North London ground, but that had been 139 years before, in 1859 when Middlesex beat Kent. On that occasion Middlesex numbered among their team a certain John Wisden, five years before the appearance of the first volume of his *Almanack*.

Given the amount of use that Lord's undergoes these

days it is perhaps surprising that the county has not played the occasional Championship or one-day match here before. Even allowing for the commercial aspect and the cost of setting up the whole first XI circus it is an ideal setting, ringed by trees and overlooked by Christ Church, Southgate.

There was another historic moment with the last ball of the first over of the innings, which Mike Gatting dispatched through the covers for two. That was enough to take his tally of first-class runs to 27,613 and into second place in Middlesex's all-time list, ahead of J W Hearn, but some way adrift of Patsy Hendren's monumental 40,302.

In fact, it was Middlesex's Australian import, Justin

Langer, who stole the show in the early stages of the innings, initially for the wrong reason, surviving a chance when he sliced a delivery to Paul Prichard in the gully, the ball careering on to the boundary just to heighten the agony of the missed opportunity.

Thereafter, the Middlesex openers had things all their own way, apart from a further, albeit brief, unwelcome interruption by the weather. Langer rather went into his shell as the tea interval approached and Gatting, who had been rather lagging behind and leaving his partner to make most of the running, began to make up ground.

The immediate post-interval period was rather quiet but suddenly Gatting came to life.

Ashley Cowan bore the brunt of the fire as the England selector opened his shoulders and drove and pulled the luckless fast bowler for three boundaries in one over enough to bring him onto level terms with Langer. But the Australian reached his half-century first, off 102 balls, with seven fours. By then he had also taken the partnership into three figures, their first century opening stand of the summer – with a fine straight-driven four.

In the next over Gatting, not to be outdone by Langer, hit the eighth of his boundaries. With 92 first-class hundreds to his name he has made no secret of his desire to reach a hundred hundreds. On this form No 93 cannot be far away.

## Archer in race to face Springboks

RUGBY UNION  
BY CHRIS HSWETT  
in Auckland

ENGLAND HAVE spent the entire summer travelling in hope rather than expectation and they will continue in the same vein when they leave the rugged rugby territory of New Zealand for the even less forgiving environment of South Africa tomorrow.

Garath Archer, one of the most experienced forwards in the party and certainly the most physical, will make the long trek to Cape Town despite the fact that he has spent the last two days on crutches.

There is a certain irony in the fact that Archer, until today the only ever present England Test performer under the Clive Woodward regime, compromised his enviable appearance record on the basketball court rather than the rugby field.

The Newcastle second row survived last weekend's fearful scrap with the All Blacks without so much as a bruise, only to sprain his left ankle during an impromptu and none too likeable impersonation of Michael Jordan.

His withdrawal from today's Test in Auckland added to the

problems caused by the dismissal and subsequent suspension of Danny Grewcock, his partner in the red rose engine room, following a kicking incident during last Saturday's hostilities in Dunedin.

"Danny's five-week ban means we are deprived of his services, but we remain hopeful that Garath will recover in time to face the Springboks at Newlands next weekend," said the England manager, Roger Uttley, yesterday. "We'll certainly need him over there. If anything, the Boks will present a bigger physical challenge than the All Blacks."

Uttley emphasised that no replacement lock would be summoned from England, even though the tourists are now down to their last two serviceable second rows in Dave Sims and Rob Fidler. "We have the option of playing Ben Sturman at lock, as we did against the New Zealand Maori in mid-week," said the manager. "However, we are still confident that Garath will come through."

The ankle injury affecting Phil Greening threatens to leave England even more exposed, even though the Gloucester hooker was pronounced fit enough to sit on the bench at Eden Park today.

## Howley Test doubt

WALES ARE likely to be without Rob Howley when they meet South Africa in Pretoria today, condemning their captain to miss another opportunity to pit his skills against the Springboks for the second time in little over a year.

Last summer the 27-year-old Cardiff scrum-half dislocated his shoulder against Natal just a week before the Lions' first Test victory in Cape Town. This time a hamstring strain has cast doubt over his participation, although the Welsh management will wait until this morning before they make a final decision. Howley was unable to train yesterday.

If Howley is not considered fit then the Wales caretaker

coach, Dennis John, will promote his son, Paul, from the bench and the flanker Kingsley Jones will captain his country for the first time when he wins his 10th cap. Jones' club-mate, David Llewellyn, who only arrived in South Africa on Thursday, would take John's place among the replacements.

His absence would be an enormous loss to the Welsh, who have not beaten South Africa in 10 attempts stretching back over 92 years. They have lost all four of their tour games in South Africa since beating Zimbabwe 49-11 in Harare three weeks ago.

Seven of John's original squad of 30 have had their tour truncated because of injury.

## Lewry's short spell

LEICESTERSHIRE reached 32 without loss by tea after being put into bat by Sussex at Grace Road yesterday. A steady drizzle washed out the morning session of the Championship match and when play finally started at 3.30 it was limited to one ball.

This was sent down by the left-arm seamer Jason Lewry, but then rain started again and the sides dashed back to the

pavilion. Another hour's stoppage followed before play could resume.

Sussex were unable to extract as much help as they had hoped for from a greenish-looking pitch and Vince Wells and Darren Maddy reached the safety of the tea interval with few alarms. Both batsmen produced cracking cover drives to the boundary off James Kirtley.

CRICKET SCOREBOARD	
<b>Brickham Assurance Championship</b>	
<b>Leicestershire v Sussex</b>	
LEICESTERSHIRE (Day 1 of 4): No bonus points	
Sussex won toss	
LEICESTERSHIRE — First innings	
Runs	6s 4s 5s 10s
Vijayaraj not out	16 0 1 45 101
D L Maddy not out	10 0 1 22 101
Extras (b4 w2)	6
Total (11 overs)	32
To Bat: J J Sutcliffe, B F Smith, P V Simmons, A Habib, 1P A Nair, C C Lewis, D J Mills, A D Mullally, M T Brinson.	
Bowling: J D Leary 5-12-40, R I Kirtley 5-0-16-0.	
Umpires: J C Balderson and K E Palmer.	
<b>Middlesex v Essex</b>	
SOUTHGATE (Day 1 of 4): No bonus points	
Middlesex won toss	
MIDDLESEX — First innings	
Runs	6s 4s 5s 10s
M W Gatting not out	28 0 9 147 182
D J Langer not out	24 0 7 124 160
Extras (b4 w2 nb3)	12
Total (45 overs)	121
To Bat: M R Ramprakash, D A Smith, D C Nash, P N Williams, 1K R Brown, T F Bloomfield, J P Hewitt, A R C Fraser, P C R Tufnell.	
Bowling: M C Hogg 11-2-40-0, A P Cowan 13-2-41-0, D R Law 6-1-9-0, R C Iredale 9-2-19-0, P M Such 6-2-10-0.	
Umpires: J F Steele and N T Pile.	
<b>Nottinghamshire v Glamorgan</b>	
TRENT BRIDGE (Day 1 of 4): No play due to rain.	
<b>Somerset v Hampshire</b>	
DURTON (Day 1 of 4): No play due to rain.	
<b>Warwickshire v Lancashire</b>	
EDGBASTON (Day 1 of 4): No play due to rain.	
<b>Tourist Match</b>	
<b>British Universities v South Africa</b>	
FENNERS (Day 3 of 3):	
South Africa won toss	
SOUTH AFRICA — First innings 394-1 dec (Kirsten 205no, Kallis 106no, Uitenhage 52)	
BRITISH UNIVERSITIES — First innings 199 (Singh 64, Symcox 4-28)	
SOUTH AFRICA — Second innings Overhaul 130-0	
Second innings Control	
Runs	6s 4s 5s 10s
G F J Leighton not out	24 0 9 123 160
D J Cullinan not out	75 0 5 141 160
Extras (b1 w1)	2
Total (dec, 44 overs)	141
To Bat: M R Ramprakash, D A Smith, D C Nash, P N Williams, 1K R Brown, T F Bloomfield, J P Hewitt, A R C Fraser, P C R Tufnell.	
Bowling: S R G Francis 8-2-24-0, D Leary 4-1-6-0, G R Law 10-5-0-0, M J Cullen 2-1-9-0, M K Davies 12-3-37-0, M A Wagh 1-1-0-0, B L Hutton 2-0-10-0.	
<b>Today's fixtures</b>	
<b>BRITANNIC ASSURANCE CHAMPIONSHIP (Second day of four) (11am unless stated)</b>	
Leicester: Leicestershire v Sussex (12.00)	
Southgate: Middlesex v Essex	
Trent Bridge: Nottinghamshire v Glamorgan	
Taunton: Somerset v Hampshire	
Edgbaston: Warwickshire v Lancashire	
<b>OTHER MATCHES (First day of three)</b>	
Canterbury: Kent v Oxford University (11.30)	
Headingley: Yorkshire v Cambridge University (11.30)	

WEEKEND FIXTURE GUIDE	
<b>TODAY</b>	<b>TOMORROW</b>
<b>FOOTBALL</b>	
WORLD CUP: See page 31.	
INTERCITY CUP: First round second legs: Kilmarnock (N) (6) v Ebbw Vale (W) (1) (11.00am); Swansea (W) (1) v Luton (N) (1) (11.00am); Luton (N) (1) v Luton (N) (1) (11.00am).	
<b>RUGBY LEAGUE</b>	
JUBA SPORTS Super League: Halifax v London (7.15).	
TOUR MATCH: North Division Aborigines v British Great Britain XIII (8.00pm BST) (at Pretoria).	
<b>RUGBY UNION</b>	
INTERNATIONAL MATCHES: New Zealand v England (3.35pm BST) (at Auckland); South Africa v Wales (4.15pm BST) (at Pretoria).	
<b>OTHER SPORTS</b>	
MOTOR RACING: British Touring Car Championship (Croft, Yorkshire).	
TENNIS: All England Championships (Wimbledon).	

## Kidd ponders Everton offer

BY ALAN NIXON

BRIAN KIDD has the weekend to decide whether he wants to leave Manchester United and become the new manager of Everton. Alex Ferguson's assistant at United was given a 48-hour deadline by the Goodison club yesterday to decide on the switch.

United have refused Everton permission to speak to Kidd, whose only option now is to quit Old Trafford if he wants to move to Merseyside. Kidd has had talks with United, including

leading plc executives, but is still waiting for assurances about his future.

With Bryan Robson, the Middlestrong manager and former United captain most likely to eventually succeed Ferguson, Kidd may consider a move to Everton his better option.

Everton want to hear from Kidd before looking at their alternatives. The sacking of Howard Kendall may also give Martin O'Neill second thoughts about leaving Leicester although he too would have to resign. After a torrid summer Everton chairman Peter Johnson wants a manager quickly.

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# Simoes looks to home

THE JAMAICA coach Rene Simoes, who has lifted the Caribbean island from nowhere to the World Cup finals in just three years, now wants to coach Brazil.

Simoes, who has also had offers from Brazilian, English and Spanish clubs, believes that he is well placed to take over from the 66-year-old Zagallo when France 98 is over.

"The press in Brazil says I'll be the new coach for Brazil," Simoes said before his side's group finale yesterday against Japan. "That's number one on my list."

Despite his likely departure from the Jamaican coaching post, Simoes looks set to retain his links with the island, where he has cultivated something "much, much stronger than any sports relationship".

The 45-year-old plans to build a house for his son there and his second daughter has a Jamaican boyfriend.

After a 20-year professional coaching career, including stints with Brazil's under-20 and under-23 sides, Simoes was hired by Horace Burrell, the Jamaican Federation chief, as technical director in late 1994.

Frenchman Philippe Troussier yesterday ruled himself out of the running for the Sheffield Wednesday and Celtic managerial vacancies when he offered to continue as South Africa's coach.

Despite an outpouring of anger against the Frenchman for the team's first-round exit, Troussier made the surprise offer soon after the squad landed at Johannesburg International Airport.

A large contingent of police officers were present to prevent angry fans from attacking the unpopular coach, who is viewed in South Africa as arrogant, unfriendly and insulting.

He has been widely blamed for the team's poor display,

which saw them finish third in Group C after two draws and an opening 3-0 defeat by France.

But the crowd of about 500 were well-behaved, despite some chants of "Down with Troussier" and placards calling for his sacking.

Troussier told them: "You can be proud. Many countries participate and come back with nothing. We came back with two very important points."

Troussier will hand a report on his version of events at the World Cup, likely to include internal disciplinary problems, to the South African Football Association.

Troussier's offer to stay on is unlikely to be accepted as officials have announced that they hope to have a new coach in place by July.

SAFA have received much criticism for not "controlling" Troussier. Several calls have been made for the association's executive to step down in the wake of the World Cup embarrassment.

Reports of bad behaviour by certain team members, which resulted in two players being sent home early for breaking a night-time curfew, are likely to top the agenda of SAFA's appraisal.

Major League Soccer's deputy commissioner, Sunil Gulati, said they had received inquiries for five players, with most interest in the defender Eddie Pope. "There have been seven-figure offers (dollars) from European clubs, two in Germany," he said.

Cobi Jones, the US winger, said: "I'd like to make a career in Europe. I've already played for Coventry and I'm currently having discussions with three German clubs."

Gulati said other clubs wanted the forward Brian McBride and the midfielders Frankie Hejduk and Brian Maignan.



Patrick Vieira, the France midfielder, prepares for tonight's match with Paraguay at the squad's retreat in Clairefontaine, Paris Reuters

## Paraguay remain a mystery to French

THE FRANCE captain, Didier Deschamps, intends to learn on his trip to the Italy squad for inside information on the World Cup hosts' second-round opponents Paraguay.

The French, who play Paraguay on Sunday, know little if anything about the surprise South American qualifiers for the knockout stages of France 98.

The Arsenal midfielder Emmanuel Petit proved the point by congratulating the South Americans on their first ever qualification for the last 16, even though they reached that stage in Mexico in 1986, and then confused the Paraguay goalkeeper Jose Luis Chilavert with Colombia's former No 1 Rene Higuita.

But Deschamps, rested for France's 2-1 win over Denmark in Wednesday's final Group C match, stressed that it is vital the hosts do not underestimate their opponents.

"I am going to call my Juventus team-mates in the Italy squad, who were in the team that beat them [Paraguay] 3-0 in April, and ask them for information on their strengths and weaknesses," the 29-year-old said.

However, Deschamps may not find his calls being answered, because provided Italy beat Norway tomorrow they will face the winners of the France-Paraguay match - and there is no doubt which side they would prefer to face.

"We breathed a sigh of relief when we heard that Paraguay had beaten Nigeria to qualify second in the group instead of Spain, but Italy will be feeling the same way as well, hoping that we slip up against them," Deschamps said.

France have not met Paraguay since Just Fontaine's four goals helped them to a 7-3 win in the 1958 World Cup, and there is a mood of optimism in the hosts' camp. "Paraguay will be a lot easier than Spain - that's for sure," AS Roma defender Vincent Candela said.

Auxerre wing Bernard Diomède took a more humble line in his assessment: "They're in the second round because they deserve to be," he said.

## Public blame Zagallo for poor team spirit

ONLY ONE country - Germany - has ever lost a match in the World Cup first stage and gone on to win the competition. Not many people know this, except in Brazil, where everyone knows it.

The Brazilian press and public have divided into two camps since the reigning World Champions' contrived an otherwise undamaging 2-1 loss to Norway on Tuesday. There are those who were incensed by the defeat and blame the coach, Mario Zagallo, but think that it does not matter much. And there are those who were incensed, blame Zagallo and think that it matters enormously.

It is the lot of all Brazilian coaches - even Zagallo, involved in four World Cup victories as player and official - to be detested by the Brazilian fans. He says, reasonably enough, that the "real World Cup" begins tonight, with Brazil's awkward first knock-out game against Chile at the Parc des Princes.

There was no sign of Brazilian nerves or tension at the last training session at the Parc last night. The Brazilians trained with the carefree joy and humour of 11-year-olds on a muddy park pitch. And with considerably more grace. Watching Brazilian footballers, even in training, can be a tactile pleasure, like stroking a cat with long fur.

But the truth is that the Brazilians have yet to play well by their own standards, in this competition. Ronaldo is omnipresent in France - on advertising hoardings and magazine

fronts, on the back of every Brazilian fan's shirt. His impact on the pitch has been limited to one goal against Morocco.

Denilson, the revelation of Le Tournoi de France last summer, impressive in training yesterday, has flitted ineffectually in and out of the team. The defence has looked vulnerable, especially when the wing-backs Cafu and Roberto Carlos charge up field, leaving not three, but two central defenders to mind the shop.

There is, it is rumoured, deep dissension within the squad. Dunga, the captain, publicly rollicked Bebeto for ignoring his defensive duties during the Moroccan game last week. Dunga and Roberto Carlos are said to be barely on speaking terms. Pele, the greatest Brazilian of them all, has criticised the team as "slow", "badly prepared" and "parsimonious".

The consensus of the Brazilian and French press is that the team contains great individuals but it is not yet a team; and that that is Zagallo's fault.

Curiously, the atmosphere of disappointed expectation surrounding the Brazilians has been mirrored by a series of commercial flops in the activities created to make money out of their name. The "Brazilian Village", a pre-fab theme-park beside the Stade de France,

The fans fear that Brazil have some talented individuals, but they are not yet a team. By John Lichfield

closed down this week in a flurry of rebrandings and unpaid bills.

The small town of Ozoir-la-Ferriere, near Chantilly, where the world champions are staying, planned to make a fortune by attracting 5,000 fans to the team's twice-daily training sessions. The Selecao has only trained once a day in the local stadium; at most 500 fans have made the trip from Paris; the town faces a £100,000 loss.

Zagallo, who has seen it all before, makes a good show of ignoring the controversy which invariably surrounds the Brazilian squad. The Norwegian defeat, he said yesterday, was "without a shadow of a doubt, just one of those things that happen on the journey. We lost concentration in the last seven minutes, that's all. The players know what went wrong. I am absolutely convinced that this defeat will do us an enormous amount of good, in all departments. The mistakes we made in Marseilles will not be repeated in the Parc des Princes. I am not worried. Brazil will triumph."

For tonight's last-16 game, Zagallo hinted that he would return to the line-up which started the tournament against Scotland on 10 June. Aldair will return in defence and Cesar Sampaio in midfield, displacing

Denilson. Much of yesterday's training session was taken up with penalty practice, suggesting that the Brazilians have not ruled out a close game.

Chile's hit-rate, striker Marcelo Salas has been three times as effective as than Ronaldo so far. But the man the Brazilian defenders most fear is Salas's partner, Ivan Zamorano, with his supernatural ability to jump above taller defenders and hang unsupported in mid-air.

The rest of the Chilean team should, in theory, not trouble the Brazilians. Much depends, as Zagallo suggests, on the psychological chemistry produced by the Norwegian defeat. Will it spur the players to produce their best form and play as a team at last? Or will that curious statistic - only the Germans have won after losing in the first stage - play on their minds?



Dunga: Dispute with Roberto Carlos

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## Nigeria unruffled by injury to Amokachi

DANIEL AMOKACHI, the Nigeria striker, may miss the rest of the World Cup because of a knee injury, the team's coach, Bora Milutinovic, said yesterday.

Amokachi, 25, injured the knee in training before Nigeria's opening game against Spain, which he missed, but played in the 1-0 win over Bulgaria.

The Besiktas striker, formerly of Everton and Bruges, was due to have captained the team against Paraguay on Wednesday until he aggravated the injury in the warm-up and team doctors have said that Amokachi's chance of recovering in time for further games is slim.

However, the Super Eagles are still brimming with confidence and say they will be playing for the whole of Africa in tomorrow's second-round match against Denmark after the failure of Tunisia, South Africa, Morocco and Cameroon.

"The Danes should be ready for defeat," midfielder Finidi

George said. "It's the only way to show the African presence and repay our fans."

For the second World Cup running, Nigeria, who beat Spain and Bulgaria before losing 3-1 to Paraguay in a game which, for them, was academic, are the only African team to progress beyond the first round.



# Nodding off to a surfeit of the short-ball game

IT USED to be the case that only poor players fell over on the football field, the good players were those who managed to stay on their feet. In this World Cup we have seen players toppling over when an opponent so much as breathes on them and I'm getting fed up with it. If we are not careful that kind of blatant cheating will drive a lot of people away from the game.

Defenders are not allowed to tackle anymore, so forwards are plunging to the ground to win a free-kick. With the diving and the non-tackling we are not seeing players turning on the ball, yet that has always been one of the basic footballing arts. Think of the great players - Maradona, our Robert, Eusebio, Pele - they were all gifted at turning on the ball and fooling their markers.



JACK CHARLTON

There have been a lot of goals and that is because people are afraid to tackle. Michel Platini, who organised the tournament, and Sepp Blatter, the FIFA president, seem determined to turn football into a non-

contact sport and if that's the case you can count me out of it. I just don't want to know.

When you do see a tackle in this World Cup it appears outrageous because we are not used to them. Look at the African players when they try to make a tackle - I wish the Brazilian coaches, who have gone into that part of the world, would teach them how to make a proper challenge. Then look at Norway, Denmark and Sweden, countries which have benefited from the introduction of British coaching techniques. Their players know how to execute a challenge correctly.

When I watch a game I like to see something different, but the problem with this World Cup is that everybody is playing the same way. They are all playing from the back and sometimes the ball will go through three

or four players without making any headway. This type of football bores me from time to time and I'm afraid I have been nodding off to sleep in front of the television.

Norway have a lot to answer for because they are not playing the game. They are trying to be more progressive and get the ball forward early. When I was growing up in the North-East I was always told that when you received the ball you first looked up to see what was ahead of you and then played the ball forward whether it was five yards, 15, 25 or 30.

It is a fallacy that all the great sides only play short balls. Brazil, for instance, play a large number of balls long and into space - they only play it square or back when they are being pressed.

I like the look of Brazil, but I am not departing from France as my

original tip to finish up the winners. Somebody described them on the television the other day as "awesome" and I wouldn't disagree with that. They have so much pace and depth of talent. They have been preparing for this World Cup for the last two or three years and it shows.

It was interesting to see them beat Denmark even without Zinedine Zidane. He is a crucial part of the French set-up. There is nobody stronger, more aggressive, more powerful in this tournament, but the stupidity of his foul, which saw him dismissed against Saudi Arabia, left me shaking my head in disbelief.

Zidane and the Brazilian captain Dunga are the two players to impress me so far. There's nothing exceptional about Dunga, he's an ordinary type of player whose passing is sound, but he is always avail-

able to receive the ball or to break up an opposing attack; he is my sort of player. I also like the Croatian striker Davor Suker and the Italian Christian Vieri who looks like a centre-half trying to play centre-forward; he is so awkward. But when the ball is delivered across there he is to head it down or strike it first-time.

The important stages of the competition are now beginning and this is when things start to close up and the games get tight. I'm upset that Scotland are not there, because they are a nation who love their football, but I agree with the verdict that they were just not good enough. Right from the start they looked as though they needed a Duncan Ferguson-type figure. When the defensive areas are congested and the likes of Gordon Durie and Kevin Gal-

lacher are becoming bogged down sometimes you just have to put the ball over the top and Ferguson would have been ideal for that.

It's also amazing to think that Spain won't be there after thrashing Bulgaria 6-1 in their last game. Their manager, Javier Clemente, is a pal of mine and I feel for him.

It was outrageous to see how the Nigerians played against Paraguay on the same night. Their tall midfield player, Kanu, was knocking balls to team-mates and then taking a little hop in the air just as players do when they are warming up before a game.

But for a couple of moments of hesitation against Nigeria in their opening fixture, Spain would have qualified and the fact that they didn't is good news for the 16 who have gone through. Nobody would have wanted to face them.

## Italy face test of ebb and Flo

ITALY ENTER the World Cup second round tonight against a side that conjure plenty of bad memories for the coach, Cesare Maldini, and his players.

Maldini has good reason to be wary of Norway, and not just because they defeated the world champions Brazil 2-1 on Tuesday to book their place in the last 16 and extend their unbeaten run to 19 matches.

Maldini was coach of the Under-21 side which was humiliated 6-0 by the Scandinavians in an extraordinary match in Stavanger in 1991, a defeat which almost cost the Italy coach his job. But there is little chance that the Azzurri will be caught unawares this time in the Stade Velodrome in Marseilles.

"Norway are a very good team indeed. They were one of the teams we predicted would get through the group stage," Maldini said. "That's why I sent one of my assistants to see their game against Brazil."

Maldini was not the only one to have suffered in Stavanger, as the midfielders Demetrio Albertini and Dino Baggio were two of the team on the wrong end of that 6-0 defeat.

Goalkeeper Gianluca Pagliuca and Inter's veteran defender Giuseppe Bergomi have also good

reason to win at past matches against Norway, as Pagliuca was sent off in their first-round game at USA 94 and Bergomi was dismissed in Italy's 2-1 defeat in Oslo in the qualifiers for the 1992 European Championship.

"That's not a game I want to dwell on," Bergomi said, who is likely to start as a replacement for Alessandro Nesta, who tore cruciate ligaments in Italy's 2-1 defeat of Austria on Tuesday.

Bergomi, who won a World Cup winners' medal in 1982, is likely to be given the task of marking Norway's towering striker Tore Andre Flo and has no doubts about the difficulty he faces.

"Norway are a very physical and well-organised team," he said. "They all play behind the ball and we will have to play really well in order to beat them. Flo is a great player, both for his physique and his skill. He will be very difficult to mark - he is a real centre-forward and excellent with his head."

Cesare Maldini does have the choice of using his son, Paolo, to help the centre of defence keep Flo quiet, leaving Gianluca Pessotto to play left-back, but the coach's real wealth of options lie up front with Christian

Vieri, Roberto Baggio, Alessandro Del Piero and Filippo Inzaghi.

All four forwards appeared sharp against Austria, and all are fit. Del Piero set up Vieri for one of Italy's goals while Inzaghi created the other for Baggio.

Italy are likely to employ the same tactics again with either Baggio or Del Piero starting alongside Vieri, who is the joint top scorer in the competition with four goals.

Egil Olsen, the Norway coach, said he was looking ahead, not to the past, after leading Norway to its first-ever qualification for the second round of the World Cup.

"I believe we have a 50 per cent chance of reaching the quarters. I expect Italy to take the initiative and attack. We will wait for them and be ready to strike back," he said.

"They're always waiting for one mistake from the opposition," added Kjell Rekdal, scorer of Norway's controversial winning penalty on Tuesday. "If we want to beat them we have to play to the same level as against Brazil."

Olsen included one change from his starting line-up against Brazil, with Erik Mykland, a second-half substitute, replacing Roar Strand in Norway's five-man midfield.



Norway's Tore Andre Flo shows the power in training that the Italians will be wary of today

PA



## DIARY

FOR EVERYBODY not in France - and for many of those who are - the television set has become man's best friend. In the Australian outback, die-hard fans drove hundreds of miles for a television set when the World Cup coverage didn't reach them. "The guys on the Mir space station can watch it and we can't," grumbled a irate supporter. In Hanoi one shop owner, Nguyen Viet Hung, claims to have doubled his TV set sales to 50 a day while in the Peruvian capital Lima, television sets have even appeared in classrooms - with Sir's blessing. Fearing a dramatic drop in attendance, staff allowed pupils to watch the action but, teachers being teachers, there was a price to pay and after the show from France came history and geography lessons featuring the competing nations.

FIFA ARE investigating whether the South African defender Pieter Issa was wearing a wire during his side's final game against Saudi Arabia. The latest sign of technology impinging on the people's game was exposed when a photo showed

a device clipped over his right ear. The referee did not notice it and there is nothing in the rules to stop players being in direct contact with the bench. Not that it did him any good - he gave away two penalties.

BUSINESSMEN in Bordeaux were so impressed by the behaviour of Scottish and Norwegian fans at last week's game that they paid for ad-

vertisements to express their thanks. "Thanks and see you soon... we're missing you already" was the message from the city's chamber of commerce which appeared in both Scottish and Norwegian newspapers.

The Romanians are planning a radical new look from now on after their coach, Anghel Iordanescu, agreed

to shave his head on condition his team topped their group after the first round. Another condition is that all his players die their hair in the national colours. Meanwhile the Chilean defender, Javier Marras, has dyed his hair red for today's game with Brazil. "If we win I'll dye it another colour," he said.

THE PARAGUAYAN striker Miguel Angel Benitez may have struck gold with his goal against Nigeria timed at 52 seconds - the fastest goal of the tournament so far well ahead of Brazil's Cesar Sampaio's effort against Scotland. If no one better it, Benitez will win a solid gold Swiss watch.

IN NORWAY, Ragnar Latcherath didn't have tickets for France so he did the next best thing, he built himself a wooden grandstand in his back yard so he could eat hot dogs with his friends, wave Norwegian flags and cheer wildly at the TV - simulating the stadium experience.

Compiled by Trevor Haylett

## QUOTES OF THE DAY

"I blame the coach for that and have no problem in saying that. As long as Steve Sampson and Clive Charles [his assistant] stay around, then I'm going to have nothing to do with it." USA's Tab Ramos lays the blame for failure squarely with the coaches

"There are four teams that can win the Cup: Yugoslavia, France, Holland and Germany." So says the Yugoslav defender, Slobodan Komljenovic, who plays the Netherlands on Monday

"We are capable of moving up a gear and we can beat any team here." Jurgen Klinsmann heralds the usual ominous move by the Germans.

"I want to thank FIFA for giving this wonderful opportunity for countries to play together." The Iranian coach, Jala Talebi, knows how to curry favour with the authorities

## THE GLOBAL GAME

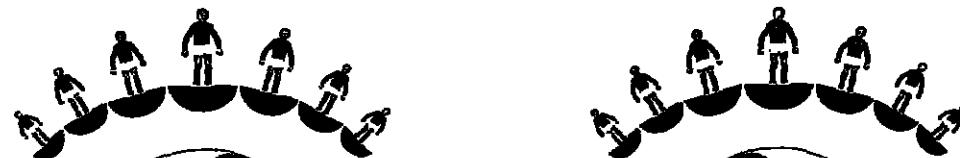
### THE WORLD CUP AROUND THE WORLD

afterthought, some even look at it as a joke. "New York Post" is scathing about America's pointless trip to France.

"THE UNITED STATES could finish as the worst team in the World Cup, bottom-feeders fighting it out with Jamaica, Japan and Tunisia.

It's like that Sesame Street game - one of these things is not like the others in terms of size, economic resources, pompous lawyers in charge of the national program, one of these things doesn't belong. "San Jose Mercury News" mourns the fall of a mighty superpower.

"THE FINGER-POINTING and the second-guessing and the bitterness, finally, were irrelevant. The Yanks were 150-1 shots here, and 150-1 shots watch the second round on TV in their rumpus rooms. They are going home because they were in awe of the Germans. They are going home because they are The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight." "Boston Globe" adds to the national gloom.



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# US trio will be fined by coach

AT LEAST three American players can expect substantial fines after public criticism of their coach, Steve Sampson, during the World Cup.

Alexei Lalas, Tab Ramos and Jeff Agoos have all said they will refuse to play under Sampson, having voiced strong disapproval of the US team's tactics and selection.

The Americans lost all three of their group games, ending with Thursday's 1-0 defeat by Yugoslavia. Sampson's future as coach will be decided within the next month by the United States Soccer Federation.

Sampson has promised the fines would be "significant" and that he would not pick any of the players concerned if he retains his job.

"I don't think any level of unprofessionalism is acceptable," said Sampson yesterday, particularly stunned by Ramos's comments that the Americans' campaign has been a "mess".

"It's unfortunate he feels so free to voice his opinions about me when I have given him so much respect and credit," the coach said.

Midfielder Predrag Radosavljevic, upset at not being in the starting line-up against the country of his birth, may also be disciplined and Sampson revealed he had considered sending the bearded Lalas home following an outburst after the first group game against Germany.

"His professionalism was top class but his mood once we lost changed dramatically," said Sampson, stressing he had always regarded Lalas as a back-up defender in France.

"In my opinion you earn the right to represent your country."

Sampson himself rejected the suggestion he might resign. "I've worked too hard... I'm not going to let one or two individuals dictate my career."

But he added that if he failed to be reappointed as coach he would be interested in the role of heading the US Federation's new "Project 2010", aimed at improving football standards in the States.

One option could be for Sampson to be moved sideways to front Project 2010, an attempt to develop a structure in the United States to give the national team a realistic chance of winning the World Cup in 12 years' time.

"If they consider it's a matter of poor execution by the players, I think they should retain me," he said. "They have every reason to dismiss me if they think it is a case of poor preparation or tactics."

The players earned \$35,000 apiece from the tournament, but the exact size of the fines has yet to be confirmed. "Those concerned will be notified by letter over the next few days," Sampson said.

Sampson should soon know whether the poor showing has cost him his job. Alan Rothenberg, president of the US Soccer Federation, said a decision would be made "within 30 days" on whether to reappoint Sampson, who took over in April 1995.

Under Sampson, the United States beat Brazil in the Concacaf Gold Cup in February, but have otherwise struggled to score goals on a regular basis.



Goalkeeper Brad Friedel and team-mate Ernie Stewart can only ponder another defeat, this time at the hands of Yugoslavia

## Mexicans celebrate success

MEXICAN religious passions and traditional machismo ran riot on Thursday after Mexico's surprise 2-2 draw against the Netherlands carried the team through to the second round of the World Cup.

Jose Guadalupe Hernandez, the parish priest at Our Lady of Light in central Puebla state, said he had prayed to Catholic Mexico's most revered religious figure for help after Mexico conceded two first-half goals. "The first half was very difficult and in the second I asked the Virgin of Guadalupe to come on to help the Mexican side, and we scored," an emotional Hernandez said.

Hernandez installed a television in his church near a statue of baby Jesus dressed for the occasion in the national team's green, white and red colours. The congregation's faith was rewarded by a last-minute equaliser by Luis Hernandez, which propelled Mexico beyond the first round of a World Cup tournament held in Europe for the first time.

Mexico's next match is on June 29 against Germany. President Ernesto Zedillo phoned the coach, Manuel Lapuente, minutes after the final whistle sounded in St Etienne to tell him, "the team had the stature to do greater things".

Thousands of fans poured into Mexico's streets and plazas to celebrate after a game that had virtually paralysed offices and filled bars since the early hours. Celebrations soured, however, in Mexico City's main street, Paseo de la Reforma Avenue, when crowds battled with riot police defending the Angel of Independence monument from a repeat of the damage inflicted during World Cup revelry in 1994 and 1996. Three media photographers were treated for head wounds after they were caught under a hail of missiles thrown by rioters. They were later released from hospitals.

Belgium, facing a barrage of criticism over their below-par World Cup performance and early exit, will be radically overhauled according to their coach, George Leekens. "The team will have to be drastically rejuvenated," he said.

Belgium were knocked out in the first round of their fifth successive World Cup finals after recording three draws against the Netherlands, Mexico and South Korea. "We have to admit that our team is not of the highest quality," said Leekens, whose side for the Mexico match had an average age of 32. Leekens will now kick off preparations for the 2000 Euro-

pean Championship, which Belgium will host jointly with the Netherlands. "Now we have to start rebuilding the team, a young team plus a few players with a lot of experience," he said.

The Belgium captain, Franky van der Elst, had already announced that, at the age of 37, he was quitting international football and the trio of goalkeepers, with an average of 35, are also due to retire. Lorenzo Staelens and Vital Borkelmans, 35 and 34 respectively, are also likely to be dropped but it was not clear whether Enzo Scifo, a sprightly 32-year-old, had also played his last international game.

## Iranians make exit feeling satisfied

IRAN GO home from their second World Cup with a sense of mission accomplished after a politically charged victory over the United States, and a sense of determination to come back stronger next time.

Thursday's 2-0 defeat by Germany was not without its moments for the lively Iranian attack spearheaded by Bayern Munich-bound Ali Daei, and the coach, Jalal Talebi, pronounced himself fully satisfied.

"I'm very happy with the Iranian team's performance. This is good for the future of football in Iran," he said after a game that saw the Germans take control only after a half-time dressing-down from their coach, Bert Vogts.

"We'll gain a lot of experience from this," Talebi said, who took over just before the finals began when the Croatian Tomislav Ivic was fired during a miserable warm-up campaign.

"We've learned a lot," attacking midfielder Karim Bagheri, who plays in Germany for Borussia Dortmund, said. "I'm sure we'll come back with a stronger team that will compete on a world level. We have to profit from this experience and keep on working. Believe me, we will put this to good use."

Iran, long a leading force in Asian football, first reached the World Cup finals in Argentina in 1978. They earned just a point but impressed many with their skills. A year later the Islamic Revolution and subsequent long war with neighbouring Iraq were to stunt the growth of Iranian football.

Iran only qualified for France 98 on the away goals rule after an extraordinary two-goal comeback in a play-off in Australia. They go out in Group F having beaten the Americans but also having lost to Germany and to Yugoslavia, 1-0.

The cautious opening up of the Islamic republic, notably with the number of players being hired by European clubs, may continue to bring dividends. "Playing in Europe has been very good for our players in making progress and if more come here then I think it will help Iranian football," Daei said.

The wild rejoicing that greeted last Sunday's 2-1 win over Tehran's arch political foe, the USA, leaves little doubt what will be the abiding memory of the tournament for the Iranian public. That victory set off wild celebrations in the country, where the United States has been "The Great Satan" since the Islamic Revolution toppled the US-backed Shah in 1979.

"It was a game like any other," the defender Mohammad Khakpour said. "We always go for three points in every game. But what was important for us is that we were here. The main goal was to play well."

The appearance of the national side at the World Cup in France is expected to help revive Iranian football and help it regain the popularity it enjoyed with Iran's first World Cup appearance in Argentina.

Italy vs Norway

(One thing is for sure.  
Italy will have a ball.)



Nastro Azzurro, Italy's numero uno beer, would like to wish both teams good fortune and a stylish game.

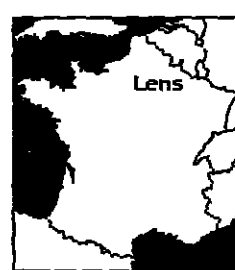
But, being Italy's numero uno beer, you can imagine who we hope will be partying at the final whistle. After all, you have to look after Numero Uno.

For the Nastro Azzurro, Italy's Numero Uno Beer.

## Thirsty search for a speakeasy



ANDY  
MARTIN  
AT LARGE  
IN FRANCE



IT WASN'T even opening time and it was already closing time. I sprinted over to the Caron bar opposite Lens station, but I missed last orders by a whisker. It was 8.01am.

Ian and Stuart, from Middlesbrough, were taking no chances and staying put at Hazebrouck 30-odd kilometres away until just before the match, by which time they would, they predicted, be "totally plastered". Despite having already drunk themselves to the point of stupor by 10pm, they had very decently offered me a spot on the floor of their room in the Hotel du Nord, having first checked that (a) I didn't snore, (b) I wasn't gay.

Just to be on the safe side, Ian also invited the attractive Helene behind the bar to share his bed, by way of equipping himself with a bodyguard. "You and me, we're made for each other," he ventured. Her husband seemed to take this in good heart.

Meanwhile, Stuart had already crawled off to crash, but Ian insisted it was not too late to sit in one more glass.

It felt like being in the Blitz, the night before a good bombing, in a frenzied eat-drink-and-be-merry mood - with the emphasis squarely on drink for tomorrow we're dry. But, looking back on it, that was nothing. Today, when for 24 hours Lens had become the land of prohibition, is really crazy.

Today I, along with just about everyone else in town, provoked by a combination of giant "Heineken" and "1664"

posters and small signs saying "No beer today", am obsessed with a quest which might be described as "A la recherche du Stella Artois perdu". Prohibition is a red rag. The search for the speakeasy was on.

In the Caron bar, the reaction was mixed. One man with the kind of moustache which is normally covered with froth was relaxed: "Tomorrow I will have two." Further down the zinc, a man in blue overalls with a yellow Gitane stuck to his lip was less phlegmatic: "But Marie, I am a regular, surely you can..." But Marie was brutal and unequivocal. She explained that she had had an *anglais* in her bar only the night before who had shattered a glass on the counter prior to shoving it in the face of his neighbour.

"This is insupportable!" she concluded. She was all the more keen on abiding by the law as there was a customs man passing through at the time (sporting a "Douanes" armband) precisely to check that the taps were not still dripping.

But somewhere business was going on as usual. Guys were parading up and down the main street with cans in their hands. I asked one of them where it all came from. "There's a little off-licence, behind the Audi showroom," he said. By the time I got there, behind a squad of gendarmes, it had reverted to Coca-Cola.

Next I had a word with Francois Vasquet, who is a penniless Lens poet reduced to begging in the street. Surely if

anyone knew where to get a drink he would. "I will change the winter into ardent summer," he said, quoting a line from one of his poems. "Yes, yes, but it already is ardent summer." I said, "so how do we go about finding an oasis in the desert?"

"I will tell the snowman: 'Make yourself into a river,'" he replied. Until previously, Francois hadn't touched a drop for 38 years. "It was a mistake. Maybe I would have been a better poet," he said, warning to the Baudelaire view that wine inspires excellent poetry or at least the conviction that your poetry is excellent. Now he likes to have a glass or two. "And is that why you're here?" I said, noting that he was reclining on the pavement at 11am. "No," he said, "I'm here because I have nothing to eat."

Francois' dire state almost succeeded in sobering me up, but when I walked past a bloke with a 20-pack of beer outside the stadium I couldn't resist buying one off him for 10Fr.

As I sauntered about taking a long swig, I was thinking that the gendarmes were being very lax. Just then a bunch of 10 or so stopped me and told me, "Ca, c'est interdit." They would have to confiscate the can. The idea of saying to these 10 armed men that they didn't seem to be confiscating anything from the guys with their shirts off and their tattoos on passed through my mind. It was probably the drink. As I was mooching off, I heard one of the flics say to another: "O! Pierre, are you thirsty?" "Very," said Pierre.

## IN FRANCE WITHOUT A TICKET

Nicholas Harting's daily quest to see a World Cup match: Day 17

My reluctance to fork out up to 5000 francs for the highly dubious privilege of standing - on seats - among the English rabble in Lens led me to an alternative pasture in Lyon. The desperation of some fans in Lens had persuaded some of them to leave messages in the town's telephone kiosks requesting tickets. No such contingency plans were needed in Lyon for an academic fixture given extra appeal by the enduring qualities of Japan and their shrieking ever-so well-behaved supporters. Japan's pursuit of a first World Cup goal provided me with a good enough reason to attend: likewise thousands of other ticketless hopefuls. At the stadium I exchanged a spare 500 franc Netherlands v Yugoslavia ticket I already brought for Toulouse on Tuesday with a 350 franc ticket offered by a Japanese who paid me the difference. Tickets were going for well under cost prices at the ground.

Total games: 17. Total cost price: 6,230 fr. Total prices paid: 4,405 fr. Two failures to get in.



## THE COMPLETE GUIDE TO FRANCE 98

## YESTERDAY'S MATCHES

## Argentina 1 Croatia 0

GROUP H: PARC LESCEURE, BORDEAUX. ATTENDANCE: 35,000

Goals: Pineda 36  
Yellow cards: 3 (Ortega, Ayala, Vivas)  
Red cards: 0  
Corners: 3  
Offside: 4  
Free-kicks (against): 14  
Coach: Daniel Passarella

Goals: 0  
Yellow cards: 4 (Bilic, Soldo, Boban, Jarni)  
Red cards: 0  
Corners: 3  
Offside: 0  
Free-kicks (against): 22  
Coach: Miroslav Blazevic

## Japan 1 Jamaica 2

GROUP H: STADE GERLAND, LYONS. ATTENDANCE: 43,500

Goal: 1 (Nakayama 75)  
Yellow card: 1 (Yamaguchi)  
Red cards: 0  
Corners: 8  
Offside: 3  
Free-kicks (against): 15  
Coach: Takeshi Okada

Goal: Whitmore 39, 54  
Yellow cards: 2 (Malcolm, Dawes)  
Red cards: 0  
Corners: 5  
Offside: 8  
Free-kicks (against): 23  
Coach: Rene Simoes

## THURSDAY'S LATE MATCHES

## USA 0 Yugoslavia 1

GROUP F: STADE DE LA BEAUJOIRE, NANTES. ATTENDANCE: 39,000

Goals: 0  
Yellow cards: 1 (Reyna)  
Red cards: 0  
Corners: 3  
Offside: 2  
Free-kicks (against): 13  
Coach: Steve Sampson

Goal: Komljenovic 4  
Yellow cards: 2 (Stankovic, Ognjenovic)  
Red cards: 0  
Corners: 5  
Offside: 0  
Free-kicks (against): 20  
Coach: Slobodan Santrac

## Running commentary

1 min: Hejduk's deep cross brushes Yugoslavia crossbar.  
4 min: Friedel parries free kick by Mihajlovic but Komljenovic neatly heads home rebound.  
14 min: Kraij saves McBride's header.  
16 min: Friedel pushes Stankovic cross behind; almost caught by inswinging corner.  
24 min: Stewart has shot charged down.  
30 min: Milosevic cuts inside from right but Friedel is equal to his shot.  
32 min: Moore shoots wide after snatching at chance made by McBride cross.  
37 min: McBride suffers cut head in clash with Jovanovic.

41 min: Yellow card for Stankovic, joining Reyna in book.  
57 min: Jugovic shoots wide.  
61 min: Ognjenovic booked for diving.  
63 min: Friedel does well to gather awkward free kick by Mihajlovic.  
71 min: Milosevic just wide after cleverly wriggling into space in Yugoslav box.  
75 min: Friedel saves at feet of Ognjenovic.  
79 min: McBride's shot on turn saved.  
84 min: USA substitute Radosavjevic curls free-kick over bar.  
89 min: Savicevic finds Ognjenovic but youngster fails to make most of chance.

## Germany 2 Iran 0

GROUP F: STADE DE LA MOISSON, MONTPELLIER. ATTENDANCE: 35,000

Goals: Bierhoff 50, Klinsmann 58  
Yellow cards: 2 (Klinsmann, Hassler)  
Red cards: 0  
Corners: 3  
Offside: 2  
Free-kicks (against): 13  
Coach: Berti Vogts

Goals: 0  
Yellow cards: 1 (Daei)  
Red cards: 0  
Corners: 2  
Offside: 3  
Free-kicks (against): 17  
Coach: Jalal Talebi

## Running commentary

2 min: Mahdavi defends coolly at start.  
5 min: Iran still stuck in their own half.  
6 min: Daei offers first shot for Iran.  
14 min: Köpke comes out to block Mahdavi.  
19 min: Iran defend well when Klinsmann makes first serious attempt on goal.  
20 min: Heinrich makes feeble attempt to get to good chance.  
27 min: Abdezzadeh comes out bravely to clear dangerous attack.  
31 min: Yellow card for Klinsmann (disent).  
43 min: Tarnat strikes long shot well as Germany's authority diminishes.

46 min: Yellow card Hassler (rugged tackle on Estili).  
47 min: Yellow card Daei (foul on Wörns).  
51 min: Bierhoff heads in from Hassler's accurate cross.  
58 min: Klinsmann heads in spectacularly after Bierhoff hits post.  
73 min: Iran raise first attack for ages but Aziz's back heel comes to nothing.  
85 min: Bierhoff heads down powerfully.  
89 min: Mahdavi has one last chance blocked.  
90 min: Kirsten 'goal' disallowed for offside.

## GOALSCORERS

## FOUR GOALS

GROUP B: Christian Vieri (It), GROUP

## THREE GOALS

GROUP E: Roberto Baggio (It), GROUP

## TWO GOALS

GROUP A: Roberto Baggio (It), GROUP

GROUP C: Shuaib Bhattarai (SA), GROUP

GROUP D: Shuaib Bhattarai (SA), GROUP

GROUP F: Shuaib Bhattarai (SA), GROUP

GROUP H: Shuaib Bhattarai (SA), GROUP

GROUP J: Shuaib Bhattarai (SA), GROUP

GROUP K: Shuaib Bhattarai (SA), GROUP

GROUP L: Shuaib Bhattarai (SA), GROUP

GROUP M: Shuaib Bhattarai (SA), GROUP

GROUP N: Shuaib Bhattarai (SA), GROUP

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GROUP P: Shuaib Bhattarai (SA), GROUP

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GROUP HK: Shuaib Bhattarai (SA), GROUP

GROUP HL: Shuaib Bhattarai (SA), GROUP

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GROUP HO: Shuaib Bhattarai (SA), GROUP

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GROUP HS: Shuaib Bhattarai (SA), GROUP

GROUP HT: Shuaib Bhattarai (SA), GROUP

GROUP HU: Shuaib Bhattarai (SA), GROUP

GROUP HV: Shuaib Bhattarai (SA), GROUP

GROUP HW: Shuaib Bhattarai (SA), GROUP

GROUP HX: Shuaib Bhattarai (SA), GROUP

GROUP HY: Shuaib Bhattarai (SA), GROUP





## WEEKEND REVIEW

COMMENT • FEATURES • ARTS • SHOPPING • TRAVEL

## The control freak

In the Sixties, record producer Phil Spector was the obsessive button-pusher and knob-twiddler who created the 'wall of sound'. Today he stands accused of cheating his ex-wife Ronnie, and their former band The Ronettes, out of millions of dollars. And, in the courtroom, he's still calling the tune

BY DAVID USBORNE

Maybe it is just that the trial, is already two weeks old, but the court officer, smart in his pressed uniform and black patent leather shoes, has obviously lost all interest. Sharing the jury box with empty chairs and this correspondent only, he is deep into a heavy tome entitled Dictionary of Symbolism. At the start of the afternoon he is on Hyenas, with some nice historic lithographs. By tea, he has reached Maggies.

There is not much to tell him, or any of us, that these are unique proceedings. Though this is meant to be the Manhattan Supreme Court, it is housed in an unprepossessing converted office building with tile floors and scuffed walls. And the elfin man in the witness box hardly seems like an attention-grabber. He looks sad, really, a refugee from the Sixties with ugly hair too long over his collar, absurd platform shoes, aviator sunglasses and a black shirt with a dark blue tie and jacket.

Truth be told, the officer, who can be no more than 25, had probably never heard of this man until now. Perhaps his name was just vaguely familiar. Phil Spector. Oh yeah, didn't he used to be real big in rock'n'roll, the producer of the Beatles and some other stuff? But isn't he meant to be some super-weirdo reclusive these days, who never ever appears in public? Like Howard Hughes, you know, the rich guy who went nuts and never cut his fingernails? That's the one.

Most fascinating of all, Spector flirts outrageously all the time with the judge, Paula Omansky. She may be dowdy, with her thinning brown hair and spectacles on a plastic bead chain, but his financial fate does rest in her hands after all.

He seems to have her in his pocket. "Bless you," he interrupts one time when she sneezes. Judge Omansky simpers appreciatively. When Spector's own lawyer repeatedly objects to a line of questions about the history of recording artists and the money they received for their work, Judge Omansky tells him not to bother. "I think that Mr Spector holds his own very nicely on historical questions," she says, giving him a knowing smile.

Judge Omansky, moreover, seems captivated by the historical detail. Spector's revelation that even the most famous melodies from the musical films of the Fifties and Sixties were lip-synched by their performers astounds her. Elvis did it, says Spector. Even Bob Hope did it. "Everyone lip-synched in the movies," Spector informs the court. "Is that right?" interjects Judge Omansky, throwing back her head in theatrical disgust. For a moment the rest of the courtroom seems redundant to the entire proceedings.

The Judge likes it just as much when Spector is shown a picture of himself at the height of his success. "Who's that handsome lad?" he asks. And when Peltz asks Spector whether he won the nickname Boy Genius back in the Sixties, he shoots back: "Still am! We're under oath, aren't we?"

In the hallway outside, flashbulbs are going off. A short Hispanic lady in her fifties, with deep red lipstick, black trousers and blouse, and a straw hat on flowing raven hair, walks in and takes a seat in the front row of the public gallery. Still the court officer doesn't look up. Does he still not understand? She is Ronnie Spector, the one-time lead singer of the Ronettes and ex-wife of Phil. What's more, this is the first time Phil and Ronnie have set eyes on each other since they split in 1974.

Or not set eyes on each other Ronnie has shades that are even more nocturnal than the over-sized aviators worn by Phil. The Lord spare them from having to go so far as to exchange glances across the tiny courtroom. "Oh? Was she here?" Phil Spector asks in mock confusion when I talk to him at the close of the afternoon. "Well, I can't seem to get rid of her, can I? She just keeps coming back."

Yes, Phil, she is back, and not on her own. With the two other members of the Ronettes (perhaps you remember those wonderful beehive hairdos and their several early-Sixties hits, such as "Be My Baby" and "I Can Hear Music"), Ronnie, her sister, Estelle Bennett, and their cousin, Nedra Talley Ross, are attempting to extract what they believe to be their due from Mr Spector. They are the plaintiffs in a lawsuit that says he, as their one-

Continued on page 2



Redferns

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Hertz

## The price of coal

Sir: Could we please have a greater sense of perspective about the current "crisis" facing the UK coal industry and Government's latest proposals to "save" it? A couple of questions to illustrate the point.

Which government, in a White Paper on Fuel Policy, accepted "the advice of the National Coal Board that a rundown of about 35,000 men a year would be manageable for the industry. On past experience, and taking account of natural wastage, such a rundown should not create a national problem?"

Answer: the Labour government in 1967 (Cmd 3438 para. 113). The annual job loss considered "manageable" in 1967 is more than three times the total number now employed in deep mining in England and Wales, and some seven times the number of jobs considered to be saved by the Government's latest announcement.

What do representatives of bodies like the Coalfields Communities Campaign and RJB Mining mean when they ask for a "level playing field" compared with other fuels used for electricity generation? Are they looking to repay the higher price received for UK deep-mined coal compared with alternative fuels and imported coal that British Coal and its successors like RJB received in coal contracts struck with generators in 1990 and renewed in 1993? Or do they really want a continuation of this subsidy, which, at its peak in the early 1990s, cost domestic customers more than £1bn a year in higher electricity prices?

Surely the real question that has to be asked about the coal industry today is how to make effective use of the resources available to central and local government to assist individuals in moving to other jobs, and maybe to other areas where they can be employed providing products and services that are actually required? This must be better than simply seeking to ease out employment for a few more years at the expense of continued market distortions and higher prices for electricity consumers.

The Government's self-proclaimed great victory does not give much hope that politicians will provide a sense of perspective to a debate which has gone on for more than thirty years.

BOB TIVEY  
Fulbrook, Oxfordshire

## Spoor of the spooks

Sir: Peter Moyes (letter, 25 June) is no doubt correct that the Zinoviev Letter was not the decisive factor in the outcome of the 1924 general election, but that does not mean it is a waste of time and money to try to get to the bottom of this fishy business.

It is surely a matter of the gravest concern if, as the latest Russian evidence suggests, MI6 was responsible for the forging of a document intended to discredit a prime minister and influence the result of a general election.

Whether the present Foreign Office inquiry will actually get at



Our series on the renovation of the HQ of the National Trust for Scotland, in Edinburgh's Charlotte Square, concludes with a view of the rear of the row Tom Pilston

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Post letters to Letters to the Editor and include a daytime telephone number, fax to 0171 293 2056 or e-mail to letters@independent.co.uk  
E-mail correspondents are asked to give a postal address. Letters may be edited for length and clarity

the truth is, however, another matter. The Foreign Secretary has already said that the MI6 files for the relevant period are "incomplete" and "offer an inconclusive picture on whether the Zinoviev Letter was a forgery". There is another relevant class of documentation which I suspect will turn out to be in a similar state.

As the FO report's author, Gill Bennett, has indicated, the really interesting aspect of the affair is how the Zinoviev Letter came to be leaked to the *Daily Mail*. The prime suspect for the leak is in fact the head of MI5's (b) branch, Joseph Ball, who went on to become the original spin-doctor and dirty-trickster at Tory Central Office. Last year's much-hyped release of early MI5 records provided ample evidence of an archival scorched-earth policy on the part of MI6's sister service: MI5 documentation regarding the inter-war period (which is apparently due for release this year or next) will doubtless have received the same treatment.

Won't it be ironic if Ms Bennett finds more glasnost in the KGB archives than in those of our own spooks?

DAVID TURNER  
Borden, Kent

## Gays and Cardinal

Sir: We have become used to the words "paedophile" and "homosexual" being linked in ill-informed comment, but I really thought that Cardinal Winning (Right of Reply, 25 June) would have taken the trouble to check his facts. Does he not know that HIV attacks both men and women, gay and straight? Does he really believe that "predatory" men (gay or straight) will take any notice of legal restraint?

Being homosexual is not a lifestyle. We did not choose our sexual orientation. We have to live with ourselves each day as we were created by God. The God that I love and worship (apparently in the same church as the Cardinal) did not make any mistakes when he created me or anyone else, gay or straight. Our human failings are just that: human and not of God. It is these failings which prevent us from seeing the true worth of God's creation.

GERALD NEWNHAM  
Wetwyn Garden City,  
Hertfordshire

Sir: Predatory male heterosexuals have been able to indulge in dangerous, immoral acts with

16-year-old girls since 1885. Why is Cardinal Winning only concerned now?

CHRISTOPHER ANTON  
Birmingham

Sir: The Head of the Roman Catholic Church in Scotland appears to believe that the fact that he has discovered a 20-year-old cutting in which paedophiles advocate a lower age of consent implies that the "gay lobby" can be accused of paedophilic motives.

If an archbishop really wishes to sink to that level of debate he should choose his ground more carefully. One does not have to go back anything like as far as 20 years to discover Catholic priests who are not only serial paedophiles but were in some cases protected from justice by the church.

MARK YNYS-MON  
London N3

## Don't interfere

Sir: Rosalind Miles ("Why did no one step in to save the life of Sasha Davies?", 25 June) fails to mention one crucial reason why people choose not to interfere.

Once witnessed a child being treated cruelly by a parent in the street, and also a child behaving

very badly in a train. On both occasions, with thumping heart, I expressed my disapproval of their behaviour. In both instances, I was greeted with venom and invective, not to mention threats of violence by the parents. However anti-social people are, they resent being criticised by a third party. Instead of becoming self-analytical, they just spit out insults, claiming that it is none of your business.

MADELEINE NEAVE  
London SW15

## Train rage

Sir: Running on time, enough trains and competitiveness are not test enough for the privatised railways (leading article, 24 June). What about clear and accessible information about services nationwide, connections with other services, clarity about fares, and proper integration with other forms of land and water transport?

And what about catering? It is all very well for a Sunday Wigan-London train to arrive on time (not difficult with four and a half hours available). When I travelled on this train last March the lunchtime buffet, to which passengers were invited by the train manager, offered only sweets, chocolate and

one remaining piece of cake. My written complaint elicited only an anodyne assurance that the company did its best for its customers (meaning passengers).

The real test for privatisation is when our railways come near to the standards of those in Germany, Austria or Switzerland, not only on punctuality but on everything else.

ANTHONY MORRIS  
Brussels

Sir: It is simply untrue to say (leading article, 24 June) that rival train companies operating on the same lines won't co-operate on schedules and ticketing. Organising that co-operation is exactly the kind of role the Association of Train Operating Companies fulfils: we already do this for ticketing for railcards, for the National Rail Enquiry Service and many other forms of co-operation.

All the train companies are committed to a better integrated public transport system, and understand that this will only be achieved by co-operation, not by fomenting childish rivalries.

JAMES GORDON  
Director General  
Association of Train Operating Companies  
London WC1

## Women at work

Sir: I thank Suzanne Moore ("Danger: women at work", 26 June) for her permission, but if I, a man, were to "strut around the office in skimpy T-shirts and shorts" I would at best be a figure of mirth. But a woman doing the same has a serious impact, and this shows either a wish to manipulate or a complete disregard of the feelings of the opposite sex.

Men and women have different body images, hormonal balances and biological imperatives. Perhaps, by trying to counter these differences, we don't create a fairer world - only a more confused and unhappy one.

STEVE OSTLER  
Sedgeborough,  
Worcestershire

Sir: The "bond babes" you use to illustrate Suzanne Moore's article look like smug, vacuous, stereotyped chumps. The intelligence and individuality which I'm sure they have is rendered invisible by the pantomime principal boy outfits.

If Wall Street likes its bankers to dress like Jack and the Beanstalk, so be it. But it scarcely makes for serious attitudes to women, or for that matter to their attractiveness.

IAN FLINTOFF  
London WS6

## IN BRIEF

Sir: In his fine and merited tribute to John Calder (Arts, 24 June), Barot Magarian states that Calder Publications is "unique" as the "last of the independent publishers" dedicated to serious literature.

Not so, but you have to look outside London to find them - from Wales and the West Country to Northumberland and Scotland. They vary from the microscopic to the medium-sized (such as Bloodaxe Books), but they continue to nurture new talent at a time when it is harder and harder for new talent to engage the interest of the large London publishing houses.

PETER LEWIS  
Flombard Press  
East Fourstones,  
Northumberland

Sir: Your article "How to avoid a critical mess" (19 June) could be taken to imply that nuclear criticality issues at Dounreay are not properly considered.

Critically is assessed entirely separately from other aspects of plant safety. Separate operations do not proceed unless they are within the limits set out by a critically clearance certificate. These are independently assessed and reviewed by our own safety experts, by independent teams and by our regulators, the Nuclear Installations Inspectorate.

Dr ROY NELSON  
Dounreay Director  
UK Atomic Energy Authority  
Dounreay,  
Caithness

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## Phil Spector: the control freak

Continued from page 1  
time producer has cheated them out of millions of dollars in royalties.

His suit, which has taken 10 years to make it to court, is an aggressive one. The Ronettes accuse Spector of ripping them off by selling their soundtracks to makers of movies, television films and even advertisements. They are demanding damages totalling \$11m. They also want out of their original recording contract with him, as well as custody of the master tapes of the 28 singles they made over the group's three-year career and the reimbursement of "all monies received by the Spector corporate defendants and defendant Phil Spector", from 1963 until the present day.

Spector has indeed been selling their songs, whose appeal seems ever to endure. Ronettes ballads have featured in such films as *Dirty Dancing*, *Mean Streets* and *Goodfellas*, the television series *Moonlighting* and TV commercials for American Express and Levi's.

But Spector, who is an ill-preserved 58, has what he considers to be a solid defence. On the stand, he has asserted that Ronnie gave up the rights to the Ronettes' song book in the divorce settlement she struck with him in 1974. And he is unashamed that in their three years together, the group's members collected only \$14,000 from him. Recording the songs, he claims, cost him more than they made in the charts.

So much for the legal bat-

tle lines. Of far greater fascination here - notwithstanding the court officer's boredom - is the fact of Mr Spector having to face this onslaught at all. And in public.

Forget, for one moment, Phil Spector's diminished physical appearance - the broken veins streaking vertically down the grey pallor of his cheeks, the beard stubble and his feeble, rasping voice. Disconcertingly, he occasionally sips water from a paper cup and makes a loud whistling sound as he sucks it through his teeth. "They could well be dentures, of course. For that matter, his hair seems suspiciously full." As anyone with any music scholarship knows, this man is a giant of pop, albeit a faded one. He is one of the living icons of the recording industry and a longtime inductee of the rock-'n'-roll hall of fame.

Spector, a nerdy little Jewish boy from the Bronx, burst on to the pop scene at just 18 years old as a producer and a composer. It was as helmsman of the Ronettes, an obscure girlie trio he had discovered in Spanish Harlem, and, at about the same time, of the Crystals, that he really established himself. Their smash hits, including "Da Doo Ron Ron" by the Crystals, identified Spector as the creator of a new and haunting sound, with background strings and orchestration, that became known as the Wall of Sound.

Spector's peak came between 1964 and 1966. In that period he composed for the Righteous Brothers who de-



Phil Spector the Manhattan court jester (top) and posing next to Ronnie, and the Ronettes LFT

livered the world-wide No 1, "You've Lost that Lovin' Feeling" and produced "River Deep - Mountain High" with Ike and Tina Turner. After that, he dropped out, but not for long. His association with the Beatles was in fact only as producer on one of their albums, Let It Be. Later he befriended John Lennon, for whom he produced "Imagine" and the Plastic Ono Band.

After working with the Beatles and Lennon, Spector disappeared, hiding himself up in his Spanish-style mansion off the Sunset Strip in Los Angeles. His fame today is above all as the one-time king of the record groove who simply vanished into thin air amidst rumours of eccentric behaviour and a vicious temper.

Howard Hughes, indeed. So now, on the stand in this grubby courtroom in New York, we are going to see him shrivel, like a night creature suddenly exposed to light?

Some of the back and forth has, after all, been ugly. Even though Judge Omsansky has tried to stop them, some nasty details of the marriage to Ronnie have bubbled through. According to his ex-wife, she signed the divorce contract only because of a threat of violence. She testified that Spector told her: "I'm going to kill you. I'll have a hit man kill you if you don't do what I tell you as far as signing those papers."

Nor has she painted a picture of marital happiness prior to the divorce. She claims that Spector had a barbed wire fence stretched

around the mansion the day following their wedding, to prevent her escaping. Apparently, he also stole her shoes and locked her in her room.

One Christmas Day, she recalled, he gave her an unexpected gift: twin six-year-old boys he had adopted without telling her. "I guess he wanted that barefoot and pregnant thing from me," she said after finishing her testimony. Eventually, she testified, she had to flee barefoot to her mother with just the clothes on her back. For a few years, she received support cheques from Spector, with "F\*\*\* Off" stamped in block capitals on the back. Copies of the cheques have been submitted as evidence.

With a curious blend of impish wit and arrogance, Mr Spector has been doing just fine on the stand. He has not, in short, been behaving the way a recluse is meant to. "You don't have to get all Perry Mason with me," he retorts at one point to Ronnie's lawyer, Alexander Peltz. (The court officer lifts his eyes for an instant.) Occasionally he feigns confusion. "Say what?" he responds to one of Peltz's attempted jabs.

If genius he still is, these days Spector is exercising it in the music of the courtroom rather than the record groove. After the court session is over we talk a little about Ronnie. There is nothing but bitterness and bile. So, finally, I ask him about Judge Omsansky. His voice warms instantly. "Oh, she's sweet," he says. Maybe he winked. But I couldn't see past the aviators.



[illegible]

The main danger of genetic tinkering is in the unpredictable effects on the food cycle when modified plants interbreed with other plants. But it would be wrong to argue that

Information is our best protection. It is also in Monsanto's commercial interest. It would be expensive to keep modified foods separate from the unmodified, but if genetically-engineered food is so good for us, it would be in Monsanto's interest to shoulder the burden now. The alternative is that consumers will become suspicious about the company's motives, and governments will force producers to label modified food in a context which would make consumers more likely to avoid buying it.

**BETTY BOOTHROYD** is a star, whose performance has raised the status of Speaker of the House of Commons in the eyes of the people. She has been a fine role model for women, especially in curbing the school-boy excesses of male MPs, and has been robust in defence of Parliament's independence. But she intends to stand down at or before the next election. Her successor will face formidable challenges. There will be conflict over the powers of the Scottish parliament and Welsh assembly; there may be a change to the electoral system; there will be a continuing draining of power from the Commons chamber to 10 Downing Street, and a downgrading of the reporting of parliament – except, of course, in this newspaper. It could be argued that the office of Speaker is more important now than at any time since the Civil War.

There is only one real candidate to step into Betty's buckles and gaiters, though the traditional garb may need some modification: the man in the white suit, the Independent member for Tatton, Martin Bell.

**PIGS MAY** be more intelligent than cattle but they also, as importantly these days, seem more adept at burnishing their public image. Consider the different fates of some of God's creatures who have recently cried freedom and escaped the abattoir.

The Tamworth Two, Butch and Sundance, quickly achieved very favourable media coverage and now enjoy porcine superstar status. They are appearing in their own national tour and charge £1,500 for an appearance.

But the black bull that managed a similar break yesterday found itself being hunted with helicopters, a pack of dogs and searchlights, only to be unceremoniously executed by a Cleveland police marksman when he had got as far as the River Tees. No cute nickname to remember him by. No tabloid offer to buy him and care for him for the rest of his natural. Not even an invite from Richard and Judy.

All animals may have been created equal, but, it seems, some are still more equal than others.

In the "old" Ireland, these were not exceptional events. This was a state where politicians - with one or two honourable exceptions - bent over backwards to please the men

of the cloth. Servile is a word that springs readily to mind. The church had been our bulwark in times of oppression. It had provided education for the poor when nobody else would. The debt of obligation was immense.

Now though, it was payback time. Education was to be the uncontested territory of the church. As well as schools, the clergy were allowed to run orphanages and reformatories. Letterfrack, Daingean, Artane - names that induced mortal dread even in children of my generation. We all heard the stories of the beatings that went on in these places. And we heard other stories, of strange priests and brothers who would do "things" to you.

But they were days of silence in our cosy little republic. The violence was known about and tolerated. How often did children come home to complain about a beating only to get another one from their parents? The assumption was that the clergy were always right. "You must have done something to ask for it," was a familiar refrain.

As for the sexual abuse, only now being reported in our newspapers, it took a brave boy or girl to complain about that. In Holy Catholic Ireland, sex was a deed of darkness, something discussed in the language of whispers and nudges. We learned that there was something implicitly dirty and wrong about the whole business.

Growing up in a middle class

neighbourhood, I was never likely to find my way to a reformatory. What clerical violence I experienced was minuscule; a slap here and a slap there. Neither did I encounter any of the more perverted men in black. The brothers who ran my secondary school were decent and kind men, of whom I have only the fondest memories. I suspect that most of my contemporaries would probably remember things the same way.

But I knew kids who weren't that lucky. They were the ones from hidden Ireland – the country of poverty and sickness; of huge council estates and inner city tenements; of small villages where unmarried mothers were dispatched to convents to hide their shame, and whose children were taken away from them and given up for adoption. That was a country where inconvenient truths were censored and where the hierarchy had the power to block social legislation it did not favour.

*It is only now, in these more confident and secular times, that we are beginning to count the costs of those years. Only now are the criminals being called to account. To date, 31 Catholic priests and brothers have been convicted on charges of child sex abuses. Another 13 cases are pending. Those involved in such abuse were a small percentage of the clergy but the havoc they wreaked on young lives is immeasurably huge.*



**FERGAL KEANE**  
*After three psychotherapy sessions, a priest guilty of gross sexual abuse was made a parish chaplain*

Earlier this week, a Dublin court convicted a priest for a catalogue of abuse that took place over two decades. Father Ivor Payne had been a chaplain at a hospital for sick children and for nearly two decades was free to scar the lives of children. What made the case notable was the revelation that Father Payne had been allowed to continue with his ministry after serious allegations of sex abuse had been made against him.

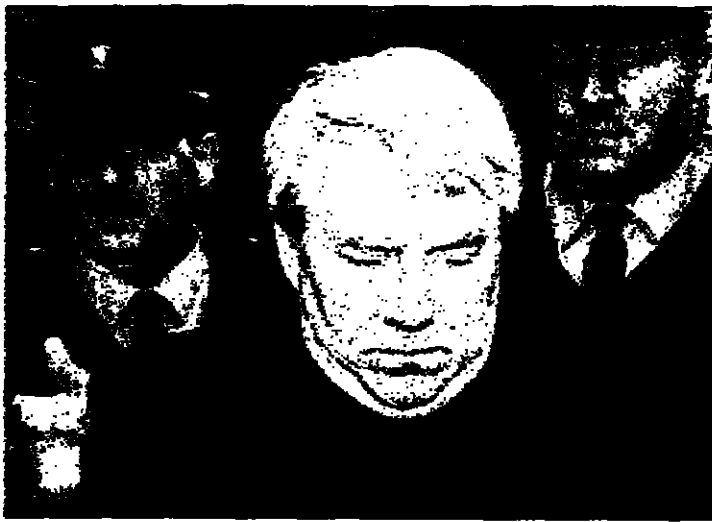
The church in its wisdom decided that three sessions of psychotherapy would be enough to cure him. Three sessions! Afterwards, Payne was appointed as a parish chaplain and continued in his perverted ways.

didn't think they would be believed because the idea of accusing a priest of such offending was almost unthinkable." There are now growing calls for a full public inquiry into the way the church has handled allegations of sexual abuse against its clergy. In simple terms, an inquiry would try to find out what the hierarchy knew, and when. To date, all we have had from our bishops are apologies and the offer of sympathy for victims. But sorry is not enough.

Even if the Irish government refuses to set up an inquiry, the bishops should open up their records and tell us what they knew. I don't suggest that they name individuals who cannot defend themselves. That would be a denial of the principles of natural justice. But they can give us the big picture.

How many cases were reported to the Bishops over the long years when the church reigned supreme in Irish society? And crucially, what action did they take to protect children at risk? And don't stop with the sex abusers. They must tell what they knew about the sadists who made school life a living terror for so many youngsters.

The answers to these questions may be uncomfortable for the church, but we need to hear them. They are the secret history of the Irish nation. An institution which preaches social justice and which holds the truth as sacred should not keep secrets about matters as fun-



## Father Ivor Payne abused children for two decades

**damental as the abuse of children. The information should not have to be dragged out in bits and pieces through the courts. For the victims of abuse, those who were left powerless and alone, it is the least that can be done.**

In these more secular times, we look back and wonder how and why such things happened. The answers are more complex than one might suppose: start with a history marked out in repression and dispossession, add hunger, poverty and sexual repression and you get some idea of where we were coming from. We were all of us - church

and children - prisoners of the  
past.

Now the country where church and state live in holy matrimony is gone. We have grown up. We look outwards. We have begun to recognise a "real" history rather than an imagined one.

The romantic nationalism of my schooldays is dead. So too the blind obedience to the church. But until such time as we face the full truth of our secret history, I will find it difficult to believe that we have reached the "new" Ireland. It is time for the Bishops to open up and show the way.

## MONITOR

THE NEWS OF THE WORLD

Clinton in China • The Sun v Blair • Gay Age Of Consent • Bridget Jones • Bruce and Demi



## Can Bill's engagement with China end happily?

PEOPLE'S DAILY  
China

China and the United States must adhere to the spirit of mutually respecting each other, and seeking common ground while preserving differences. There is no denying the fact that differences still exist on the Taiwan issue, human rights issue, and so on. We have always maintained we should take proper measures and conduct a dialogue on the basis of equal consultation to narrow or solve them. If some problems cannot be resolved, we can shelve them for the time being, so that they will not affect the overall development of relations between the two countries. We hope the US side will take a pragmatic and constructive attitude, so that these differences will not stand in the way of improving relations.

PRESIDENT CLINTON'S VISIT TO CHINA

Reaction to the first visit by a US leader since the Tiananmen massacre

NEW YORK TIMES  
US

China cannot be viewed through a single lens. But the Chinese leadership has already profited greatly from his visit. His very presence is an affirmation of Beijing's growing power. The Chinese are certainly strong enough to hear straight talk on American values, and a presidential statement of solidarity with the democrats in Chinese society. A show of presidential will would not disrupt the trip. It might even make it memorable.

HONG KONG STANDARD

Washington is said to have a firm and pragmatic China policy now. The trouble is, Congress has one too – a Cold War one formulated on the ambitions of megastar China dissidents in the US, who have the unstinting backing of the human rights mafia.

THE WASHINGTON TIMES  
US

Criticism of Mr Clinton's all-carrots-and-no-sticks policy towards China is portrayed as a rejection of

engagement. Not so. What it amounts to is the view that there are many ways to engage other countries, but they all should place at the centre American national interests. Mr Clinton's critics here at home are concerned that both are getting short shrift in the name of trade.

JAPAN TIMES

There is an important dimension to the Sino-US relationship. Japan's relations with the US. It is vitally important all three countries see the strategic triangle as a positive-sum relationship and not a zero-sum affair, in which one side profits at the expense of another. It is unfortunate that Clinton could not find time to stop in Japan after his visit. It would have been a good opportunity to make engagement more of a policy and less of a slogan.

## THE SUN V BLAIR

Verdicts on the tabloid's sudden attack on the PM over Europe

THE SUN

Is Tony Blair the most dangerous man in Britain? In most respects he is a fine premier. But he seems determined to scrap the pound and take Britain into the single currency. The result could be disastrous for this country.

NEW STATESMAN

The Murdoch-new Labour alliance was of the purest kind. Like the Nazi-Soviet Pact of the late Thirties, it was based on overt opportunism on both sides. The Sun has played Hitler, and broken it first, but Blair can hardly be in the position of Stalin, shocked and disabled by the defection. The alliance was strictly business.

THE TIMES

The attack by The Sun ... was ridiculously over the top. It said more about the internal politics of The Sun than about the gradual and still hesitant warming in Mr Blair's attitude towards the single currency. But it could mark a significant, and welcome, stage in the coming-of-age of the Blair government.

THE EXPRESS

Britain's economic future is now dependent upon a cynical commercial decision made by an international media company which has not got the slightest genuine interest in our success in the economic field. It is an utterly shameful state of affairs which casts a question mark over the integrity of the Government.

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH

Blair can ignore Mr Murdoch and appeal directly to Middle Britain, asking them to decide who governs the country. However, Mr Blair is a cautious man, and has invested immense personal effort in building his relationship with the Murdoch press. He will think carefully before overriding such a powerful ally on a key policy issue.

## QUOTES OF THE WEEK

"We are a nation of yobs. Now that we don't have a war, what's wrong with a good punch-up?"  
The Dowager  
Marchioness of Reading

"The World Cup is supposed to be an image of friendship and men are going to be like children and play with their ball. But what happens? They fight. That's an image of how the world is."  
Jeanne Moreau, actress

"The hideous apparel favoured by the metropolitan English make the denizens of former East Berlin look chic by comparison."  
Barry Humphries, entertainer

"Whatever their immediate popularity, the Spice Girls are not as significant as WH Auden"  
Sir Peter Hall, theatre director

"Sex and tennis are two peas in a pod, as inseparable as Torville and Dean."  
Buster Mottram, tennis player

"If you were Frank Sinatra's friend, he was a friend for life. If you were his enemy, you stayed his enemy. Case closed."  
Tony Bennett, crooner

"You must not wear condoms. They do not stop disease. Anyone who tells you otherwise is a liar. They are designed to stop us (blacks) from breeding."  
Winnie Mandela

## AGE OF CONSENT

Following the vote to permit gay sex at age 16

THE PINK PAPER

There is a view that winning an equal age of consent has been an easy victory – that the Labour Government is making one concession to gay rights and there it will stick. There are no political short-cuts. We would be naive if we thought that presenting a list of demands to the Labour government, however huge their majority, will guarantee change. The Labour

Government will only move when they are convinced that society accepts the changes for which we are fighting.

DAILY TELEGRAPH

Sooner than Tony Blair thinks, most parents will view him with contempt for espousing family values while effectively voting for child abuse. Their children have been set free – but, before long, they will be everywhere in chains

EVENING STANDARD

Teenagers are often confused about their own sexuality. There

remain good reasons for suggesting that if the issue is in the balance, they are more likely to have happy and fulfilled lives as heterosexuals, because of sexual and reproductive realities which no law can change.

BIRMINGHAM POST

Because there are now some openly homosexual MPs does not mean the country as a whole takes the same liberal view of homosexuality.

Given that homosexuality is physically dangerous – some would say morally and psychologically dangerous as well – it is surely unwise of MPs

to equate it legally with heterosexuality.

Taken to extremes, this legislation could condemn some vulnerable young men to death from Aids before they were mature enough to recognise the importance of warnings about "safe sex".

RICHARD LITTLEJOHN  
THE SUN

Why is the Government so accommodating towards homosexuals with an appetite for ripe young chickens yet so hostile towards those of us who prefer our meat red-blooded, well hung and on the bone?

THE GUARDIAN

Bishops and legislators have quite separate roles. Indeed, even the bishops concede that "actions may be legal without being morally right". Precisely. Reform is long overdue. Equal treatment is a basic human right.

DAILY MAIL

By surrendering so enthusiastically and in such numbers to the gay lobby not only are politicians disregarding public opinion, they are also choosing to ignore the guidance of all the main religious communities in this country.

## MISCELLANEOUS

SOUTH KOREAN  
HERALD

Tony Blair may be surprised to find his name has become a topic of political discussion in South Korea. Some young lawmakers have instituted a reform campaign, citing Blair as their role model. But the elders dismiss their younger colleagues in their forties and early fifties as too inexperienced to qualify as "Tony Blair" candidates.

JORDAN STAR

Jordanian women are slowly getting there. If you are a married woman, you will soon be able to get your own passport without the consent of your spouse.

THE NATION  
Pakistan

It is argued that the collapse of our social fabric is reflected in the law and order situation. The recent hold-up of a travel agency, located opposite the office of the Superintendent of Police, by four seemingly educated youths, clearly points towards this painful phenomenon. The most distressing aspect was the inability of the police to give chase to the criminals who disappeared on foot of the two police vehicles, one suffered a mechanical breakdown and the other was out of petrol.

ATHLONE OBSERVER  
Ireland

Poor Derek Davis got an awful roasting for his handling of the Rose of Tralee on TV. Apparently, viewers were upset by his telling one contestant he was able to crack a walnut with his buttocks, and another that some of his old schoolmates had been arrested for "sheep worrying". But was Derek not simply trying to introduce some good old genuine Irish humour into an event about as Irish as the Fourth of July?

## BRUCE WILLIS &amp; DEMI MOORE SPLIT

Opinions on the end of the 11-year marriage of Hollywood's golden couple

NEW YORK POST  
US

We have here two symbols for all that's desirable: good looks, immense wealth and interplanetary fame. Yet for all these temporary gifts, they are poorer than a gambler on pay day. This week, Bruce and Demi announced that each has been irrevocably seduced by an insanely attractive, completely irresistible other: Their careers.

DAILY RECORD  
Scotland

The news of the split caught Tinseltown by surprise, but the timing couldn't have been better for the marketing men for Bruce's latest big budget movie, *Armageddon*, which has been panned by critics. The film opens in America on 1 July and the high-profile and mysterious end of the marriage guarantees all eyes will be on Bruce as he launches the publicity tour. Last night, cynics in



Hollywood were questioning the timing of the announcement and the involvement of Pat Kingsley, Hollywood's most powerful publicist.

THE EXPRESS  
UK

How could celluloid live up to the trash melodrama they get to write, produce, direct and star in? Will they divorce? Will they reconcile? Who gets custody of the entourage? Will Bruce

demand that Demi hand the boobs back?

LE FIGARO  
France

As abrupt as a World Cup referee's ruling, the news came out of nowhere. There had been no forewarning, not even the slightest hint in magazine gossip columns. Their story was one young girls dreamed of, as Charles and Diana's was in the beginning.

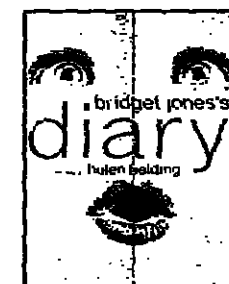
## BOOK REVIEW

'BRIDGET JONES'S DIARY', (US EDITION)  
BY HELEN FIELDINGAMAZON.COM  
(Internet)

Bridget Jones's Diary began as a column in the London Independent and struck a chord with readers of all sexes and sizes. In strokes simultaneously broad and subtle, Helen Fielding reveals the lighter side of despair, self-doubt and obsession, and also satirises everything from self-help books (they don't sound half as sensible to Bridget when she's sober) to fang shui, Cosmopolitan-style.

DALLAS MORNING  
NEWS

Bridget's romantic misadventures are not quite resolved by the final chapter, but she appears well on the road to a happily-ever-after conclusion. The *Pride and Prejudice* hints notwithstanding, it was still a little disappointing to see a character so fresh headed toward an ending rather like the Jane Austen adaptations Bridget admires on the telly. Even a too-tidy ending can't dilute the cheeky charm of this book, however.

PHILADELPHIA  
ENQUIRER

You'll be hanging on her every breathless, self-loathing utterance – hoping, as you hope for a friend, that she'll find happiness, true love, and a way to eat Milk Tray chocolates without beating herself up afterwards.

NEW YORK TIMES

It would be a shame to spend too much time searching for meaning in a book that's this much fun to zip through, but we're going to be hearing a lot about Bridget (and Fielding) in the coming months, so here goes. People will be passing around copies of *Bridget Jones's Diary* for a reason: it captures neatly the way modern women teeter between "I am a woman" independence and a pathetic girlie desire to be all things to all men.



## The road to liberty, via Linford Christie's lunchbox

FOR A whole week now I have been unable to think of anything except Linford Christie's lunchbox.

Don't mistake me: I have been consumed neither by envy nor nostalgia. However tragic it is to see the lunchbox of youth declining into the afternoon-tea trolley of middle age, a man must accept what nature intends for him. Soon it will be the cold supper tray of senility, and after that, the worm's breakfast. To which fate all lunchboxes, not excluding Linford Christie's, must come.

So no, it is not the ploughman's itself I have been thinking about all week, but the exemplary blankness of His Honour Mr Justice Popplewell - presiding judge in Christie's libel suit against John McVicar - as to the precise meaning of the term lunchbox when

applied with approbation to an athlete, or to anyone else for that matter.

In the good old days, when all our lunchboxes were as full and unreliable as a Virgin train, we expected High Court judges to show ignorance of popular people and their appurtenances. They set an example to the rest of us. Call it negative vicariousness.

We needed someone not to know anything about all those personalities of whom we knew too much, to be free of the world's title-tattle on our behalf. In much the same way as we want there to be celiacy in the world without our having to be the ones who practise it.

A priest has higher things on his mind than carnality and a judge's brain is too stocked with the

refined minutiae of the law for there to be room in it for the trivialities of popular culture - wasn't that the way we understood it?

Such an understanding rested on an assumption of value: some things mattered more than others, whether we could be bothered to aspire to them ourselves or not. We knew our place in the scheme of things. We were given over to junk. It was up to the toffs to address the important stuff.

Now, of course, there is no such thing as junk, unless it's self-consciously parodic junk, in which case it isn't junk at all. I tried to get the notion of junk across to Chris Smith once, in the days when his crimes against culture were limited to shadowing it.

We were sharing a platform during a public debate on the pre-



HOWARD JACOBSON

sent state of painting. He accused me of being an elitist - which is the word people who don't have discrimination invariably use of people who do - and promised us, once his party came to power, a brave new egalitarian world of

paintings in trains. Painting in trains! - we couldn't wait.

Still, better a painting in a train, I say, than a poster of a Spice Girl on a platform. "A Spice Girl, Your Honour? Damned if I know! Ask Blair. He's the junkhead."

Interesting that in a country which has elevated junk and junked the elevated, the falsity of our government's populism should nonetheless be so evident to everyone. This is a good sign. It means that we know there is a difference between Schubert and Oasis - whoever Oasis is - after all.

And we don't trust the toffs when they pretend to be as indiscriminately over-informed as we are. Mr Justice Popplewell sets a grander example. And shows the way to a better life.

Am I saying one lives better if

one knows nothing of the likes of Linford Christie or his lunchbox? I am, actually, yes.

May I cite an example? I have squandered too many precious brain cells familiarising myself with the names of yodelers and spoon-benders to have lived what can truly be called a happy life; but on an assignment for a Sunday newspaper a few years ago, I came as close as any trash-debilitated person has a right to expect he ever will come to euphoria.

I had been sent to Milan for Fashion Week, fashion being one of the new emptily spinning spheres of unmeaning in which I wasn't expert. Of fashion I knew zilch. Coco Chanel - that was the only fashion name I thought I'd heard of, that's if he (or was it she?) wasn't in fact a clown.

And now here I was, as culturally uncluttered as an alien, standing in a famous fashion house changing room (so they told me), and no more impressed, no more stirred, no more awed, than if I'd been back in the school playground adding my penny to the pot which Reeny Samuels insisted on before she'd show us her drawers.

Claudia Schiffer? Fish! Kate Moss? Tush! Tiny tits are tiny tits. Deserving of remark only if you recognise their owners. But I recognised no one and so was unenthralled, detached, a free man.

The way to liberty - that is what Mr Justice Popplewell's obliviousness teaches us. I trust the lesson has been learnt by his son, the cricketer Nigel Popplewell - not that I expect His Honour to know who he is.

## Architect of a new nation

## SATURDAY PROFILE

JOHN HUME

JOHN HUME infuriates many academics because he is not just leader of a political party, but also a conceptualiser and thinker on a grand scale; he is not just a politician, but also the instigator of whole new theories of conflict resolution.

While this may greatly irritate those academics who believe that this sort of thing is best left to them, it has excited the support and admiration of Irish nationalists. Yesterday Hume received his electoral award for this from voters, who clearly regard him as the architect of the peace process.

The idea of an inclusive process, with room in it for the extremes of both republicanism and loyalism, has come to be taken so much for granted that it is instructive to recall just how controversial a concept it was just a few years ago.

As the election results vividly illustrate, that notion has yet to take firm root within Unionism, a movement that shows all the signs of being badly split and confused about the new Northern Ireland mapped out in the Good Friday agreement.

But the results also showed that nationalists are practically unanimous in embracing the new philosophy, many voting SDLP as a gesture of gratitude for John Hume's initiative in finding what many had feared did not exist: a potential exit route from the troubles.

The great divide within Irish nationalism has always been between those who, like the IRA, believed that violence was the best way of achieving their aims, and those like Hume who argued for using political means alone.

The early part of his career, first as a civil rights activist on the streets and later as a politi-

cian, was about building power and influence for northern nationalism. This had traditionally been a community characterised by dolefully impotent isolation. His career has taken him from Londonderry's streets to the most rarified corridors of power.

Born in Londonderry in 1937, he was in the first year to benefit from the 11-plus system, which made free grammar school places available to all. His grandfather was Scots Presbyterian; his father, John, a riveter in the Bogside, endured the city's traditionally high unemployment for much of his life. Hume's early years were spent in poverty, but education led first to a career in teaching and then to the running of a sizeable credit union.

Hume built up his influence by becoming a figure of note not just in Belfast but also in Dublin, London, Brussels and Washington. An odd situation developed in the Irish Republic in particular, where staunch supporters of southern parties looked for guidance on the north not to their own leaders, but to Hume. As a result there is a fair amount of resentment against him among the political élite in Dublin, who find it hard to accept a figure outside the state wielding so much influence within it.

In addition to the south, the American card lent a whole new dimension to northern nationalism, building up as it has to the point where Bill Clinton takes a strong personal interest in the peace process.

Gerry Adams may command greater popular atten-

tion, but Hume has automatic access to the most powerful Washington decision-makers.

This process of empowerment of northern nationalism led to the Anglo-Irish agreement of 1985, when London and Dublin laid aside many of their differences and agreed to regard Northern Ireland as a common concern, best managed jointly. Again, Hume was regarded as being among the accord's architects.

When later he came up with the idea of the peace process, however, it was seen as very much a solo run. In one sense, the concept evolved out of the Anglo-Irish agreement, since this had recognised Irish nationalism as a legitimate identity, the accord standing in itself as a sign of what political lobbying could achieve.

It showed Sinn Féin and the IRA that northern nationalism could make progress without killing people, but it very definitely did not invite them to participate in the political field. That came next, beginning in 1988, when Hume made a serious pitch to the republicans and opened talks with Adams.

The republican worry had been that simply calling off their campaign of terrorism would leave their supporters without influence, a friendless and apparently vanquished community that would be prey to ostracism and discrimination by an unreconstructed Unionism. Hume argued that abandoning violence would lead to more, not less, political clout.

All this can now be made to sound all very straightforward and logical. It is easy to forget

just how much controversy those original Hume-Adams contacts were. They represented a spectacular violation of the general protocol that constitutional representatives should not speak to those associated with violence.

When word of the contacts leaked out, there was a furious firestorm of condemnation.

This was maintained as the contacts continued, since as the talks were going on IRA bombings and shootings continued. At many points the pressure on Hume to give up was intense, as many found it impossible to reconcile the idea of a peace process with the fact that the killing had not stopped. Privately and publicly, many clamoured for him to desist.

His lowest moment probably came in late 1993 when an IRA bomb exploded prematurely in a Shankill Road shop, killing not only the bomber but also nine Protestant men, women and children. The peace process seemed to be in ruins.

Hume was lambasted by various senior southern Irish politicians for "using Provocation" and for making common cause with paramilitaries. A senior Unionist leader said he had "sold his soul to the devil."

A Dublin newspaper noted: "Mr Hume is on the highest of high wires, with no safety net and with a great many enemies who would only too happily see him plunge to his political doom."

One columnist declared: "John Hume has been evasive and illogical. He is increasingly irrational. He is clearly intent on sucking us into an immoral relationship with active terrorists. Mr Hume and Mr Adams have nothing to offer."

One of the most poignant moments came when Hume at-



Peacemaker and party leader, he is now the most powerful Irish political figure in the world

Tom Pillion

tended the funeral of one of the victims of loyalist retaliation for the Shankill Road bombing.

He was approached by the daughter of one victim, who told him: "Mr Hume, we've just buried my father. My family wants you to know that when we said the rosary around my daddy's coffin we prayed for you, for what you're trying to do to bring peace."

The television cameras captured the scene as Hume nodded, held her hands, then turned away and broke down in tears.

The pressure took such a toll on him that he collapsed and had to be taken to hospital. There he received 1,169 letters, notes and get-well cards and other cards, most of them urging him to persevere. When

IRA and loyalist ceasefires eventually came about, followed by the potentially historic compromise of the Good Friday agreement, most if not all the critics said that Hume had been vindicated.

Of continuing concern within the SDLP, however, was the worry that Hume might have sacrificed the interests of the party to the extent that Sinn Féin could overhail it to become the largest nationalist grouping in Northern Ireland. Many party members were worried sick that the republicans might take over.

Sinn Féin has certainly prospered electorally, with its share of the vote rising from 11 per cent to 17 per cent in the last decade. The fear in SDLP ranks was that republicans,

having failed to win their war, might instead manage to win the peace. Yesterday's result shows, however, that after all the risk-taking the SDLP has not only held but also consolidated its position as the main nationalist voice.

But yesterday's success brings, as ever, fresh challenges. The talk in recent times has been of impending change in Northern Ireland, and how best it may be managed and fashioned constructively. Nationalists are enthusiastic for change, while Unionists tend to worry about it, and even the most moderate Unionists will find it hard to come to terms with such a large SDLP vote.

Hume is already a Westminster MP and a Euro-MP, as

well as his party's principal link to Washington and Irish-America. It remains to be seen how deeply he will wish to become involved in a new assembly which, with a strong Paisley presence, cannot be expected to run smoothly. His wife, Pat, who for decades has worked in his political office, wants him to slow down; but political pressures might keep him in the front line of politics.

Whatever his choice, the history books will say he helped to transform a northern nationalism that was friendless, fatalistic and apathetic, into a vibrant political force. In the process he has made himself into the most powerful Irish political figure in the world.

DAVID MCKITTRICK

## Hooligans, the product of a high civilisation

## SATURDAY ESSAY by MARIO VARGAS LLOSA

THOSE WHO have never stepped on English soil, and know the country only by the deeds of its soccer fans, have every right in the world to believe that the civilised society that produced democracy and Shakespeare's verses has declined to the edge of barbarism.

Indeed, the spectacle of hordes of drunken English hooligans attacking passers-by, charging adversaries with sticks, stones and knives, engaging in ferocious battles against the police, smashing shop windows and vehicles and, at times, the very stands of the stadiums, has come to be an inevitable corollary of major international matches played in by England, and of many in the British league.

And yet the fact is that for anyone who lives there, England is a country exceptionally peaceful and well-mannered, where the taxi drivers do not attempt to skin the unwary tourist, as happens often in Paris; where the shop clerks are not rude to customers who poorly pronounce or fail to speak their language, as happens often in Germany and the United States; and where xenophobia and racism, plagues from which no society known to me is exempt, are less explicit than elsewhere.

Among the great cities of the

world, London is one of the safest. Women travel alone on the Underground in the middle of the night, and I can think of no quarter, even including Brixton, as dangerous for the lone foreigner as is, say, Harlem, or Clichy.

Moreover, hooligan violence has to do with football alone. No other sport or mass spectacle - from political meetings to the concerts of rock idols - has generated a similar destructive supuration. On the contrary, I have always been surprised at the lack of rowdiness and vandalism that characterises large gatherings in England - where, for this same reason, the presence of security forces is usually insignificant. And where the (unarmed) police, moreover, inspire confidence, not fear.

How do we explain this curious phenomenon? Let us discard from the start the ideological thesis, according to which hooligan violence is a heritage of Mrs Thatcher's economic reforms, which have burdened British society with the deepest imbalances and pockets of poverty in Western Europe.

In fact, Great Britain has today one of the world's most prosperous economies, and, thanks to those reforms, is less

deepening, unemployment has been reduced to a minimum level - about 6 per cent.

If poverty and the abyss between rich and poor were determining factors in football violence, then every week there would be real massacres throughout the Third World and a good part of the First.

But if the reason is not socioeconomic, as the progressives would like it to be, what then is the reason why one of the planet's most civilised countries experiences this systematic outburst of barbarism, the phenomenon of football vandalism?

An interesting clue lies in the background and character of the arrested supporters who were arrested and jailed after the Marseilles havoc. What a surprise: one man, James Shaylor - 100kg of muscle, beer belly and pirate tattoos on his forearms - seen by millions of television viewers smashing a Mercedes-Benz to pieces, is a most respectable citizen, who adores his wife and daughter, and helps old ladies at road crossings.

Neighbours interviewed by journalists declare in amazement that it is hard for them to recognise the aggressive beast



Tribalism can reappear in the anonymity of the crowd

who battered Tunisians in Marseilles on 15 June as being the same civilised neighbour they thought incapable of killing a fly.

Similar amazement was evidenced by employees at the Liverpool Central Post Office, on learning that two fellow workers, known to their superiors as punctual and diligent civil servants, figure among the drunken vandals sentenced in Marseilles, in a police court, to two months of prison and a

year's exclusion from French territory.

The list of hooligans caught red-handed in the destructive orgy could hardly be more impressive: an engineer, an electrician, a railwayman, a fireman, a pilot - among other employees, students and skilled workers. We find among them no outcasts or jobless persons - those people on the margins of society whose a persistent sociological stereotype presents as the protagonists of

these outbursts of blind violence.

In fact, we need no statistics to conclude that the average fan can hardly be fitted into the stereotype of the jobless citizen, thrown into unemployment by inhuman industrial restructuring, scraping a survival living only thanks to social security.

A person in this situation lacks the basic resources that allow the hooligan to do what he does: to move about in trains, planes and buses to different European cities, to buy expensive stadium tickets, and steep himself in litres of beer. Even a hooligan must pay for the alcohol that allows him to short-circuit all the governing mechanisms civilisation instills into the individual to inhibit him from giving free rein to his instincts and passions, and constrain him to act according to certain norms and dictates of reason.

It is not the victims, but the beneficiaries of so-called civilisation who make up the bulk of these barbarous hordes who sow violence around the stadiums and burn the stands. Their ranks offer cover and fertile ground for the designs of eccentric and unbalanced per-

sonalities, Fascistic groups, sadists, desperadoes. But these are the exception, not the rule - the flies attracted to the sore, not the infection that causes it.

In fact, the phenomenon of football violence is not of frequent occurrence in poor or underdeveloped countries: in these lands violence is less frivolous, more elemental. It is found in countries with high standards of living and civilised customs which can afford their citizens, bored of the routine and inflicted by civilised life, the luxury of letting themselves go now and again.

This habit of indulging in the excesses that are forbidden in private life has a counterpart in primitive cultures, with their ceremony of potlatch, and in the carnivals of the Christian Middle Ages, which authorised the citizen to do what he never otherwise would do, breaking his habitual norms of conduct, and for a few days obeying only the whims of his most hidden instincts.

Freud explained that civilisation is a mutilation which the civilised person never wholly accepts, so that he is always, unconsciously, trying to recover his wholeness, through this may endanger his social existence. And Georges Bataille main-

tained that the *raison d'être* of literature was to enable man to experience - in fictions - all of what he had renounced in order to make community life possible.

It is along these lines that we must understand the irrational brutality of the English hooligans. Privileged citizens of a society which through a thousand years of history has been steadily reducing the precariousness, despotism, helplessness, poverty, ignorance and rule of brute force in human relations that are the invariable norm in primitive societies, they now find themselves bored, and yearn for what they have lost: uncertainty, risk, life lived as instinct and passion.

So from time to time - from match to match, championship to championship - thanks to the golden beer and the anonymity offered by dissolution in a collective entity, the mass of fans, they revert to tribalism, trotting out the muzzled savage who had never ceased to dwell within them, and for a while allow him to wreak all the havoc he dreamed of, as if in amends for the monotony of their jobs, professions and family routines.

The hooligan is no barbarian: he is an exquisite and terrible product of civilisation.



# Claudia Parsons

A trip to Canada in her seventies, Claudia Parsons was being driven by a much younger male relative on a busy freeway when she had a flat tyre. Parsons' instinct was to leap out of the car saying "here's the jack?" This wasn't a joke - such a minor running pair would have been nothing to her. She was the first of three women to graduate in engineering in England (from Loughborough) soon after the end of the Second World War. At her death she is the oldest member of the Society of Women Engineers. She was born in 1900 in the Indian town of Simla; her Anglo-Scottish father was a major in the Indian Staff Corps. At the age of five, Claudia and her older sister were taken to England and left the care of an overbearing, temperamental and sometimes cruel aunt. On her father's death when she was 12, her overriding emotion was relief that her mother would now be "permanently home".

But Claudia never had grandchildren. She never married. On being asked why not during a newspaper interview she gave at the age of 95, she said of men, "They very often threatened to stop me doing what I wanted to do."

There were certainly love affairs and there were many strong friendships with men. There was the diplomat who "had decided never to marry... as he was a non-marriage man, and as I was myself a bit of a loner and could understand his feelings, I decided to be a non-marriage wife, to meet and live with him whenever chance offered..." and there was the wacky and fun Kilton Stewart, an American psychoanalyst she encountered by chance on a bus in Angkor when she had uncharacteristically miscalculated her funds.

*She had a ridiculously self-deprecating view of herself as 'a clownish character and a charlatan in most of the jobs I took up'*

In her fluently written, funny and gripping autobiography, *Cenury Story* (1995), written in her nineties, Parsons charts her full and adventurous life: her numerous travels at a time when it was rare for women to travel at all, and certainly not alone, as she did, and in the company of men to whom they weren't married, as she did, and her years of earning money (of which she is always short) as a chauffeur-mechanic for wealthy inventors and, more lucratively, a writer. ("Writing was almost a waste in the Parsons family.")

Aside from writing stories and travel pieces, she had considerable success with her 1936 novel *Brigade* and with her travel book *Yokohama* (1941). The latter was prevented from running into a reprint by the shortage of paper during the Second World War. She worked in a munitions factory (as a skilled engineer), where a sense of justice prompted her to her boss to court on behalf of fellow workers. She also later had spell as a china restorer, which earned a manual.

When she was 10, she was among a crowd who watched the royal procession on the occasion of George V's coronation. The man next to her told her to tell her grandchildren that she had witnessed this scene standing next to a veteran of the Crimean War.

and ended up travelling free by sitting on the mailbags. He then resurfaced in Calcutta, where Parsons was staying with her younger sister Avis and her husband, and together they bought a second-hand 1925 Studebaker and in April 1938 embarked on a hugely eventful journey masterminded by her back to England, which took them via India, Afghanistan, Iran, Iraq, Syria, Palestine, Egypt, Libya and Tunisia. There were countless breakdowns, the reasons for them succinctly described ("It was a worn shaft in which the distributor shaft was mounted"). Being a car lover, she often referred to her cars in anthropomorphic terms ("Thanks to Baker's patient nature...") but she was never a car bore. As for the

nature of her relationship with Kilton, she left us guessing. Parsons' sketches of people encountered on her travels were never cruel, but always made their point on a voyage from Vancouver to Yokohama (where the war against China was raging and she, having had all her money stolen, sold her clothes and wrote articles for the *Japan Times* to earn more), she wrote:

I had a missionary in my cabin going to convert the Chinese... and she practised meanwhile on me. God, however, came to my rescue by rocking the boat, when preacher and subject fell sick. Conversion was postponed.

When not travelling, Parsons returned to the Elizabethan house in the village of Womersley, near Guildford, where she lived with her mother, aunt (still feared, but loved) and sister Betty from 1924 onwards. Betty (who also had the writing disease) once described Claudia as "one who had broken the ice of convention that held women down to certain jobs but denied them others, and at a time when to the majority of people the world was unknown". And it was Betty who urged her, long before her own death in 1966, to write her autobiography.

Betty's seal of approval was very important to Claudia, who despite being one of the most capable, well-read, funny and dignified people I have ever met, had a ridiculously self-deprecating view of herself as "a clownish character and a charlatan in most of the jobs I took up".

Even though the more infuriating aspects of old age forced Claudia Parsons to move into a home over a year ago, the emotional self-sufficiency, indomitable common sense and sense of humour which had seen her through so many journeys, stood her in good stead and she never once complained nor appeared to pine for the house she'd lived in for over 70 years, which contained a lot of furniture made by her.

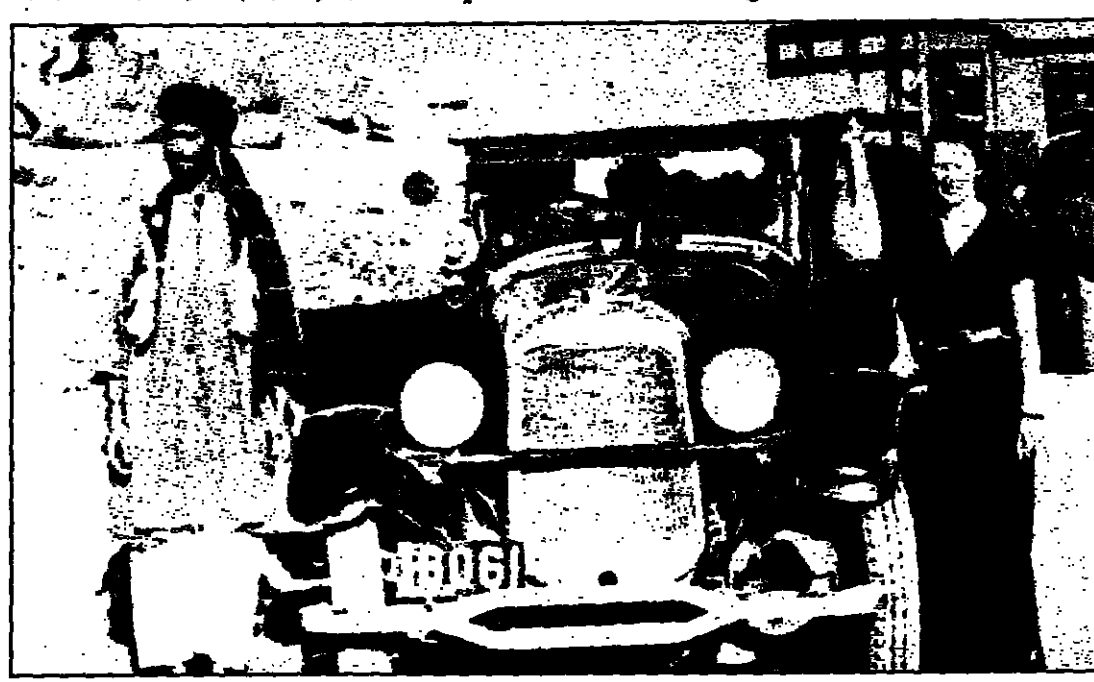
Soon after she moved, I visited her and e-mailed my sister in the States: "I expected to feel terribly depressed, but instead came away, as I always do having seen Claudia, feeling nourished, uplifted and happy."

Emma Parsons

Claudia Parsons, writer and traveller: born Simla, India 15 August 1900; died Cranleigh, Surrey 5 June 1998.



Parsons in 1926; and, below, next to her 'patient' Studebaker in Afghanistan, 1938



# Peter Jordan

PETER JORDAN was a notable figure in two diverse fields - architecture and ice skating.

His chief leisure activity was figure skating - and not the familiar kind seen on television, involving spins, jumps, and dances. Instead, he specialised in the more esoteric English style, nowadays carried on only by the Royal Skating Club, of which he was President from 1976, at the Sobell rink in Islington, north London.

It is the kind of skating described in the world's first book on the subject (*A Treatise on Skating*, by Second Lieutenant Robert Jones RA, published in 1772) and popular throughout the 19th century. It requires the skater to hold classic poses in between turns and changes of edge, and to skate in teams of four around a mark placed on the ice - traditionally an orange - while carrying out the unexpected orders shouted by a "caller".

Jordan joined the National Skating Association (NSA), the sport's governing body in Britain, in 1933, and soon passed its second-class silver medal proficiency test. He then began a competitive career that lasted more than 30 years. He was a member of the team which won the sport's major trophy, the Challenge Shield, in 1936, 1960, and 1964. Winner of the Cobb Challenge Cup for individual skating in 1937, he took it again in 1952 and 1955.

He was champion of Great Britain in the English style in 1958 after twice being runner-up, and in the team event for the Bear Challenge Cup he was successful no less than seven times between 1938 and 1969.

Born in 1915, he joined the Royal Engineers on the outbreak of the Second World War, and served with them for the next six years, building bridges and rising to the rank of major. He was later in private practice as an architect, and towards the end of his career became an architectural consultant to the Department of the Environment.

Despite his busy professional life, Jordan found time to devote to the administration of his chosen sport. He was a judge of skating championships and tests, and from 1965 to 1980 was chairman of the NSA's Ice Figure Skating Committee, dealing with both the English and the better-known International style. He contributed articles on English-style figures to the skating press, and occasionally he was able to bring together the two halves of his life - for example, in his book on ice-rink design, *A Designer's Guide to Rink Planning* (1984), and when he was invited to plan the renovation of Queen's Ice Club in Bayswater, London. He had more recently been involved in plans for a new Richmond Ice Rink.

In 1969, the NSA decided to improve its public image by setting up a Public Relations Committee. Jordan was its chairman, and he invited me to join. As the secretary, I worked with him for the next 11 years, until we were replaced by a salaried Public Relations Officer. In that decade of the 1970s, we never had a cross word, and I came to respect Jordan's skill in defusing the sometimes heated exchanges between fellow committee members.

all devoted to the advancement of the association but not always agreeing on the methods. Jordan also gave me full support when I was researching and writing the official centenary history of the NSA (*Our Skating Heritage*, 1979).

Tall, slim, and debonair, with an elegant carriage both on and off the ice, Peter Jordan stood out in any company. His well-modulated voice and his command of the Queen's English made him an eloquent spokesman for the art of figure skating.

Dennis L. Bird

Peter Jordan, architect and ice skater: born 4 February 1915; twice married (two daughters); died Epsom, Surrey 17 May 1998.

# The Rev Raymond George

RAYMOND GEORGE was one of the most Methodist scholars of his generation, and an outstanding theological educator.

He was born in Gloucester in 1912, educated locally at the Crypt school. In 1931 he went up to Balliol College, Oxford, as an Exhibitioner, and gained a double first in classical Greats. He remained intensely loyal to his college, and would quote Hilaire Belloc's lines with approval:

Balliol made me, Balliol fed me, Whatever I had she gave me again: the best of Balliol loved and led me, led me to be with you, Balliol men.

He trained for the Methodist ministry at Wesley House, Cambridge, took another first in the theological Tripos, and then spent the year 1937/38 as Finch scholar, studying under Professors Heiler and Ullmann in the University of Marburg. He had first-hand experience of Nazism, saw Hitler arriving for a party rally at Nuremberg, and witnessed the tension between pro- and anti-Nazi teachers in the university. In the summer of 1939, to the amazement of his German mentors,

he revisited Marburg on holiday. Heiler was appalled: "Why have you come back? We're going to war with you!" Raymond replied, with directness rather than naïveté, "When?" Heiler: "Not till the harvest is in."

This international dimension of his ministry proved lifelong. In 1949, as a representative of the British Council of Churches, Raymond George paid a fraternal visit to the Kirchliche Hochschule Zehlendorf, Berlin, and over the years represented the British Methodist Conference at the North-West German Annual Conference, as well as those of Ghana and Nigeria.

He gave distinguished service on the Executive of the World Methodist Council, and was the first Secretary of the quadrennial Oxford Institute of Theological Studies, which from 1958 has brought together Methodist scholars from across the world. He also served on the World Council of Churches Faith and Order Commission, and acted as Secretary of its Theological Commission on Worship (Europe), with Bishop Kenneth Riches his colleague as Chairman.



He was a WCC observer on the Roman Catholic Liturgical Commission at the Vatican from 1966 onwards, advised on the revision of the Lectionary, and was completely at home in proceedings conducted entirely in Latin.

Yet, though a committed ecumenist, he was rooted in the High Wesleyan tradition of Methodism. The hymns of Charles Wesley informed his theology, worship and devo-

tion. He gave a lifetime of service to the theological colleges of Methodism - in Birmingham, Manchester, Leeds, London and Bristol. The core of his teaching ministry lay in his long spell of service at Wesley College, Headingly. He taught there from 1946 to 1967, and was Principal from 1961.

After the college was transferred to Bristol, he stayed on for a further year (1967/68), to act as head of the Department of Theology at Leeds University, during Professor John Tinsley's absence on sabbatical. He ran the department with exemplary care and efficiency, and gave further proof, if any were needed, of his professional calibre.

He taught for 53 years in the Methodist colleges and the universities to which they are linked. His only experience of being in pastoral charge of churches as a circuit minister came in the war years at Manchester. Yet his pastoral office found full expression in his work of teaching, and he was to generations of students a trusted confidant and guide, during their college training and long afterwards.

Though an academic to his fingertips, he was always ready to use his gifts in the wider service of the Church. In 1975 he became President of the Methodist Conference, and in 1979 Moderator of the Free Church Federal Council. To these offices, as to his work as Governor of the Methodist Faith and Order Committee and to the Roman Catholic-Methodist dialogue at national and international levels, he brought his distinct gifts of clarity, firmness, and courtesy.

A considerable theologian and church historian, his main expertise was in the field of Liturgy and Worship. He was largely responsible for the *Methodist Service Book* of 1975, was a founding member of the Joint Liturgical Group, and chief architect of the four-year Lectionary. From 1983 he was President of the Society for Liturgical Study. His many publications include *Communion with God in the New Testament* (1952) and the four-volume *A History of the Methodist Church in Great Britain* (1965-88), of which he was co-editor.

In retirement, Raymond George

taught part-time at Wesley College, Bristol, and was Warden of John Wesley's Chapel ("The New Room"), Bristol, from 1982 to 1995. He was unmarried, but was a most sociable and gregarious man, with a genius for friendship. The milk of human kindness flowed from him, and his humour and humanity endeared him to all who knew him. He combined humble faith, great learning, and the simplicity of Christ.

John A. Newton

Alfred Raymond George, minister of the church: born Gloucester 26 November 1912; ordained 1940; Tutor, Wesley College, Headingly 1946-67; Principal 1961-67; Associate Lecturer, Leeds University 1946-67; Acting Head, Department of Theology 1967-68; Principal, Richmond College, London University 1968-72; Tutor, Wesley College, Bristol 1972-81; President, Methodists' Conference 1975-76; Moderator, Free Church Federal Council 1979-80; Warden, John Wesley's Chapel, Bristol 1982-95; Chairman, Joint Liturgical Group 1984-89; died Bristol 22 June 1998.

# Professor Michael Wilks

MICHAEL WILKS'S chief early work, *The Problems of Sovereignty in the Later Middle Ages*, tackled a subject as diffuse and difficult as the period with which he was dealing is it today.

The nature of sovereignty and here it resides has always been aorny question and furious debate is waged amongst political theorists throughout the ages. Wilks was fortunate to find in the period 1250-1350 vigorous contemporary defence of a papacy, with its claim to universal sovereignty, against the new concept of popular sovereignty within developing states, where the promotion of individual interests was paramount. His great achievement was set in its political context the *Summa de potestate ecclesiastica* Augustinus Triumphus of Anania (died 1328), a complex de-

fence of papal supremacy in more than half a million words. This treatise, described as "one of the half dozen most influential and important works ever written on the nature of papal supremacy in the Middle Ages", formed the basis for Wilks's innovative study.

Published in 1963 by the Cambridge University Press, this substantial volume established him in the first rank of international scholars and is still acknowledged as a definitive work in this field.

Wilks was born in 1930. After taking undergraduate and postgraduate degrees in History at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he worked with the great medievalist Walter Ullmann, Wilks was awarded a Research Fellowship at Trinity and later, in 1958, the Prince Consort Medal, an honour for which

he never ceased to feel pride. Although throughout his life he remained a loyal disciple of Ullmann, he was both receptive and generous to those of differing views, such as Michele MacCarone, the value of whose work on the nature of papal power he appreciated far more than did his teacher.

Following his success at Trinity, many avenues opened before him but he willingly chose to meet the challenge presented by the tradition of mature study at Birkbeck College within London University, something which he was to defend vigorously throughout the whole of his life.

During this time, a great number of his articles appeared in learned journals, all of them stimulating to his peers and contributing still more to Wilks's academic reputation in Europe and the United States. At

Birkbeck he proceeded from Lecturer in 1967 to Reader in 1967 and was appointed to a personal chair of history in 1974.

The History department of Birkbeck College has a tradition of mature students in full-time employment undertaking evening study for honours degrees of London University. This demanded a gruelling routine of daytime administration and evening teaching during which Wilks's enthusiasm never waned. He was an exceptional teacher.

Generations of students benefited from his academic rigour, tinged as it was with a healthy dose of scepticism. Many, full of awe that they might not manage to attain the high standards he demanded of them, found that with his wise and generous advice they could indeed succeed. It was not only mature

students who were impressed by Wilks. When he met and talked to young undergraduates from the other colleges of London University taking the Special Subject Course on "The Pontificate of Innocent III", his keen and erudite mind provided the stimulation which younger students so much need and appreciate. The very large attendance at his farewell presentation at Birkbeck in the summer of 1992 bore witness to this exceptional gift as a teacher across the whole spectrum.

He had much left to complete, in particular a biography of John Wyclif which had occupied his later years. Wilks, a modest and friendly man, had a multiplicity of talents and a mind singularly wise in his generation. In his teaching, writing and presentation to fellow academics, his

intellectual capacity, coupled with an inborn humility, shone through most attractively.

Wilks was a founder member of the Ecclesiastical History Society, in which he served for many years as Treasurer and notably as its president in 1988. He was also Treasurer of the British National Commission of the Commission Internationale d'Histoire Ecclesiastique Comparée (CIEHC) and gave papers at CIEHC conferences held in the Netherlands, Poland, Sweden, Spain, and France. His interest in local history was reflected not only in his membership of the Carshalton Society, near his home in Carshalton, Surrey, but in his several publications on the water, wind- and gunpowder mills of the Wandale Valley.

Brenda Bolton



Michael John Wilks, historian: born Bedford 13 August 1930; Lecturer, Birkbeck College, London 1957-67; Reader in the History of Political Thought 1967-74; Professor of Medieval History 1974-92 (Emeritus); married (two sons); died London 11 May 1998.



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## Geoff Hollow

THE ABSTRACT painter Geoff Hollow belonged to a vital, if largely uncelebrated, group of abstract painters and sculptors based in south-east London. The existence of this "underground" reflects both the richness and diversity of hidden talent in Britain and the difficulty that abstract art has traditionally encountered in achieving public recognition within a predominantly literary culture.

Hollow was born in Hammersmith, west London, in 1944. He was brought up in Kent but by the early 1970s, intent on progressing as an abstract painter (and inspired by Matisse and American post-painterly abstraction), he had moved to London. He acquired a studio at the Stockwell Depot, an old railway workshop which, appropriately, was becoming a centre for welded steel sculpture practised by a group of committed former students of Anthony Caro and the St Martin's School of Art. Hollow, however, was entirely self-taught, a mixed blessing, in that he developed intuitively rather than rationally, but lacked a circumspect style or formal structure upon which he could pin his considerable powers as a natural colorist.

Hollow's paintings, particularly, relayed a quiet and personal, though distinctive, feeling for those muted secondary hues like crimson, lime green, pink, mauve and peach that derive from primary colour. The softness of his palette was countered by a desire to exploit the tension at the root of all successful pictorial art - the tension between autonomous flatness and surface mark and the illusion of depth.

To this end, he introduced ribbon-like bars, sometimes painted, other times collaged strips of canvas, that created the clichéd and much vaunted effect of "figure and ground". It was also the closest he came to drawing. In order to draw attention to the concrete aspect of the painting as an object he often "shaped" his canvases into lozenge, triangle or rhomboidal forms. Unwittingly, he was paying homage to the endemic influence of minimalism on fashion, design and art.

Such effects, however, reflected more particularly the influence of modern American masters like Kenneth Noland, Ellsworth Kelly and Jack Bush, and before them of the "push-pull" colour theories of Hans Hofmann, all of whom number among Hollow's prime influences. Another, Helen Frankenthaler, Hollow knew through his involvement with the Triangle Workshop in New York State during the summers of 1982, 1987 and 1996. He greatly enjoyed these group efforts and the congenial social events that lay in attendance. This well-



Bedouin, acrylic on canvas by Hollow, 1990

liked artist was at his best in the pub after a long paint-splattered day in the studio.

But the serious business of making inroads into the art market - though not without its occasional successes, in that he was collected by Sir Anthony Caro, Robert Rodger and Tim Sayer among others - proved very difficult. Both he and his painter partner Kay Saunders, who shared a large studio throughout the 1980s at the communal Greenwich Studios complex, had to rely on other activities to make ends meet. This situation was compounded when, unlike several of his Greenwich colleagues, such as Mali Morris, Clyde Hopkins and Geoff Rigden, he failed to join the new Francis Graham-Dixon

Gallery in Farringdon, London, when the Greenwich studios closed. Hollow and Saunders worked alone, and did not follow the others to the large new APT Studios in nearby Deptford.

Hollow ran a one-man art transit company, driving a van and delivering art from various galleries, including Graham-Dixon's, to clients such as the former Who guitarist Pete Townshend. Sir Anthony Caro or Robert Rodger. One trip, to the painter Patrick Heron's home at Zennor, Cornwall, ended in an *improvised* two-day stay when he and Saunders shared with their eminent hosts a love of the world of colour and an interest in the artistic legacy of Matisse. During the course of his long illness,

Hollow's work lightened in key, drawing on a very necessary spiritual optimism that sustained him. A benefit exhibition, organised last month at the Bearsdenmore Gallery in north London, by the painters Paul Tonkin and Cullin Bantock, was a spectacular success, with half the 80 submissions selling. The crowded opening was a testimony to his popularity both as a person and as a painter's painter. As is so often the case, the work itself may well elicit greater interest posthumously.

Peter Davies

Geoffrey Mac Hollow, painter: born London 11 December 1944; died London 8 June 1998.

## SOCIOLOGICAL NOTES

WOLFGANG SACHS

### Justice is about changing the rich

SINCE THE Second World War "development" has been many things, but it has always contained the hope that the countries of the South will finally move out of a long period of humiliation and get on a footing of equality with the industrialised countries. International equity has been recast as catching up with the rich countries, with the quest for great justice in the world being firmly welded to the idea of economic development. However, in a world beset with environmental risks it has now become obsolete to turn the desire for justice into a demand for even more accelerated growth, since the environmental space available for humanity is finite and in some respects already overstretched. In these circumstances, it becomes, therefore, vital to de-link the concept of justice from the idea of development.

Certainly, "development" contains a noble hope whose roots reach back to the first half of the 19th century, the founding period of socialist thinking. Impressed by the rapid advances of technology, socialists assumed that there is a minimum level of technological progress without which equality can never be achieved. Consequently, progressives of all sorts have worked for spreading progress in order to uplift the poor. This assumption proves dangerously one-sided. For it is now becoming clear that there is also a ceiling to nature-intensive development beyond which equity cannot be achieved. Chemical agriculture, the automobile society or meat-based nutrition are cases in point. These levels of development are structurally oligarchic: they cannot be generalised across the world without putting the lives of everybody in jeopardy. Given that the 20 per cent who enjoy the highest income of the population lay claim to 85 per cent of the planet's timber, 75 per cent of its metals and 70 per cent of its energy, there is no way that their lifestyle can serve as the imagined standard of equity for all. Therefore, the commitment to social justice takes on a new colour: it requires putting the rich on the spot.

Conventional developing thinking implicitly defines equality as a problem of the poor. Developmentalist perception of the gap which separates the rich from the poor is as a deficit of the powerless. They launch themselves into raising the living



Marx: the noble hopes of socialism

standards of the poor towards the level of the rich. However, with the emergence of biophysical limits to growth, the original classical notions of justice which were devised in an age which recognised the finite nature of reality rather than assuming the possibility of indefinite growth, acquire new relevance: justice is about changing the rich and not about changing the poor. After all, the northern consumer class occupies the available environmental space to an excessive extent. Northern economies weigh heavily on nature and other peoples; it is this weight which has to be reduced. For they are not entitled to take more than nature can stand and other countries can legitimately claim. Industrialised countries, if they aspire to become good global neighbours, will have to bring down their resource consumption by a factor of 10 within the next 50 years. This enormous challenge will amount to a civilisational transition of sorts. But sufficiency was the hallmark of justice before the dreams of infinity took over; it is about to become the axis around which any post-developmental notion of justice will revolve. The less powerful countries need more environmental space to flourish, and cheerful restraint on the part of the opulent countries is the condition for both intra-generational and inter-generational equity. From now on, justice is about taking less rather than giving more.

Wolfgang Sachs is editor of *'Greening the North: a post-industrial blueprint for ecology and equity'* (Zed Books, £14.95)

## GAZETTE

### BIRTHS, MARRIAGES & DEATHS

#### DEATHS

FLANDERS, Claudia, OBE, after a sudden illness, on Thursday 25 June, widow of Michael, adored mother of Laura and Stephanie. Inauguration, planner and friend. Funeral at Mortlake Crematorium on Tuesday 30 June at 10.30am. Memorial celebration to come. Family flowers only. Donations instead to Triose, "Making Travel Possible", the Vascular Centre, Gill Avenue, Bristol BS16 2QJ.

#### ROYAL ENGAGEMENTS

The Duke of York today attended the Royal School Summer Fair at the York Club, Windsor Great Park, Berkshire; and attends a reception in aid of St George's School, at Windsor Castle.

#### CHANGING OF THE GUARD

TODAY: The Household Cavalry Mounted Regiment mounts the Queen's Life Guard at Horse Guards, 11am; F Company Scots Guards mounts the Queen's Guard, at Buckingham Palace, 11.30am, band provided by the Grenadier Guards. TOMORROW: The Household Cavalry Mounted Regiment mounts the Queen's Life Guard at Horse Guards, 10am; 1st Battalion, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment mounts the Queen's Guard, at Buckingham Palace, 11.30am, band provided by the Grenadier Guards.

Announcements for BIRTHS, MARRIAGES & DEATHS are charged at £8.50 a line (VAT extra).

#### BIRTHDAYS

TODAY: The Right Rev Leonard Ashton, Honorary Assistant Bishop of Oxford, 83; Mr Eustace Braithwaite, writer and diplomat, 78; Mr Tommy Cannon, comedian, 69; Mr David Clelland MP, 55; Mr Alan Coren, writer, journalist and broadcaster, 60; The Most Rev Maurice Couve de Murville, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Birmingham, 69; Miss Brenda Cowdery, former General Secretary, Girls' Friendly Society, 73; Professor Michael Dummett, Wykeham Professor Emeritus of Logic, Oxford University, 73; Miss Shirley Ann Field, actress, 60; Mr Robin Guthrie, director of Social and Economic Affairs, Council of Europe, 61; Vice-Admiral Sir Roy Hallday, 75; Mr Rupert Hambro, former group managing director, J.O. Hambro, 55; Lord Hope of Craighead, a Lord of Appeal in Ordinary, 60; Mr Bruce Johnston, singer, 54; Mr Robert King, Baroque conductor and artistic director, the King's Consort, 38; Lord Lang of Monkton, former MP, 58; Mr Bruce McGowan, former Headmaster, Haberdashers' Aske's School, 74; Miss Muriel Pavlov, actress, 76; Mr Eric Richard, actor, 58; Mr Duncan Robinson, Director, Fitzwilliam Museum, 55; Dr Thurstan Shaw, archaeologist, 84; The Very Rev Alan Warren, Provost Emeritus of Leicester, 66; Mr William Wilson, Chief Constable, Central Scotland, 55; Mr Hugh Wood, composer, 66; Mr Terence Wynn, MEP, 52.

TOMORROW: Mr Eric Ambler, novelist and screenwriter, 89; Mr Howard Barker, playwright and poet, 52; Mr Correlli Barnett, author, 71; Mr Stan Barstow, writer, 70; Miss Kathy Bates, actress, 50; Dr John Black, former Director and Secretary, Wolfson Foundation, 78; Mr Mel Brooks, writer, actor and director, 72; Mr Charles

Bush, Headmaster, Eastbourne College, 46; Mr Jamie Cann MP, 52; Sir Robert Carr, Lord Chief Justice, Northern Ireland, 64; Mr Kenneth Cooper, former chief executive, British Library, 67; Dr Geoffrey Copland, Rector and Vice-Chancellor, Westminster University, 56; Mr David Duckham, rugby player, 52; Mr Harold Evans, editor, writer and publisher, 70; Sir Thayne Forbes, High Court judge, 60; Sir Peter Gadsden, former Lord Mayor of London, 69; Mr Roger Goddard MP, 52; Mr Jack Gold, film director, 68; Mr Charles Golden, chairman and managing director, Vauxhall Motors, 52; Sir John Gray, former MP, 70; Lord Gort of Contin, Lord-Lieutenant of Inverness, 71; Sir Peter Gregson, former Permanent Secretary, Department of Trade and Industry, 62; Professor Martin Harris, Vice-Chancellor, Manchester University, 54; Mr Malcolm Horsman, former chairman, Ralli International, 65; Mr John Iman, actor, 62; Mr Christopher Leslie MP, 26; Mr George Lloyd, composer and conductor, 85; Miss Deborah Mogach, writer, 50; Sir David Scholey, chairman, Swiss Bank Corporation International Advisory Council, 63; Sir Cyril Smith, former MP, 70; Sir Garry Sobers, cricketer, 62; Mr David Tatham, High Commissioner to Sri Lanka, 59; Viscount Whitelaw, 80; Lord Wright of Richmond, former Head of the Diplomatic Service, 67.

#### ANNIVERSARIES

TODAY: Births: Louis XII, King of France, 1469; Charles Stewart Farnell, Irish nationalist leader, 1846; Sir John Monash, engineer and general, 1886; Helen Adams Keller, blind, deaf and mute scholar and teacher, 1880. Deaths: Giorgio Vasari, painter and art historian, 1574; James Lewis Macie Smithson,

founder of the Smithsonian Institution, 1829; Joseph Smith, founder of the Mormons (Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints), murdered in prison 1844. On this day: the *Ladies' Mercury*, the first women's magazine, was issued, 1693; Bonnie Prince Charlie, disguised as a maid, escaped to Skye, 1746; British soldiers and others were massacred at Cawnpore, India, 1857; Joshua Slocum completed the first solo voyage around the world, 1898; the Central London Electric Railway was opened, running between Shepherd's Bush and the Bank, 1900; the first nuclear power station was opened at Obninsk, near Moscow, 1954. Today is the Feast Day of St Cyril of Alexandria, St George Mtsaminidze, St John of Chimon, St Ladislav, king of Hungary, St Samsom of Constantinople, The Martyrs of Arras and St Zeolus of Cordova.

TOMORROW: Births: Pope Paul IV 1476; Henry VIII, King of England, 1491; Sir Peter Paul Rubens, painter, 1577; Jean-Jacques Rousseau, writer and philosopher, 1712; Luigi Pirandello, playwright, 1867; Pierre Leval, politician, 1883; James Malahan Cain, novelist, 1892; Richard Charles Rodgers, composer and lyricist, 1902. Deaths: Pope Paul I, 767; James Madison, fourth US president, 1836; Robert O'Hara Burke, explorer of Australia, 1861; Victor Thomas Trumper, cricketer, 1915; William Wyler, film director, 1981. On this day: during the First Crusade, the Crusaders regained Antioch from the Turks, 1098; Queen Victoria was crowned, 1838; a mutiny of Russian sailors took place on the battleship *Potemkin*, 1905; Westminster Cathedral was consecrated, 1910; the Archduke Francis Ferdinand of Austria and his wife were shot by Gavrilo Princip, a Bosnian revolutionary, at Sarajevo, 1914;

Yugoslavia was expelled from the Cominform because of "hostility to the USSR", 1948; Seoul was taken by North Korean forces, 1950; the Seychelles became an independent republic within the Commonwealth, 1976. Tomorrow is the Feast Day of St Heimir, St Irenaeus of Lyons, St John Southworth, St Paul I, Pope, Saints Plutarch, Potamiana and Companions and Saints Sergius and Germanus of Valaam.

#### LECTURES

TODAY: National Gallery: Rachel Barnes, "Boating (iv): Monet, *Bathers at La Grenouillère*", 12pm. Victoria and Albert Museum: Grace Lees, "20th-century Women Fashion Designers", 2pm. British Museum: Delia Pemberton, "The Living Horus: divine kingship in Ancient Egypt", 11.30am; Delia Pemberton, "Trade and Travel in Ancient Egypt", 1.30pm. National Portrait Gallery: Lisa Vaughan-Hughes, "A Poet's Reverie - Coleridge's 'Rime of the Ancient Mariner'", 3pm.

TOMORROW: Tate Gallery: Laurence Bradbury, "Morality Enjoined by Hunt and Watts", 2.30pm. National Portrait Gallery: Valerie Holtan, "Ordinary People, Extraordinary Portraits 1860-1920", 3pm.

#### LUNCHEONS

Maple Leaf Club: A luncheon meeting of the Maple Leaf Club was held yesterday at the Royal Overseas League, London SW1. The pianist Mr Marc-André Hazeltin and the soprano Ms Jody Karin Applebaum were the guests of honour and performed before luncheon. Mrs Judith M. Steiner, Chairman, presided. Mr Mel Cooper also spoke.

## The argument from design is flawed

LIKE MARTIN Luther King, I have a dream, but it is more modest than his. I just wish that some time, some day, it would be possible to write about religion without discussing anal sex.

This has not been a good week for the dream. In the Commons debate on the age of consent, the Conservative MP Nicholas Winterton announced that God had not designed human beings to gratify themselves that way: "If the Lord Almighty had intended sodomy to be natural, He would have built men's bodies differently." It was one of those remarks which opens like a lightning flash, a vast inspiring vista of stupidity and ignorance. For, of all the Christian arguments around sex, the argument that certain practices are unsafe because they are abhorrent to God is surely the one which needs least thought to explode.

If the Lord Almighty had intended procreation to be natural, he would have built women's bodies differently. By far the most dangerous consequence of any sexual practice a human can indulge in is childbirth. Before modern medicine, or at least modern hygiene, the death rate among mothers was terrifying: about a third of all live births in 16th-century England seem to have ended with the mother's death. These are worse odds even than those facing the men who took their pleasure in bathhouses in San Francisco in the Eighties. Yet childbirth is one of the few things that the Bible favours almost all the way through and that some strands of Christianity continue to regard as an unmitigated blessing.

The risks of childbirth are borne entirely by women, which may help to explain why they have escaped Mr Winterton's notice. The other part of the reason, of course, is that childbirth is now extremely safe in Europe: we expect mothers to survive just as we are shocked when children die. It takes an effort of imagination and a little research to realise what the natural state of affairs was like. Similar reasoning applies to the doctrine, which I be-

lieve Mr Winterton also holds, that the foetus is a human being from the moment of conception. Something between two-thirds and four-fifths of all fertilised eggs miscarry before birth; most of them without anyone noticing at all. This is not evidence of a thoughtful designer.

In fact it seems to me that all instances of the argument from design are and must be flawed. This is not just because of Darwinian arguments about the evolution of complex physical structures like the human eye and the equally complex nervous systems that make eyes useful. These arguments are

### FAITH & REASON

ANDREW BROWN

*'If the Lord Almighty had intended sodomy to be natural, He would have built men's bodies differently.' Is Nicholas Winterton right or wrong?*

completely convincing. Whatever the scientific disputes within a framework of Darwinian explanations, none of them leaves room for planning or teleology; and the most powerful evidence of Darwinian adaptations always comes from bad designs as much as from good ones.

Even the human eye has its retina facing backwards, in a manner of speaking. That is why we have a blind spot, where the optic nerve passes through; and God, by definition, has no blind spot. He had no need to build one into us and every other mammal. But the argument from design, in its most popular form, is not really about the perfection of the natural world; in that, narrow,

form, it was not intended for converting people, but for reassuring those who already believed that they had chosen the right side, and for making their faith more elaborate. In the broad, popular form represented by Mr Winterton, it is about the coincidence of two perfections: the physical and the moral.

And here, I think, it really gets into trouble. The coincidence in this world of physical and moral perfection, as exemplified by the way in which Mr and Mrs Winterton fit together, is too rare and delicate a conjunction on which to base any general moral theory.

It has an extraordinarily 18th-century feel about it, as if the world were laid out for our edification like an agreeable stretch of parkland, but the parkland is best enjoyed from the house, a point of view which makes the gap traps in the shrubbery disappear. It is true, I suppose, that all religions have to take a view about the sort of human sexual activity which God, or the equivalent, has in mind (or the equivalent) for us. But there is no reason to suppose that this will be particularly natural; and no reason to suppose that what is natural, if we find it, is good. It is a great weakness of the Christian gay case that they tend to argue on the same lines as Mr Winterton - though in the opposite direction. They tend to claim that they were created as they are and this disposition must therefore be good. But the goodness of their sexuality must be derived from something other than immutability. It is likely that science will find soon that some people are born with a disposition to be sociopaths or child molesters; such moral deformations are just as natural as physical ones.

In a curious way, this argument is independent even of Darwin. The abundant imperfections of the world, and the way in which even its most perfect mechanisms tend to mangle the innocent, would still be here even if we believed they had been put in place directly by God.



# Hands off my allotment

The city dweller's hallowed patch of land is under threat from developers. But the city gardeners are not just townies with trowels and green wellies. They're fighting back. By Michael Leapman

There are 250,000 of us. We dress shabbily, get mucky in some of Britain's unloveliest urban landscapes and usually keep ourselves to ourselves. But as we enjoy the year's succulent peas, lettuce, raspberries and new potatoes, a new spirit is sweeping over the nation's allotment holders. We have suddenly become a fashionable minority. Allotment holders have been entitled for a long time, but until now nobody has noticed. Ever since World War Two, when allotment numbers shrank to 145,000, local councils and central authorities have been repossessing them. At last, our plight has come to the attention of the Commons select committee on the environment and is being aired in the media. This week, after months of wrangling, the committee noted that allotment sites were being sold to developers at an alarming rate, and urged the Government to frame new legislation to halt the process.

"We believe the provision of allotments is a national issue," its report declared.

So it is: but we of the grubby fingernails and mud-caked boots have not realised that New Labour, the friend of the downtrodden and advocate of honest toil, has no sympathy for us than the rest of the world. Since the Government took office last year, John Prescott's Environment Department has received scores of requests to close sites - and approved all of them.

Under the Allotment Acts of 1887 and 1908, local councils are obliged to provide plots where non-landowners can grow food - an early form of welfare for the virtuous poor. The sites can be closed only with Government approval, and even then the council has to offer alternatives. Yet too often the dispossessed gardeners are offered a site too far from their homes to be practical. Or they require years of back-breaking work just to get the soil into a decent condition.

It is ironic that Mr Prescott's department should act as our scourge, since his home town of Hull is a stronghold of the allotment movement. At the start of the decade, Harold Osler, who had an impeccable plot not far from the city centre, was twice named National Allotment Champion by the Royal Horticultural Society.

I remember going to see his halved space a few years back, sitting in a cosy wicker chair in the potting shed while he brewed me tea on his tiny stove and reminded me of the philosophy of the allotment garden.



Michael Leapman in his south London allotment, one of the community of grubby fingernails and mud-caked boots

Paul Arniger

dener: "Once we come through that gate we're all equal. If you're a bank manager or a pauper, nobody's better than anyone else." Surely a sentiment that Mr Prescott should warm to.

To non-believers, it is hard to explain the appeal of allotments. The tumbledown sheds, the broken fences, the flapping plastic bags tied to sticks to frighten off the pigeons - many find them an eyesore, and would be only too glad to get rid of them.

Yet, as LS Lowry taught us, there

can be beauty even in desolate industrial landscapes. Allotments are often the only green spaces for miles around and provide a haven for wildlife. On the plot in Brixton, south London, that I have dug for more than 20 fulfilling years, urban foxes romp among the cabbages. More importantly for thousands of us, allotments are a way of life. We swap seedlings and shallots, praise our neighbours' parsnips, covet their carrots and share tales of woe about the vagaries of the weather.

Geoff Stokes, secretary of the na-

tional Society of Allotment and Leisure Gardeners, says: "They're communities. A lot of people on low incomes without transport don't have access to fresh food at reasonable prices."

Mind you, most of us are not in it to save money. When I added up some sums a few years ago, I found that nearly everything I grew cost me more than it would at Brixton market.

But that is not the point. The passions that our hobby can arouse were revealed last March in ITV's

Neighbours from Hell where a Yorkshire allotment holder set up a video camera to catch an ill-wisher doing unspeakable things to his courgettes. "You disgusting bastard rat," he muttered mildly.

Vandalism and theft are common complaints among allotment holders but I have seldom found them a problem, perhaps because my produce does not look good enough to steal or perhaps because it grows just outside the forbidding walls of Brixton prison. Occasionally, I find that local kids have been

playing football with my giant red cabbages, but the novelty soon wears off as they find more exciting things to do with their leisure.

The traditional image of an allotment holder is of a retired man spending his declining years tottering among the turnips - but the select committee says this is no longer a true picture. About a third of today's allotment holders are under 50, and many are women.

That was certainly not the case when I first acquired my allotment in the mid-Seventies. I was easily the

youngest on the site and my pensioner neighbours would try to wind me up. "We've seen your sort before. After a few weeks you'll find out how much hard work it is and we'll never see you again."

I persisted, just to show them, even going as far as to lend the plot to a friend when I went to live in America so that I would not lose my rights to my precious patch of land. Now I am old enough to patronise newcomers myself.

Our precious urban patches cost an average rent of £22 a year for a standard plot of ten rods, poles or perches - about 90ft by 30ft. No wonder 13,000 people all over the country are on waiting lists; and no wonder the authorities that own them feel they could be put to more profitable use.

I have just received the annual bill for my own allotment, half the standard size and owned by the local water company. It comes to £10.50 and I am saving hard.

Plots are being lost across the length and breadth of the land. At Easington in Durham (which has more allotments per head than any other English county), 61 sheds will go under the bulldozers in December. At Burwash in East Sussex, longtime home of the poet Rudyard Kipling, a productive site has been replaced by one on a chilly east-facing slope, accessible only by a narrow, overgrown path. As its most famous son almost wrote: "If you can keep your patch when all about you are losing theirs..."

A few enlightened councils have come down in favour of the green-fingered. In Stockport, the supermarket giant Tesco wanted to expand on to an allotment site and offered to build the gardeners' spanking new sheds, greenhouses and toilets on a virgin field a mile or so away.

Toilets? What nonsense: a crafty pee behind the blackberries is good enough for anyone. The tenants, entirely unimpressed, dug in their hooves and refused to budge - so the council would not sell Tesco the land.

Says Geoff Stokes: "It isn't just a few old men in cloth caps who are going to fight it out to the bitter end. There's a lot of support out there. We've put it in people's minds what it is they're losing. There's a lot in the committee's report that should allow the movement to go forward."

I hope Mr. Prescott will heed it. The seeds of protest have already been planted and the report could prove the fertilizer they need. Now we must hope for fair weather and the usual bit of luck.

## PARK LIFE

BRUCE MILLAR

"TM GREG Rusedski," one of the boys announces as we step on to the court. "I'm Tim Henman," the other counters, demonstrating their mastery of the current rankings.

After a five-day tennis course at half-term, the boys reckon they know everything about the game. My tentative attempts at coaching tips:

"Why don't you try swinging the racket back earlier?" are dealt with summarily. "Shut up, Dad, I know how to do it."

Tom, 10, is convinced the forehand volley is a curricular item, like the pentagon. Your teacher tells you it is a five-sided polygon, and that's it; you know it for ever. No need to practise; let's get on with the game. I explained that tennis doesn't work like that. Even Pete Sampras, the best player in the world, has a coach who tells him what to do. "He can't be much good then," says Tom.

When they miss the ball, which is most of the time, it's my fault: "You hit it too hard." They say, "It bounced too high." "It was too fast." I try to keep the ball in play by hitting it back when it has landed beyond the base line. "Out, out," they chorus. "My point, my serve."

Seven-year-old Darcy may call himself Tim Henman, but his conduct is modelled with uncanny accuracy on that of John McEnroe, whom he never saw in action; one long, teetering tantrum punctuated by the occasional good shot. When I congratulate him on one of these, he glares at me as if to say, "You cannot be serious." I



wonder: did McEnroe grow up with an older brother who was always trying to put him in his place?

If I had been a bit quicker when we arrived at the court, I would have bagged the first name. It was Greg Rusedski who, a couple of months ago, presented me with my "Tennis Moment of the Year". The top-ranked Brit, the world number four, admitted in a newspaper article that he had lost a crucial match because he could not do a top-spin backhand. Couldn't do it? It worked well enough in practice, he explained, but under pressure, when he really needed to win the point, the shot had deserted him.

My heart soared. Thanks Greg; the first Briton (by birth or adoption) to be a genuine contender for a grand slam title in my lifetime, and he admits his inability to perform one of the basic strokes of tennis. Imagine Alan Shearer saying he can't pass the ball; Tiger Woods saying he's no good with a five iron; Nigel Mansell saying he can't change gear. My mind scrolled back over 30 years of attempting the top-spin backhand, usually with humiliating results; the fact that I could recall one particular shot, executed

to perfection, shows how rare success has been for me in this area. More often the ball has landed yards behind my opponent's baseline, sometimes taking off in a great arc to clear the high wire fence at the back of the court.

Beyond the knowledge that we shared the humiliation of the failed backhand, Rusedski's admission has reminded me of something that I had forgotten: despite its strawberries-and-cream, tea-party-at-the-vicarage image, tennis is a fiendishly difficult game. Hitting a fast-moving ball hard and high enough to clear the net, but not so hard and high that it lands out, is no easy matter, even for a highly trained professional. No wonder I struggled to get a decent game with the boys.

But I have made an accidental discovery that may revolutionise the way we play tennis in my family. During the annual mini-boom that accompanies Wimbledon and collapses three weeks later, it is impossible to get a court at our local park. So, this week we played at the side of the cricket pitch; no net, no markings, just a wide expanse of grass. And it was wonderful; we enjoyed rally after free-form rally with no sign of Nastase or McEnroe. Next month, when everyone has drifted away on holiday and the courts are empty once again, if I have my way, we'll still be playing on the cricket pitch. If Greg Rusedski has any more trouble with that pesky top-spin backhand, he's welcome to join us.

## Mensa fails the sexism test

The society for big brains has just ousted its first female chairperson. Does it have enough basic common sense to thrive in the egalitarian Nineties? By Darius Sanai

EVERY DAY in the heart of England an elite, male-dominated clique plots its next move in an unending quest for glory. The intelligent men in charge have worked for years to climb to their positions, and the media attention is welcome fuel for their actions.

A woman headed their institution, briefly, a strong and popular woman. This week she was ousted, and now the grey men have taken over again. This particular clique is not Her Majesty's Government but Mensa, the society for the country's brainiest citizens - and its internal plottings, which resulted earlier this week in a popular chairman being ousted, would put even the Tory Party to shame.

Mensa has been riddled with infighting since it was founded, but recently it has been struggling to recruit members, shake off its dorky image and find someone to transform it from a loose organisation whose members have nothing in common except a high IQ, to something more substantial.

Julie Baxter, a sociable 45-year-old from Lancashire with an IQ of 154, was supposed to change everything. She was appointed to be the society's first female chair in October last year, and said she was keen to expand membership, modernise Mensa's image and improve its services to members.

Mensa chairs had previously been fêted for their squareness. Even Sir Clive Sinclair is best remembered for his ludicrous C5 road buggy. Now here was a woman whose "dyed blonde hair and tight-fitting jodhpurs" were the talk of the tabloids.

But a week ago, at a meeting of the committee to which Baxter was not invited, it was decided to strip her of her post. Noel Burger, a quiet, 35-year-old, single computer programmer, was appointed instead.

Officially, the main reason was that Baxter had encouraged Dave Chatten, a former chief executive, to circulate a derogatory newsletter about two fellow members of the executive committee. Exit tight-fitting jodhpurs, enter loose-fitting anorak.

Baxter is furious. "It's all absolute drivel," she says of the allegations of wrong-doing. Her nine months on the committee, she says, shocked her: "I thought I had a pretty good idea of what I was going to face. But I didn't think it would be so petty and silly. It was like Kafka's Trial: here is the prisoner; let's see what charges we can find against her."

She says the committee was obsessed with "self-aggrandisement and the pursuit of power for its own sake", and that some of the men on it are "sad people with no social life" who are obsessed with Mensa. "They are a little bit afraid of it, that they have to take it out on others."

A few years ago, Mensa was enjoying a boom, with a membership of 38,000. Harold Gale, the chief executive largely responsible for the boom, was unceremoniously sacked for running a small puzzle business out of Mensa offices. The committee, says an insider, knew about and tolerated his activities, but one member decided to make an issue of it.

Though his appeal to an industrial tribunal was suc-

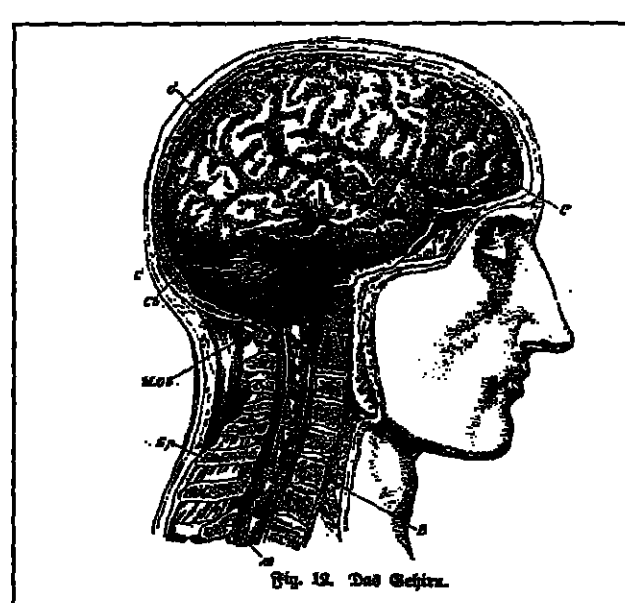


Fig. 12. The Giffrin.

cessful, Gale never got over the depression generated by the publicity. In 1997 he drove his car into a railway bridge support arch. Though the official verdict was accidental death, those close to him believe he took his own life.

After Gale's departure, Sir Clive, who was still chairman, appointed another non-Mensa businessman, Dave Chatten, to the post. Chatten had numerous run-ins with the committee, and eventually circulated a crude newsletter containing damaging information about two of its members. At the beginning of this year he was finally forced to resign; but as he did so he circulated a letter suggesting that Baxter had been a "driving force" behind the derogatory newsletter.

It was largely on this implication that she was speared last week.

Julie Baxter says she plans to fight back. Articulate and thoughtful, she is the kind of person who leaves you trailing mentally. She is convinced that two allied forces ousted her from the job: sexism, and power play from the male members of the committee.

She is withering in her analysis: "These are people who can behave in the most dastardly way, and then justify it to themselves. They have no life except Mensa, and they don't want to do anything for Mensa, they are just sad people... It's psychologically unhealthy; most of them can't have relationships or even hold proper jobs."

In contrast, Mensa's new chairman, Noel Burger, says that Baxter was ousted not because she was a modernising woman, but because "she never listened to anything anyone else says".

"It amazes me she's taking this angle," he adds. "She accuses us of playing politics, but she was the most political member of the committee."

On one level it's all just another chapter in the pothole-ridden story of Britain's brainiest people. But at the heart of the issue is something more fundamental. In the US, Mensa is much cooler than it is over here: those who join it boast proudly of their achievements. In this country, though, ostentatious shows of intelligence are frowned on as surely as shows of wealth. Just as the aristocracy once used to potter around in old tweed jackets, so the super-smart restrict themselves to making laconic comments to each other in London's clubland.

The point of Mensa's existence here is twofold: as the butt of anorak-ridden jokes from the press, making fun of the fact that Britain's "most intelligent" people are impractical, uncouth and in fact dumber than the rest of us; and secondly as a comforter to people who feel excluded from society, to prove to themselves that they are superior.

There are exceptions to this generalisation, but their actions speak for themselves: Carol Vorderman now declines to have anything to do with the society's publicity, and the new, super-glam face of Mensa, the teenage model Hayley Abdullah, resigned from the committee last week.

Julie Baxter may vow to fight back against the plotters of the Wolverhampton putsch, but she'll be fighting against the organisation's very *raison d'être*.



هَذَا مِنَ الْأَصْلِ



Kandla Port in Gujarat, western India shortly after it was devastated by a cyclone which claimed around 2500 victims

# After the disaster, a deadly silence fell

When a cyclone warning was picked up in Kandla port, no one thought to tell the salt pan workers. After the disaster, the survivors are battling against an uncaring bureaucracy. By Peter Popham

PRADIP CHOWDHURY, the man beside me in the front row of the small Indian Airlines plane, had every reason to look serious. The factory in Calcutta where he is the purchasing manager makes acrylic fibre. Like every other such factory in the world, it depends on a steady supply of acrylonitrile, a fearsome substance closely related to cyanide, with a flashpoint of 0°C.

So hazardous is acrylonitrile that the Indian government allows it to come in through only one port, Kandla in Gujarat, the busiest and most modern port in India.

Kandla is unfortunately a 12-day truck ride from Calcutta, but it is the only major Indian port that is not in or close to a large city. So if Pradip Chowdhury's acrylonitrile were suddenly to go boom one day, it would be a mess, but it would not be a Bhopal-sized disaster, the sort of thing to freeze the cornflakes half-way to your lips. It would be what the Indians like to call a "mishap", perhaps on the scale of the "Nepal bus mishap" featured in Tuesday's *Times of India*, in which at least 36 people died when their bus plunged into a river west of Kathmandu.

Pradip's acrylonitrile has not gone boom, but it is stuck on a large ship anchored off the Gujarat coast. If the ship is not berthed and the cargo unloaded soon, his factory will stop functioning. But his ship cannot get anywhere close to the port, because Kandla itself has been torn to pieces.

The port stood square in the path of a cyclone that arrived from the Arabian Sea midway through the morning of Tuesday 9 June. There were warnings of a storm; the previous day at 4.40pm the Meteorological Department had suddenly upped the category of warning from signal No 4 to signal No 8, signifying great danger. "The port will experience severe weather from a storm of great intensity that is expected to cross the south of the port."

When they received this message, the Kandla Port Trust (KPT) hurried themselves into action. The chairman of the port's trustees, Captain ANM Kishore, is jealous of Kandla's reputation: last year it handled 40 million tons of cargo, 4 million more tons than its closest rival. The message was passed to shipping agents, port users and ships; cargo operations in the port were stopped and signals were raised. But the KPT's zeal to protect

its domain and its people was not matched by the state authority, which has jurisdiction outside the port's gates. As well as being a port, Kandla is home to the biggest expanse of salt pans in Asia. Flat as a table, cut into rectangles with low ridges in between, they stretch for 45km, to the horizon and beyond, occupying 220,000 acres of land. Every high tide, sea water pours across this vast expanse and is trapped in the individual pans; then the hot sun vaporises the water, and before the next tide can arrive the salt is scraped off with picks and shovels and carted off to be treated with iodine, then packed and shipped.

Working in the salt pans must have a fair claim to being the worst job in the world. A pathetic Gujarati women's folk song has lyrics along the lines of, "Oh Mother, why did you have to marry me to a salt worker? He's too stupid to try anything else."

The desperation of utter poverty goads thousands of men into working here, paddling in brine that destroys their skin, sweating under the fierce summer sun, amassing salt for which they receive 140 rupees per ton - a little over £2 for perhaps three days' work. The brine can cause gangrene, then their limbs have to be amputated and they can no longer work - so their wives and children must take their place if they are to survive.

Desperately poor men, often accompanied by their families, trek hundreds of miles to work in Gujarat's salt pans, from as far away as Orissa, Bihar and Kerala. They arrive in the most primitive workplace imaginable. Their new employer takes no account of them. Their names are unrecorded. No one knows how many people are employed. They have no security or support. They live crammed together in tiny shacks made of breeze blocks and bits of wood on the edge of the salt pans, with no sanitation or even any drinking water.

Here they are, side by side: the aspirational new India of Kandla port, with its mighty cranes, acres of containers, "emporiums" for visiting seamen, with signs in Greek and Russian. And then there is the India where the poor are routinely treated by their employers worse than animals.

And distinctly worse than animals in one particular respect. A flock of goats, a herd of water buffaloes, are counted, watched over, looked after. The salt-pan

workers of Kandla, by contrast - employees of the Kutch salt works - are considered to be completely dispensable.

So on the evening of 8 June, as the officers of Kandla port trust busied themselves battering down the hatches in advance of the forecast "storm of great intensity", the workers in Kandla's salt pans carried on obliviously. No one told them anything. No sirens were sounded. No signals were raised. Their employers had every reason to be as well informed as the port authority. But if they were, they made no

everybody who lived to tell the tale. Rushing across the wastes towards them was a 30-ft-high wall of water. It engulfed them, smashed everything and killed everyone in its path, then came back and did it some more. When it had finished, the salt works had been destroyed and the salt pans were empty of life.

By 4.30pm the tidal wave was gone and the winds, 150kph or even more at the peak, had moderated. Of the 1,000-odd people - 15 more were added to the list on Tuesday - whose corpses have now been counted, just five were employees of

A nation's genius, as well as its blind spots, are most starkly apparent at times of great crisis. India has a genius for improvising in the most unpromising circumstances. You can see this today in Kandla port.

The damage done by the cyclone is stupendous. I was taken around the port by one of the port's guards, DG Gracia, who was present when the cyclone hit. "I was on duty by the go-downs when the water flooded in up to my chest," he said. "So I rushed to the front gate and climbed up on to the roof of the office, to save my life. From there I saw the big ships that had been moored to the jetties being dragged round and round then flushed out of the channel. I felt sure that everything was going to be destroyed, myself and the whole port, completely. I was terrified."

Along the jetty there is a tall pylon, bent over like a giraffe doing the kowtow, and one of the huge cranes has been shoved over and the long jib smashed down on the ground, where it crumples and snakes like a Cubist eel or an advanced project by Zaha Hadid. Andrew De Sousa, a ship's chandler who had also taken refuge up in the office (where the windows had been smashed by the wind), watched it all happen. "I was shitting bricks," he confessed - "shitting blue bricks," he corrected.

But Kandla port provides northern India with nearly all its oil, and many factories like Pradip Chowdhury's with the other imported products that enable them to keep going. India is already in a recession, and heading for a slump. After a day or two of dithering, the penny dropped: Kandla matters. Fine old Raj terms were dusted off: "on a war footing", "in right earnest", "pressed into service". For once, they were meant. Two weeks on, the place is still a ruin, but it is a buzzing ruin. The catastrophic jetties are already taking off cargo. When Pradip Chowdhury arrived on Monday, he believed he would have to wait four weeks to get his acrylonitrile moving. Now they're saying 10 days, and there is a spring in his step.

The salt pans, by contrast, stretching to the horizon, seem as bald and abandoned as if human beings had never set foot in them. But when we drove up to what little remains of the Kutch salt company, we found signs of life. The compa-

ny office, its exterior painted orange, has had a huge bite taken out of it. Inside, all was devastation. Six men aged between 25 and 50 were hanging about. They had come on the off-chance that their boss might show up with some money. He hadn't, but they continued to hang about, having nothing else to do and nowhere to go. Of the 400 men, women and children who lived and worked in this particular salt pan, these six men are the only survivors.

They showed me how they achieved the feat. Inside the office, at a corner of the wall, there is a safe. Two stood on that to avoid the wave's brunt. Someone tied an old sari on to a roof beam, and the rest hauled themselves by the sari up into the rafters. They clung there like monkeys until it passed.

All these men are multiply bereaved. You don't know what to say to them. But they in turn don't express much grief. "Are you sorry about losing your wife and family?" the photographer asked one of them, Ramju Hassain. "Yes, of course," he replied, "but everyone else is in the same situation. It's nothing special now."

Ramju lost seven members of his immediate family: wife, son, three sisters, brother, nephew. Apart from himself, only his father survived - he was down the road in Gandhidham. Eight more members of his extended family died as well. He showed where they had all lived, now just a jumble of toppled blocks, broken roof tiles, tatters of clothing, cooking pots, empty soda bottles, a rusting treadle sewing-machine.

Ramju speaks bitterly of the salt company boss. "He hasn't provided even one rupee to help us. He hasn't even visited the place. When some of us went to his office, he wouldn't see us. On the morning of the storm, I asked him to lend us a vehicle so we could move our families out of danger. He refused. He said, if you want to leave, walk."

Soon after the storm, the Prime Minister, Atal Behari Vajpayee, promised relatives of victims 50,000 rupees (about £750) in compensation, for a maximum of two relatives. Ramjet has submitted the paperwork. What will he do with the money? "I will give it to some temple or mosque," he says. And what is he going to do himself, how will he live? He makes a gesture. "I have two hands."

## Bleepers for opening peepers of railway sleepers

THE JURY is still out on whether Britain is booming, but most of the country, at the moment, seems to be bleeping. Pagers, mobile phones, personal organisers, microwaves, car alarms, and coming soon to a train near you, Clive Wollington's "personal destination indicator".

By day, Clive's a self-employed, double-glazing window-fitter from Essex. By night, he's a visionary inventor driven by the desire to awaken his fellow countrymen from their apathy; to arouse them from their slumber. Especially if they happen to be travelling on the 18.48 from Liverpool Street to Clacton. "This time, next year," he keeps promising his young partner, Brett, "we'll be millionaires".

As Brett and I board the 18.48 - 20 minutes late due to a broken-down train in Chelmsford - we joke about inventing a bleeping device that could alert commuters to delays. If anyone can do it, we agree, Clive can.

"Wolly's very charismatic," Brett purrs. "Always coming up with ideas." One of "Wolly's" greatest ideas involved installing cars with high-pitched whistles to scare away foxes, badgers and rabbits, thus reducing the animals' prospects of being run over. Unfortunately, it attracted dogs instead and had to be ditched. "So, rather than squashed foxes," explains Brett, "you'd have got squashed Labradors."

Sadly, Wolly will not be joining us on tonight's journey. When I rang him to arrange an interview, the self-appointed champion of the dozing commuter confessed to being a non-rail user. "I drive a van," he chuckled. "I've used the train twice in my life."

Brett produces a prototype of the pocket-sized personal destination indicator, which will bleep half a mile away from your stop after picking up a signal from a track-side beacon. Martin from Braintree, who is sitting opposite,

eyes it suspiciously. "It's another intrusion, as far as I'm concerned," he huffs. "Soon people will be wearing a belt with all these electronic devices attached. If you think about it deeply, it smacks of electronic tagging."

When Clive meets us at Kelvedon, he appears unperturbed by such scepticism; everyone he speaks to has their own horror story of being marooned. "How old was this Martin from Braintree? Middle-aged, I bet," says the inventor. No, early 30s. "Well, I'll smash his face in." After the laughter has subsided, he adds: "It doesn't hurt to hear the other side. But if I had that personality, I'd think 'Oh blimey, no point in me continuing then'. But that's me. I'm always trying to think of ways of making money."

The interest in the Sleeper Bleeper vindicates his instinct. Journalists are beating a path to his door. *Tomorrow's World* is interested, the DTT have given him financial backing and - the ultimate accolade surely - he is being followed around by a fly-on-the-wall documentary team.

Being a docu-soap star has great spin-off potential, which is why Clive is seeking a short sponsorship deal a la Shearer and Beckham. "That Maureen, the learner driver on the telly, made 50 grand last year. People can relate to her."

People can also relate to Clive. His invention might not appeal to the Martins-from-Braintree but he seems destined to become as famous as Maureen from *Driving School* and Jeremy from *Airport*.

"I'm talking to the right people now," he sighs. "Eight years ago, when the idea came to me, I wasn't. And people with great ideas, like me, weren't getting any support going any further." The Del Boy of Bleep Britannia winks at his partner Brett. "This time it's different, ain't it, geezer. This time we're going all the way. All the way, mate."

ANTHONY CLAVANE

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# A knife at the opera

The grand old farce of Royal Opera House management becomes more improbable by the hour. On Tuesday, Sir Richard Eyre delivers his state-of-the-capital report. But is it too late to save Covent Garden from itself? By David Lister

Last Monday morning at 8.30 sharp the new head of opera education arrived at the Royal Opera House. An hour later she was on her way home. The management had decided they didn't need a new head of education. A pay-off was hastily arranged. It was the first redundancy, the first example of mad management and the first use of public money of the week. It wasn't yet 10 o'clock: once again, the knives were out.

The roller coaster catalogue of Royal Opera House blunders continues at such a frenetic pace that it is one escaped public view.

It's far from the only matter of which concern that even obsessive opera house watchers have failed to comment on. This another example of the advertising of appointments - at an area crucial to the concern of the Eyre report, Sir Richard Eyre's scrutiny of opera in London has been published next Tuesday which will change forever the way opera and ballet are presented in the capital.

The Eyre Report was commissioned by the Government, and a Commons Select Committee inquiry was launched following disturbing incidents at the ROH last year. These centred on the appointment as chief executive of Gary Allen, who was brought over from the Arts Council without the best being advertised.

That was one lesson you'd have thought the Royal Opera House might have learnt. Surely the outcry over that appointment would have taught them that senior posts in the biggest publicly-funded arts institution in the country should be properly advertised, and a fair and open interview process should be in place.

To which one might retort in less than lyrical terms, "Oh yeah!" The recent chief executive is Pamelia Tennant, brought in from the accountants Coopers and Lybrand. The artistic director, the man in overall charge of all Royal Opera and Royal Ballet policy is Richard Jarmann, late Scottish Opera. Both men are rejected. But in neither case was the post advertised. In neither case is there any regard shown for any of the equal opportunities policy. The ROH replies that both appointments are temporary, yet the contracts are for two years, which in effect constitutes a long-term job.

But let's be fair. They might not be quite that long. The ROH chairman Sir Colin Southgate now says he will close the House down if the ROH's £15m-a-year grant is not renewed. That, he claims, is necessary to avoid trading insolvently. Sir Smith, the Culture Secretary, said to be furious at Sir Colin's audacity, though it was Smith who appointed this hotshot businessman as also chairman of EMD to sort out the mess. Sir Colin is said to have been horrified by what he saw when he opened the books. Hence his demand. But aren't hotshot businessmen supposed to ask about the finances and look at the books before they take on the job? Did no one work out the cost of re-opening before £78m of public money was poured into the £214m project? Sir Colin's ultimatum brought a

quick response from the influential select committee chairman Gerald Kaufman MP. He called for the Opera House to be privatised. Could this be the same Gerald Kaufman MP, chairman of the select committee, who stated in the committee's report on the Opera House last autumn that privatisation "under present United Kingdom tax law, which does not offer incentive to donors, is inherently impractical"?

Headline writers have often compared the Byzantine ineptitude at the ROH in recent years to tragic opera (though significantly none of those in overall charge has had an opera background). But tragic opera is the wrong comparison. Gerald Kaufman has forced the departure of a chairman, a chief executive and an entire board. Who else is he but the lord high executioner? The former

You couldn't make it up. The ROH is an institution that continues to defy credibility. Which is why one can go this far without a single mention of the only two things that should really matter: the Royal Opera and the Royal Ballet. The managerial shenanigans, political intrigues, financial somersaults and personality clashes have obscured the fact that the ROH should not really be about Coopers and Lybrand, Chris Smith or Sir Richard Eyre at all. It should be about Plácido Domingo, Sir Bernard Haitink, Doreen Bussell and Sylvie Guillem. Ballet director Sir Anthony Dowell and opera chief Nicholas Payne never got a fraction of the column inches that Mary Allen or Lord Chadlington received. Somewhere along this crazy roller coaster of politics and money, the art got lost.

entertainment in an institution already funded by the taxpayer is, to most ordinary people, not just decadent but obscene.

Ah, says the new Covent Garden management, we agree there has been a terrible mess, but we are sorting it out. But at what cost? How much money is being spent on consultants? Coopers and Lybrand do not come cheap. It is safe to say that in the past 18 months upwards of £1m that should have gone on staging productions or reducing ticket prices has been spent on business consultants. The situation continues.

Into this shambolic waste steps Sir Richard Eyre. He will be nothing short of a miracle worker if he can sort it out. Certainly, he will call for more money to be spent on the ROH, and possibly on the arts generally. If Chris Smith ever dreamt

of privatisation and an end to outdated practices."

Gubbay believes the House should be privatised. Sir Richard is highly unlikely to recommend that. But it would not be surprising to see some of Gubbay's other suggestions in his report.

Of course there is another route altogether. Sir Peter Hall, who knows the subsidised arts better than anyone, points out that the House still gets less subsidy than any comparable European opera house. "Why doesn't this Labour Government just say whether it wants the arts or not," he says. "If it does, then fund them properly. And if it doesn't, then let's close them down."

It is true, and all too rarely stated, that paying off the debts just of the Royal Opera House but of every publicly funded arts institution in this country would not cost more than about £30m - not even a blip on the Treasury graph. That the Treasury and sections of the electorate view opera and the arts in general with such suspicion that they would be alarmed by such a gesture has much to do with the way Covent Garden has run its affairs. It has turned the public against financing the arts properly. That's not Gilbert and Sullivan. That's tragic.

## THE PRINCIPAL PLAYERS



Sir Richard Eyre (left), whose report into the state of London opera is published on Tuesday; Mary Allen, who moved from the Arts Council to become the ROH's chief executive; the ROH's chairman, Sir Colin Southgate. Main photograph: William Webster

chairman, Lord Chadlington, who compared his little local difficulty to the Falklands War, was the very model of a modern major general.

The House's tales of comic incompetence, vanity and the British class system at work are straight out of the operas that (perhaps because their subject matter is too close to home) are never performed there: Gilbert and Sullivan.

But could WS Gilbert have made up a fraction of the events and characters of the past two years? Could he have invented the patrician Arts Council chairman Lord Gowrie, who denounced Covent Garden's closure arrangements as a "shambles", neglecting to add that he was supposed to have been authorising and monitoring that shambles? WS could have had fun with Sir Jeremy Isaacs, the ROH general director who stood down a year early railing against inadequate subsidy but took his £120,000 salary for a year after he quit.

Even Sir Jeremy's dignified and likeable successor Gemma McIntosh, who resigned after five months, added a Gilbertian richness to the drama when she told the select committee she had left because the place was likely to make her ill. WS would have had no difficulty at all with Mary Allen and Lord Chadlington, who were both at the Arts Council to award Covent Garden £78m of lottery money then moved across to help spend it.

Sir Peter Hall, who has directed there on several occasions, points out that the Royal Opera has brought on more young singers than any other company in the world. One could add that even in its present peripatetic state during the Covent Garden closure period, it mounts some acclaimed productions and wins awards. One could add that the Royal Ballet, whatever one's views over its repertoire and production styles, has genuine and charismatic stars in Bussell, Guillem, Viviana Durante and Sarah Wildor.

Therein lies the most serious accusation to be made against the succession of managements that have dragged the Royal Opera House down in public perception into the realms of farce: they have, by association, degraded their artists.

By putting on the ballet at ludicrously unsuitable venues they made it look as though there is not an audience for their dancers. By charging up to £250 for opera they have brought the public at large. One has only to be on a radio phone-in on arts funding, as I was this week, to marvel at the sneers that any mention of opera attracts.

But it is no marvel really. The argument that there are seats in the gods for under a tenner to balance the £200-plus tickets, misses a vital point. The very concept of charging more than £200 for an evening's

that this champion of publicly funded arts would not make a plea for better funding, then he was being very naive.

But if Sir Colin Southgate believes the Eyre report will support uncritically the Covent Garden demand for more money (or that the Treasury would seriously countenance doubling the grant) then he too is being naive. Next Tuesday Sir Richard will, I believe, call in the strongest terms for Covent Garden to put its House in order; he will demand cheaper seats and wider access; and he will call for closer links with the commercial sector.

It may be significant that one of the people the Eyre Committee spoke to was the highly successful commercial opera and dance promoter Raymond Gubbay. Gubbay said yesterday: "All this crap about another £15m a year or we go under is nonsense. It needs a more radical approach. They should allow the House to take advantage of its prime London position and have commercial companies performing there. The Royal Opera should stage popular operas for week-long periods, not always have to alternate them with other productions and with the ballet. The ballet should have its own seasons at Christmas and in the summer, when there is huge demand. The orchestra should be combined with one of the London orchestras."

There is huge scope for rational-



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### CLASSIC CARTOONS

MARTIN PLIMMER ON HELEN E HOKINSON AND B KLIBAN

"Hello, badminton champion!"

Industrialist

THE GAG-SHY cartoon demands some courage on the part of the artist, though it required less in Helen E Hokinson's day, when the picture itself was just as important as the idea. Hokinson, who started out drawing fashion illustrations for department stores, swapped form for folie in 1925, when her enchanting depictions of plump, affluent ladies in hats began appearing in *The New Yorker*. Fifty years later, B Kliban was working in an era when cartoon publishers were capitulating to the ethos of rapid gratification. Quick and simple line drawings predominated, sacrificing decoration for gags. Though his style is much sparser than Hokinson's, Kliban was just as much a talented draughtsman, and his less-than-enchanting vision is acute. With or without a joke, he was still very funny. What makes us laugh here is the skill with which both artists reveal personality traits. Helen E Hokinson died in 1949, and B Kliban in 1990.



# Strictly classroom

David Benedict applauds the latest adaptation of 'The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie', but sees a production living in the shadow of its free-spirited protagonist

"GIVE ME a girl at an impressionable age, and she's mine for life." As views of the education process go, it's pretty selfish. But then not every teacher is Jean Brodie, and you only have to watch one of the St Triniton's films to know that there is more to girls' schools than Enid Blyton.

The National Theatre had done its bit for the genre, staging Sarah Daniels' *Neaxpide*, Lillian Hellman's *The Children's Hour* and now turning its attention to *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie*.

Jay Fresson Allen turned her own doggedly faithful stage adaptation into a film but neither version could hold a candle to Muriel Spark's matchlessly spiky novel about a dangerously influential teacher in the Edinburgh of the Thirties who manipulates her girls for her own needs. The play has, nonetheless, done decent service - revived in the West End just four years ago - but for Phyllida Lloyd's extraordinary new production, Allen has substantially revised it. The results of their collaboration are truly remarkable.

The prosaic framing device of a reporter inviting Sister Helena to talk about her schooldays has been scrapped. Better still, Allen and Lloyd have re-thought everything, cutting over-explanatory dialogue

and entire scenes. Lloyd has also done away with naturalism. She and the Hundley Muir design team adopt bold colours and visual metaphors. Vast wall frames of school climbing bars double as the grille through which Sister Helena (former Brodie schoolgirl Sandy) speaks, vividly conjuring the cloistered atmosphere of school and nunnery. She also pulls off a master stroke by using children to create all the choral and string music which suffuses the production.

But, and it is a big but, it is not just the schoolgirls who are in thrall to their leader: the production itself is, too. From the second Fiona Shaw swaggers on, hand on hip, it is clear she is taking the high-spirited route.

Teddy (the excellent Nicholas Le Prevost), the art master who loves her, describes her as "the only sex-bestirred object in this stony pile", and he is right. This Miss Brodie toys with everyone and trumpets her delusions from the rooftops. As a comic turn it is ludicrously enjoyable, but it is impossible to believe that this free-spirited woman has been teaching at such a traditional school for more than five minutes. For all her talk, we need to see her deeply conservative streak, or else her Fascism makes no sense.

Shaw's boisterousness infects nearly all the performances, and not all the relationships ring true because of the high mannerism. The scenes between the girls are often very funny, but sometimes you feel as if you are watching out-takes from *Daisy Pulls It Off*. In the midst of all this, Susannah Wise is very impressive as Miss Brodie's brooding, duplicitous confidante Sandy. Her increasing disenchantment and maturity give the proceedings some much needed weight.

As Oscar Wilde wrote, "each man kills the thing he loves... the coward does it with a kiss". This is precisely what Lloyd has the fearful, torn Sandy/Sister Helena do at the moment of her betrayal, an action thrillingly prefigured in the opening tableau where the nuns seated all along a table are suddenly transformed into the Brodie girls, and then in a flash into the figures of *The Last Supper*.

Moments like these cast a tremendous spell. A shame that, in this of all plays, the truth is so compromised by the wilfulness of the central performance.

*The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie*, at the Royal National Theatre, Lyttelton, South Bank, London SE1. Box office 0171-432 3000



A high-spirited Miss Brodie (Fiona Shaw) with Teddy (Nicholas Le Prevost) Kirsten Reynolds

## THE WEEK ON RADIO

REVIEWED BY ROBERT HANKS

WE ALL do stupid things from time to time, but what's important is having the courage to stand up and say when you were wrong. So, I admit it: when Radio 4 changed its schedule, I said I thought it was quite good. Are you satisfied? Does it give you a thrill to see me humiliated in this way?

To be honest, the true awfulness didn't really sink in until the daily nightmare of *Postcards*, which has been shaping up nicely as a contender for most ill-conceived drama ever broadcast, gave way to the stunningly dreary *Under One Roof*. There's no hyperbole here: some episodes have left me genuinely stunned, stumbling around in a kind of aesthetic concussion.

*Under One Roof* clearly regards itself as a hard-hitting social-issue drama - hence the casual use of words such as "vagina" - the issue in this case being the awfulness of living with your ageing, crotchety mother. The issue is real enough, but the banality of the scripts - Mum resists the old people's day centre, but when she does finally go she can't stop talking about what a lovely time she had - reduces it to *Toy Town* inconsequentiality.

It doesn't help that the actors seem to be talking through clenched teeth, as though desperately trying to sound as if it's all nothing to do with them. That's the worst of it; but the coffin hasn't been short of nails. Take *Puzzle Panel*, a new brain-twisting slot at Thursday lunch time. I'm not sure which is the worst aspect: is it the way the participants struggle to sound challenged and intrigued ("Hmmm, could it be... Ooh, no, hang on"), or is it the cringe-making humour the puzzles are wrapped up in ("The dictator of Arbitraria is disturbed by the bells of St Michael-of-the-Underpants"). Either way, if your brain gets twisted it's probably because it keeps shifting around in an effort to stay awake.

And then there's *Veg Talk*, on Friday afternoons, a phone-in on all topics vegetable ("You've got a problem with celery, Jane"). Perhaps there's genuinely a hitherto-unmet public demand for more vegetable-themed programmes, but I suspect the rationale behind this is as a showcase for the chirpy charms of green-grocers Charlie Hicks and Greg Wallace, the Russ and Jono of the vegetable world. (There's an argument that Russ and Jono were themselves pretty much of the vegetable world, but we'll let it go for now.) You might think that a life spent among Maris Pipers and curly kale would induce serenity, but they seem fuelled by a determination to show that vegetables can be fun, a proposition that falls at the first sprout.

The new schedule isn't wholly without merit - *Front Row*, for instance, is far more incisive than *Kaleidoscope* (though I still miss Paul Vaughan). But on the whole, I stand corrected. Sorry.

STEPHEN JOHNSON

## Too many notes, Mr King, too many notes

A GERMAN music college has a course for composers on stage deportment - thanking conductors and principal performers, acknowledging applause without hogging it, getting off the stage before the clapping stops. All useful stuff, but a course on how, or how not to write programme notes might be even more useful.

This year's Spitalfields Festival provided three cautionary examples. Introducing his cantata *Gethsemane* (3 June), Matthew King spent half a paragraph sneering at critics (possibly justified, but hardly good politics), and then told us that, "Unusually, for a composer of

**CLASSICAL**  
MATTHEW KING, GILES SWAYNE, PIERS HELLAWELL  
SPITALFIELDS FESTIVAL  
LONDON

Biblical pieces, Matthew King believes in God". Does he know something about Arvo Part, John Tavener or James MacMillan that I don't? - to say nothing of Byrd, Bach, Haydn, Beethoven, Franck, Bruckner, Poulenc, Stravinsky. Remarks like that don't put the informed listener in the most friendly and receptive state of mind. Giles Swayne ended the note for

his *Miss Tiburtina* (22 June) with an equally arresting statement: "While listening to it, it is worth reflecting that in the course of its 20 minutes, 600 children will have died, directly or indirectly, of starvation". A terrible thought, and worth remembering at any time. But how is that supposed to affect the way we listen? What we heard was an arresting piece of choral music, written with all Swayne's imagination and skill, and superbly performed by the Choir of Clare College, Cambridge under Timothy Brown. Stylistically it seemed rather pot-pourri-like at first, but the concluding Sanctus, Benedictus and Agnus Dei movements had an impressive simplicity and single-mindedness. But the more absorbing the music became, the less inclined I felt to think about the problem of World Starvation. Were my ears tuned wrongly?

Swayne's next piece, *The Silent Land*, was written, we were told, in memory of the husband of a friend: "The cello is the dead person's soul; the semichorus is the bereaved family; the other parts are the grieving community". All right, you calculate critic, criticize that if you dare! All I can say - with some trepidation - is that it reminded me of Janacek's remark that great emotion doesn't

always mean great music. The long cello solo (performed by the excellent Raphael Wallfisch), set against slowly chanted lines from the chorus, "requiescant in pace" (may they rest in peace), had the manner of a real emotional outpouring, but to these ears it seemed almost interminable - especially so after the first part, an effective, and affecting setting of Christina Rossetti's poem *When I am dead, my dearest*. Piers Hellawell spent a good part of the note for his *The Building of Curves* pondering the solving of the famous Fermat's Last Theorem. "However", he added, "it is not important to know this!" Too right. All

one really needs to know is that *The Building of Curves* is short, and in two movements. This delightful, poetic, unostentatiously individual piece seemed perfectly capable of speaking for itself. And if Hellawell had called the piece, simply, *Piano Quartet* (which is, after all, what it is), I doubt that it would have lost any of its effect.

Yes, new pieces do sometimes need help; but often the best help they can get is a really good performance. The Schubert Ensemble of London made sure that *The Building of Curves* got that.

STEPHEN JOHNSON

## ARTS DIARY

DAVID LISTER

IF ALASTAIR Campbell should tire of 10 Downing Street, a job awaits him in the high arts. Both the National Gallery and the British Museum have decided to appoint spin doctors, reporting to the respective directors Neil MacGregor and Robert Anderson. Those of us who did not appreciate that a more positive gloss needs to be put on Caravaggio, and had not seen the need for art critics to be given three bottles of claret before they saw the case for the Elgin Marbles remaining in Britain, are out of touch with the realpolitik. The new spin doctors will be required to forge links with ministers and backbench MPs; and I hear that the Culture Department has been encouraging the two national flagships to have



curators of spin. Doughty campaigners for free admission, such as Jennifer Edwards of the National Campaign for the Arts, Elizabeth Foy of the Courtauld Institute and Alison Cole of the National Arts Collection Fund are being eyed up. A National Gallery spokeswoman says: "We simply want to be even more efficient than we now are." And the fact that the BM has chosen to advertise the post at the same time? "Ah," she reflects, "that is slightly unfortunate."

I ANTICIPATED in this column last week that Royal Ballet dancer Deborah Bull (left) was courting trouble with her first remarks as a new member of the Arts Council. Fresh-faced youth, she said, was replacing "old men in suits". Trouble soon followed - and from an embarrassing quarter for Miss Bull. Her attacker, no old man in a suit she, is the elegant and much admired Lady MacMillan, former Arts Council member, former head of the Council's dance panel, a board member of the Royal Ballet and widow of Kenneth MacMillan, the Royal Ballet's celebrated choreographer. "Her entire career with the Royal Ballet," says Deborah MacMillan of Ms Bull, "has been supported by these 'old men'... her comment can only give cause for concern about the quality of debate to come." As the two Deborahs must meet

very regularly, the quality of debate between the two of them, at least, should be pretty lively.

CHATTING TO Sir Peter Hall about the decline in arts funding and the low esteem the Government seems to have for the arts, I am told by the venerable director that some blame for the lack of funding rests with us critics. "Why are people who question the financing of theatres whingeing luvvies?" he asks. Actually, I partly agree. The continual use of the word "luvvie" in the papers is demeaning to artists, and cheapens the funding debate.

LANGUAGE IS a powerful catalyst in affecting public opinion towards the arts. Last Wednesday night I was part of a panel discussing arts funding in a 90-minute programme on Radio 5. Listeners who called in were nearly all scornful of the idea that the arts should receive any more money. It's ironic that the lobby which should be the most articulate in the country has failed to get its message across. But we were able to bring happiness to an art lover from Wales, who said she yearned to go to the opera but could not afford £100 for a seat. When we told her that she could in fact go to the Welsh National Opera for a few pounds, her delight was a joy to hear.

## THE WEEK IN REVIEW

POOR ★★★★★  
★★★★★  
★★★★★  
★★★★★  
★★★★★  
EXCELLENT ★★★★★

### OVERVIEW

### CRITICAL VIEW

### ON VIEW

### OUR VIEW



THE PLAY HOW I LEARNED TO DRIVE	THE FILM THE OBJECT OF MY AFFECTION	THE GIG BEASTIE BOYS
Paula Vogel's Pulitzer prize-winning drama examines the incestuous relationship between a teenage girl and her married uncle, with Kevin Whately in the driving seat.	A pregnant social worker, played by Jennifer "Rachel" Aniston, falls in love with a sensitive teacher who has the audacity to be gay, in this unofficial sequel to <i>My Best Friend's Wedding</i> .	The first British appearance of the New York brat-rap trio as they promote their new album <i>Hello Nasty</i> .
David Benedict noted "the thinness of the writing and some poor American accents", lamenting the presence of "a clearly imposed judgemental line which stifles the true dramatic richness". The <i>Evening Standard</i> was appalled by the "disconcertingly flippant, not to say mocking, attitude to Sixties, backwoods Mary," though it conceded that "this ghastly version of the sex war fascinates". A serious, complex experience, decreed an even-handed <i>Financial Times</i> , praising Whately for his "tremendous innocence", while the <i>Daily Mail</i> poetically dubbed it "a powerful light on a dark corner".	"An effort to dilute and de-lang the image of homosexuality for nervous, straight audiences," said an irritated Ryan Gilbey, who found Aniston "a jolly enough actress even if there really is no beginning to her talents". Always in tune with the best parties, the <i>Daily Mail</i> designated it "a good choice for a girls' night out", though <i>The Guardian</i> would rather "watch it on TV with cereal on a Sunday night", writing off the plot as "pointless sap". The <i>Times</i> warned that "toes may curl" though felt more charitable towards Aniston, finding her "never less than pleasant".	Fiona Sturges felt their "trade-mark beery, shouty vocals" to be "something of an acquired taste", adding that "thirteen years on, they are still a force to be reckoned with, having lost any of their juvenile sparkle". "Party tunes for bodypopping beat boys and beat girls" raps the <i>Financial Times</i> , appropriating the Beasties' delinquent dialect. "I think I must be missing the point," bleats the <i>Daily Telegraph</i> , calling the show "an uncontrollable explosion of hysterical, top-heavy noise, lacking contrast, chutzpah, guile and depth".
At the Donmar Warehouse, London, WC2, booking to 8 August (0171-369 1732). 90 minutes.	On general release, cert 15, 111 minutes.	The Beastie Boys will be appearing at T in The Park, Balado, Fife on July 12 and at the Reading Festival, Nr Rivermead Leisure Centre, Reading on 29 August.
Kevin Whately, better known as the nice Sergeant Lewis from <i>Inspector Morse</i> , just isn't mean enough. A brave foray into a sensitive subject, but <i>Lolita</i> it ain't.	A feeble treatment of an aggravatingly fashionable theme, in her never-ending quest for credibility, Jennifer Aniston is once again outshined by her hairdo.	Even in their maturer years, these bastions of teenage misdemeanour will either exhilarate or exhaust, but never bore.
★★★★★	★★★★★	★★★★★

# A light drama in Devon

The planthunter and collector, Dr Jimmy Smart, is a legend in his lifetime. His garden is not only a marvel of myriad varieties, it also stages a great play of colour and shade. By Kirsty Fergusson

The north Devon coast is something of a hot-spot for holidaying garden fanciers. And last Monday, they all seemed to be coming on Dr Smart's garden, a thread-laid miles from staple, with the alarming focus of a swarm of bees.

wondered if I had unknowingly picked an NGS day to visit Marwood Hill, but Dr Smart brushed my first question with a smile, assuring me that it was "always this".

had spent the morning eight as away at Tapeley Park (a garden currently enjoying a brilliant renaissance), and was feeling horticulturally pretty replete. However, Tapeley's owner, Hector Istie, gave both Dr Smart and garden such an enthusiastic testimonial that it seemed positively headed to duck out of the opportunity to pay a visit. He was it, too. I don't think I have ever been to a garden that has exceeded my expectations so much.

Dr Jimmy Smart MBE VMH is a righty octogenarian who even in his retirement from medicine in 1975 had become something of a legend in horticultural circles as soon to find out why. Almost first two plants that caught my eye - a low evergreen mound of *Prostanthera cuneata* - mothered in pretty white flow - and a clump of the lily-like *Adonis vernalis* - turned out to have been introduced to this garden by Dr Smart. (It must have been as though I had researched horticultural career pretty thoroughly, but I must confess it was a coincidence.)

as we rounded the head of the pond, Dr Smart paused to introduce a pair of handsome Turkish *Podocarpus*, *Ruscus*, and remembered driving them home to wood 30 years earlier. "What all way from Turkey?" I gaped. "he grinned, evidently enjoying the impression he had made, an Exbury".

though the Smarts had been at Marwood since 1948, the garden was begun during the early years when they found themselves able to purchase the valley which pasture that lay across the dale below their house. A stream led through the bottom of the valley, which was dammed twice in order to form two lakes.

and while the bones of the garden started to take shape, Dr Smart planted trees: trees and



Marwood Hill, a remarkable collectors' garden with a bold outlook

John Lawrence

shrubs raised from seed collected on trips to Australia and the Americas, trees bought from specialist nurseries, trees given by friends and colleagues who had become interested in his collection of the rarer and more beautiful magnolias, eucalyptuses, birches, willows and conifers.

We all know that collectors' gardens can fall down on design, resulting in the horticultural equivalent of a stamp album. No danger of that here. Take the main



collection of eucalyptus and birch, for example. These have been intermingled, forming their own sizeable grove on the hillside overlooking the lake. The smooth, slim trunks of the gum trees, with their peeling bark and airy foliage, mix their straggly and dappled shadows with the pencil-thin, white birches. And Dr Smart takes care to see that the birch trunks are washed as high as their slender, swaying crowns will allow.

Thirty years on, this part of the garden is still in the process of maturing, and it is obvious that, where space allows, Dr Smart is still adding to his collection. The 20 acres are as densely packed as the flowers on his *Cornus kousa chinensis*, and as Dr Smart says of these abundant blooms, "You couldn't stick a pin between them."

The wide and tranquil expanse of the lakes, however, preserves the garden from any sense of hectic overcrowding. The margins,

though, are packed with orange and yellow giant primulas, intricately veined purple and white irises, arum lilies and aspiders, of which Dr Smart has the National Collection. (It comes as no surprise to learn that he also has the National Collections of *Iris ensata* and tulbaghias, too).

Just as the success of the birch and eucalyptus grove turns on the play of light and shadow between the tree trunks, so the clumps of bamboo by the lake have been thinned dramatically to allow each cane to be seen in isolation - rather than forming a dense, light-blocking screen. This technique is practised also at Great Dixter, and repay the effort enormously.

Returning up the steep slope towards the new house that the Smarts have built for themselves at the top of the garden, we stopped at the first patch of level ground I had seen since my arrival. The rose- and wisteria-covered pergola arching overhead and the rows of fat, colourful herbaceous borders here give more than a passing nod to Giverny, but I got the impression that Dr Smart's heart lies with trees on a steep hillside rather than the level world of lawns and borders.

"Well, it's much easier to garden on a slope," said (a clearly very fit) Dr Smart looking up into the pergola. "I couldn't bear to have a level garden." It's a good point: there are so many plants, trees included, that offer their best perspectives to the birds; a problem that cunning use of a sloping site (or pergola) can resolve.

No less than five gardeners, under the headship of Malcolm Pharoah, are employed at Marwood Hill, which for a garden in private ownership is pretty remarkable these days. A large nursery occupies the old walled garden, selling a huge range of plants - nearly all of which are propagated from the garden, which helps to offset the costs.

Marwood Hill is a fascinating, exhausting garden, which - much as it offers itself to simple enjoyment - needs lots and lots of time to be appreciated. It was a mistake to try to fit it in with Tapeley Park on the same day. I'll know better next time.

Marwood Hill Gardens (01271 42528) are open every day from dawn to dusk. The plant centre is open daily 11am-5pm. Admission (honesty box) adults £2; OAP £1.50; children under 12 free

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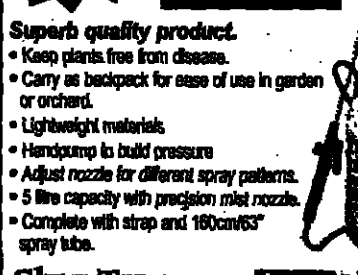
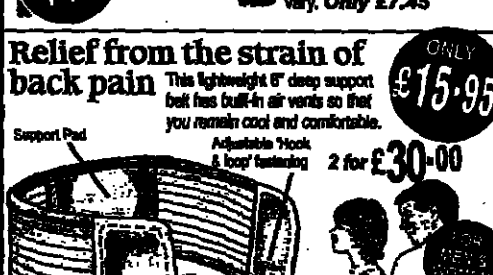
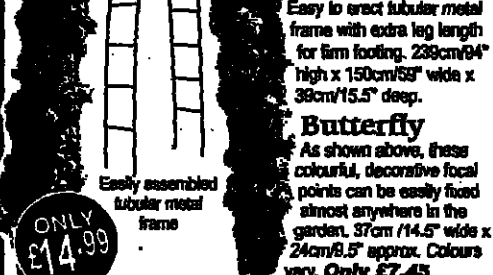
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Ornamental fountains are relatively cheap and simple to set up – and they're the garden equivalent of the beige suit: they'll go anywhere

Garden Picture Library

# A soothing trickle of artistry

Installing a fountain in your garden is not as difficult as you might think. By Anna Pavord

Perhaps this is a tactless time to talk about water in the garden. June has given us almost too much of it, though I'm not complaining. The old beech trees are sighing gently with contentment and relief as the rain works more and more deeply into the soil around their roots.

But the heat-wave that coincided with the Chelsea Flower Show in late May made water the most important single element in the show gardens there. You needed its cooling promises, you were seduced by its sparkle in the brilliant light; you were calmed by the sound of water rippling back into itself from simple jets or bubble fountains. Italy in central London. It can be done.

You will need help (see above). Water has to stay where it is put and I wouldn't be any happier fiddling around with its provision in the garden than I would be sorting out the plumbing in the house. I'm thinking

here of something more ambitious (and satisfying) than a free-form, pre-moulded amoeba pool of the type you find in garden centres.

A water feature may be no more than a large sink or stone trough, filled with shells and with a circulating pump cunningly hidden below. The water bubbles up through a pipe in the centre of the trough and spills out over the stones to return to the pump below. Such a feature is soothing, relatively cheap, and simple to set up. Stylistically, it is the garden equivalent of the beige suit. It will go anywhere. It can sit on a wooden deck five storeys above ground or be tucked under a wall in a basement well. It is as happy in a Japanese garden as it is in a Mediterranean one. Once you get into the territory of lion's masks and fake lead troughs, you need more particular props: box hedges, lilies, a garden made with nostalgia in mind.

A lion's mask (or any other kind of waterspout) will need to be fixed against something solid, so this

kind of water feature is likely to be tucked against a wall, with the water falling from the lion's mouth into a trough below. The water will make more of a splashing noise than the gently bubbling pebble fountain, but the water itself can be recycled in just the same way.

If you want a proper pool, your gardening life will become more complicated and more expensive. A pool can't be dropped into place as easily as a lion's mask spout. It needs to link in with the overall plan of the garden. You may want it sited so that you can see it from inside the house. You may want it next to a sitting-out area. If you have a conservatory tacked on to the back of the house, you could do something tricky and have half the pool inside the conservatory, half outside.

The position of the pool will be affected by the way you decide to install it: dug out so that the water is at ground level, or built up so you avoid the mess and expense of excavating. With both it is the finish that

is important. There may be practical reasons why digging out is not an option. Many town houses have no rear access: there is no way you can get even a mini-digger into place and all earth has to be carted out through the hall. But a built-up pool will work only if, in a visual sense, it is properly "anchored" to the ground and the rest of its surroundings.

A box hedge planted round the retaining wall of the pool will do this and give the charming effect (provided that you design the lip of the pool with a light hand) that the water itself is held only in a bowl of box. Or you can make a virtue of the raised retaining wall round a pool and treat it as a garden seat, extending the lip with wooden slats. You could render the wall and plant it with ivy.

Whether the pool is raised or excavated, the edging will make or break it. The designer Arabella Lennox-Boyd, who scooped the Best Garden award at the Chelsea Flower Show this year, brought the grass surround of her pool right up

to the water's edge, with no paving in between. The effect was stunning though some gloom and doom merchants saw difficulties in edging grass in such a situation. I'd say it was worth the effort 10 times over, and not difficult if you edge with a tool such as single-handed sheep shears. You could then hold the tufts of grass in your other hand to stop most of it falling in the water.

The shape of a pool matters, too; the simpler the better. In the long, narrow configuration of a typical town garden, a circular pool, set centrally, will break up the space and work profitably against the geometry if you have brick paths or a brick patio, then the surround of the pool (if there is to be one) should be brick, too. The smaller the garden, the fewer different materials you should use in it. The pool needn't be planted, but a simple reflecting pool works best if it is painted black inside. I'd still have a jet installed, even if it rarely jetted. The noise of water is an important reason for having it in the first place.

## FACT FILE

Mark Anthony Walker Landscape Architects, 1 College Street, St Albans, Herts AL3 4PW (01727 840038). At Chelsea Mark Walker created the impossible: a wild, willow wetland crossed by a crisp modern deck. His decking was designed by Gunnar Orefelt at Orefelt Associates, 5 Haydens Place, London W11 (0171-243 3181).

Simon and Kate Harman, Dorking Aquatics, Tarn Hows, Broad Lane, Newdigate, Surrey RH5 5AT (01306 631064). Check them out at the Hampton Court Flower Show (9-12 July); they have taken Monet's paintings of his own water-garden as the inspiration for their display. A good contractor is Colin Withycombe, Park Garden

Services, 6 Shepherds Rise, Vernham Dean, Andover, Hants SP11 0HD (01264 737296).

Solar-powered fountains from Solar Solutions, 29 Wallis Street, Fishguard, Dyfed SA65 9HP (01348 874762) need no mains electricity cables. The standard version has a bigish glass solar panel, and costs £154. The deluxe version has a smaller, unbreakable panel, at £289. In sunny conditions both can pump 700 litres an hour. If it's raining, you probably won't be sitting by the pool anyway.

For ideas on designing a water feature with the safety of small children in mind, contact Tetra, Mitchell House, Southampton Road, Eastleigh, Hants SO50 9XD (01703 620500).

## WEEKEND WORK

- Tidy up plants that you do not wish to self-seed, such as aquilegia. Cut right down to the ground, these will soon produce mounds of fresh, new foliage. Cut out dead flowering stems from pulmonaria and other such spring-flowering plants.
- Tidy up clumps of iris, cutting out the flower stems and pulling away any withered foliage. Congested clumps can be split up as soon as flowering has finished. Choose pump rhizomes with new roots for replanting and set them so that the rhizome is above soil, with bone meal worked into the ground below.
- Dead head roses and peonies. The wet weather has caused the flowers of many roses to "ball" and rot on the stem before they have even come out. At least you can prevent the dead petals from smothering the buds to come, which may have better luck.
- Prune gooseberries as soon as you have finished picking the fruit. The bushes are best grown on a short leg, so cut out any growths that are springing from below this leg. Prune to keep the bush open and plenty of space between the branches. The more air that blows through them, the better.
- Continue to sow regular short rows of lettuce and radishes in the hope of achieving a smooth succession of produce. Continue to pinch

- out side growths from cordon tomatoes. Protect young plants of Brussels sprouts and other succulent greens from pigeons and slugs.
- New dahlia plants should be in the ground now, well protected against slugs. Pinch out the tops of young plants as they grow to make them bushy and tie the stems to strong stakes as soon as the growth becomes heavy. Stop chrysanthemums set out last month.



## CUTTINGS

EARLIER THIS year I wrote about Alison Pringle, who threw in her life as an artist and etcher to retrain as a gardener by way of the National Trust's apprenticeship scheme. The Trust is now seeking applicants for its new intake of students, to start work this September. There are 10 places for people of 16-19 and two for adult trainees. Adults start their training either at Anglesey Abbey in Cambridgeshire or at Hinton Ampner in Hampshire.

The apprenticeship programme lasts for three years. Students get paid and the training combines practical skills and experience gained at Trust gardens with block release study courses held at Bickton College in Devon. Apprenticeships are available in Trust gardens in Cornwall, Devon, Suffolk, Warwickshire, north Wales, Wiltshire, Dorset, Derbyshire and Kent. There has never been a better time to become a gardener, and this is a Rolls-Royce training. For details contact John McKinnell (01208 285245).

ROBERT FORTUNE, the plant collector who brought the kumquat to Britain and introduced tea to India, has become one of only a handful of horticulturists to

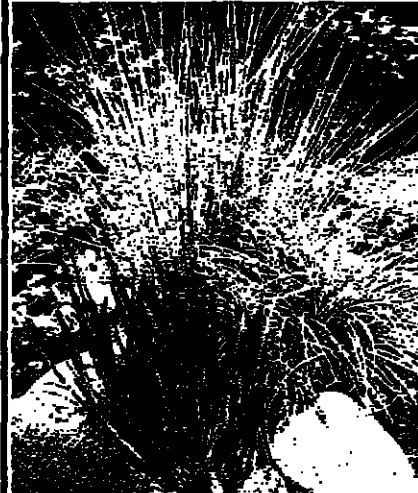
be honoured by an English Heritage blue plaque. It marks the three-story, stucco-faced house at 9 Giltston Road, London SW10, where Fortune lived for more than 20 years until his death in 1880. Fortune travelled in China, Japan, Java and the Philippines, surviving storms, fevers and pirate attacks. As well as the kumquat he introduced tree peonies, the golden larch, the fan palm and many rhododendrons and azaleas. Think of him when you plant *Weigela florida*, *Jasminum nudiflorum*, *Prunus triloba* or *Cryptomeria japonica*. They are all his plants.

DOES FENG SHUI matter in the garden? Not as much as decent soil and a sheltered aspect, I'd say, but Roni Jay, author of *Feng Shui in Your Garden* (Thorsons, £9.99) disagrees. If you too think that the straight lines of trees are improved by zig-zag paper hangings (to calm the chi), this is compulsory reading. No garden can have good feng shui unless it contains water. But will I ever get around to making the boat-shaped basket entwined with blue ribbon to float on the water and steady the flow of this endlessly demanding chi? I can't see it.

ANNA PAVORD

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# Wild and free in the woods

**Daniel Butler**  
follows a  
champion  
mushroom-gatherer  
on a summer  
foray through  
the forest

**L**IVE HOULDER'S enthusiasm is almost tangible. "The fairy rings are fantastic this year. I'm picking basket after basket and just keep coming." He is in his only full-time wild mushroom-collecting season, and this is turning out to be his best-ever season. Though most people think of mushrooms as an autumn crop, his year starts in April, building through the summer. "This began in March, which is not a pretty bleak, and has just gone." As a result, now is a good time for him to begin what can easily turn into an obsession. Indeed, already any people have begun to complain about over-picking, but he dismisses such concerns as less: "A mushroom is no more than a fungus - the fungal equivalent of an apple," he says. "So provided you cut them carefully and don't damage the underground structure, they should keep coming up after year." Several of the best species are flushing by the thousand and here for the taking. Pick of the month is undoubtedly the chanterelle, *Cantharellus cibarius*. It ranks alongside ceps and truffles, many claiming its delicate flavour is beaten only by truffles. But the last are almost impossible to find without a trained dog or pig, and chanterelles are there for the taking as you get the hang of spotting them.

Though bright yellow, this delicate trumpet of a mushroom is surprisingly hard to identify amidst the leaf mould. Foraging the ground in deciduous woodland - beech and chestnut are particularly good - and the ceps are that once one is spotted, further scrutiny will reveal a head of tiny golden flecks.



The chanterelle, hard to spot despite its distinctive yellow colouring

"The first ones are up," says Houlder. "And the first real flush will be here any day." There is only one species easily confused with the chanterelle: the false chanterelle, *Hygrophoropsis aurantiaca*. This makes indifferent eating, and is mildly poisonous to a small minority. For a novice the

differences can seem slight, but the real McCoy is more golden and its gills, which run down the stalk, frequently rejoin each other after separating. The best test, however, is the smell. The true chanterelle has a distinct aroma of apricots that can be positively overpowering in quantity.

The slight element of doubt of this caveat is certain to put off most beginners. Nil desperandum: there are other unmistakable species on hand. Most obvious is the giant puffball, *Langermannia gigantea*, which even the most timid budding mycologist will be able to name with certainty. This spherical mushroom

can grow to two-and-a-half feet in diameter and - as one guidebook points out - the only possible confusion is with a discarded football (unfortunately the latter are all too common in its favoured habitat of nettle-filled hedges and old rubbish tips). These are also coming up early this year.

Chicken of the Woods, *Laetiporus sulphureus*, is another distinctive species. This is a parasite that grows, plate-like, on the sides of deciduous trees, particularly oak, chestnut and beech. As its Latin name suggests, this is a sulphurous yellow when in prime condition, although later it pales to a chalky

white and is decidedly tough and flavourless. If the vivid colour of young specimens worries those of a nervous disposition, its great benefit is that it is almost impossible to mistake. If you find a bright yellow dinner-plate stuck to the side of an oak, there are no alternative candidates. Better still, it makes excellent eating, with a good, nutty flavour and firm meaty texture that live up to its name. Indeed, the last is almost its most important gastronomic attribute as - unlike most fungi - it can be casserolled and remain intact.

Most common of all is the purple-brown lobes of Jew's Ear, *Auricularia auricula-judae*. Its traditional and Latin names derive from its close resemblance to a human ear and the fact it grows on elms, the tree on which Judas reputedly hanged himself.

This fungus grows all year round and, again, is almost impossible to mistake. Its drawback is that it is not the most edible of wild fungi, requiring slow simmering for at least half an hour to break down the rubbery texture. It comes into its own, however, when dried, powdered and used as a flavouring.

Beginners could do worse than start with the fairy ring champignon, *Marasmius oreades*. This, as its name suggests, grows in dense rings of little fawn caps. It has the advantage of being fairly common and it makes excellent eating. The stalks are tough, however, and harvesting them is a case for scissors rather than the mushroom picker's more usual knife. Unfortunately, there is a similar poisonous species and care should be taken, but the two can easily be told apart by looking at the junction of gills and stem. *Marasmius* curve back up into the cap, while those of its toxic rival, *Citocybe rivulosa*, curve towards the ground.

Meanwhile, Clive Houlder's advice to new wild fungi hunters is to follow some basic rules: "Ask the landowners' permission; always use a knife - this avoids damage to the crucial subsoil structure; and have a really good field guidebook. The last is just to help you sleep - you'll be too scared of making a mistake for there to be any danger."

*How to identify Edible Mushrooms* by Harding, Lyon and Tomblin (Collins, £9.99) is an excellent pocket guide. Beginners may prefer 'The Ultimate Mushroom Book' by Peter Jordan and Steven Wheeler (Lorenz Books, £16.95) copies of which are available from TMB, Poppy Cottage, Station Road, Burnham Market, Norfolk PE31 8HA (01228-738941).

## What's on this weekend

**BY SOME** Pig's at Norfolk Nog Summer Light this weekend the suitable setting of a Kentish st. house. The Hop Farm at Belting is hosting a Summer Beer Festival where you can sample a selection of more than 90 British beers, and live a traditional camping summer, aided by modern technology and maybe a pint of Pilsener. Teetotalers can have fun exploring the east coast, meeting ant shire horses and investigating a Happy Hop's adventure around.

See in Britain Festival, 27 and 28 June 11am onwards the Hop Farm Country Park, Belting, Puddock Road, Kent (01622 872068, <http://www.uk-travelguide.co.uk/hop-farm/index.htm>). Day tickets, adults £5, children £3.

SALLY KINDBERG



## Beware the bracken fronds

Avoid ferny ground this summer: the plants harbour ticks carrying a debilitating disease. By Malcolm Smith

**WHAT COULD** be healthier? A summer walk across some of Britain's finest hills and moors, fresh air, and the pungent, earthy aroma of bracken as you crush it underfoot. The answer, it seems, is the very same walk, but avoiding as much of the bracken as possible.

For bracken is the ideal plant to harbour ticks - tiny blood-sucking parasites - which can carry bacteria that cause Lyme disease, a debilitating condition not unlike arthritis.

In extreme cases, the disease can be fatal. More worrying still, its incidence is increasing and it is almost certain to increase further as climate change brings generally warmer, and sometimes wetter, weather, just what the ticks thrive on in their bracken hideaways.

At the same time, the area of land covered by bracken, a toughie of a fern that has already spread over 2.5 million acres of Britain, is expanding - especially in our national parks and other hill areas popular with walkers.

Named after Old Lyme in Connecticut, where the disease was first diagnosed in the Seventies, Lyme disease affects some domestic and wild animals as well as man, but is carried by others, seemingly without causing them ill health. The first sign

is a granular-looking rash in the vicinity of the bite - though what makes diagnosis problematic is that around four in every 10 people infected get no such reddening. The bacteria go on to cause a general flu-like feeling with loss of appetite and insomnia. If not treated at this stage, the disease becomes chronic. The nervous system and joints suffer, particularly the larger ones - hence the severe arthritis that can be so debilitating. Yet treatment with antibiotics early on can stop Lyme disease in its tracks.

Roy Brown, professor of country-

side management at Manchester Metropolitan University, who is an expert on bracken and its problems, has followed the growing incidence of the disease. In some parts of the North York Moors he recorded nine ticks per square metre of vegetation in 1979 (when he first began his records; this number has risen consistently over the intervening years, to reach 33 last year. He has recorded a similar pattern in the Quantocks and elsewhere.

"Numbers are looking very high this summer, particularly now, which is their peak time, because the weather

has been ideal. Only a few hundred cases of Lyme disease are recorded in Britain each year but many more go unrecorded. It often isn't diagnosed. In the United States, where it is now second to HIV as the most widely reported persistent infection, there were 12,000 new cases last year. In Croatia, where it has really taken off, I know that there were perhaps 20 cases annually 15 years ago. Last year 1,800 were reported there.

"Because bracken is spreading and our climate warming, it is certain to continue to increase here, too."

Bracken is an excellent tick habitat. To survive all stages in their life cycle, these little suckers need high humidity and protection from extremes of temperature - drying out, especially - something that growing bracken can provide par excellence in spring and summer. In winter, the rusty brown, dead growth is equally protective. But bracken is also perfect as a launching-pad for hungry ticks. They can climb up the fronds and simply wait until a human being, dog or another animal brushes past. Bare skin is ideal. And while legs are particularly vulnerable, don't forget that bracken it can grow to 6ft in height; it

can easily be chest high.

One of the world's most successful plants, bracken grows on every continent except Antarctica. "In Britain," says Professor Brown, "it's particularly bad in eastern Scotland, Cumbria, the North York Moors, much of Wales and the south west of England. It's spreading on to many roadside verges and in the uplands by as much as 3 per cent in area each year."

Once bracken is established it is difficult to eradicate, because it grows from a dense mass of underground rhizomes.

Over most of Britain, there are now no grants available to eradicate it. Farmers are reluctant to cut it because of the enormous labour involved. Machine cutting may be out of the question, since it often grows on uneven ground. Spraying with a bracken-specific herbicide is expensive, because it usually has to be done by helicopter, and may also run the unacceptable risk of contaminating water supplies.

Longer frost-free periods, more summer sun to provide warm growing conditions, and a damper climate, are just what bracken needs. So, too, do the ticks that spread Lyme disease. In spite

### DO'S AND DON'TS

**Do:** wear long-sleeved shirts and trousers; wear brightly coloured clothes so that the ticks are visible; tuck trousers into boots or socks; check for ticks on your clothing and body after a walk; remove any with sharp-pointed tweezers using a twisting action (if the mouthparts of the tick break off under the skin, consult your GP immediately); spray dogs with insect-repellent powder

**Don't:** wear shorts, skirts or rolled up sleeves; burst blood-engorged ticks or squash them with your fingers; ignore any localised rashes around the bite (seek medical attention)

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Raoul Millais' portrait of Greyskin, stolen in November

# The artist, the missing horse and the clairvoyant

THE PAINTING shown here was stolen from the home of the veteran artist Raoul Millais in the early hours of 1 November last year, a couple of weeks after his 96th birthday. Thieves broke into his 15th-century manor-house in Oxfordshire at about 3am and made away with a haul of paintings, ceramic figures and sculpture worth many thousands of pounds.

Later that morning his step-daughter, Karol Maxwell, remembered that a medium who lived in a Welsh castle had once located two terriers that went missing from a cousin's home. When Karol rang Mrs Sullivan and asked her to help, she said she needed a piece from one of the stolen objects to work from, so into the post went the toe of a Chinese ceramic figure broken off in the raid, and a nail from which one of the pictures had been hanging.

A couple of nights later, Karol and her husband Simon came home to find a message on their answering machine. Mrs Sullivan reported, with precise directions, that the hoard was in a barn - one of a group of disused farm buildings - on the Swinbrook estate, only 10 minutes' drive from Raoul's home. Luckily Simon knew the agent, so he rang and asked the man to meet him at the barn immediately.

A search of the building revealed nothing. But almost before it had been completed, Mrs Sullivan was on the line again to say that the stolen goods were by then at Minster Lovell, a couple of miles farther east. Next she saw the loot in a white van, heading southwards down the M25 and the M2 into Kent. Finally she said that the pictures had been shipped abroad through Ramsgate, but that the other objects had gone to Folkestone.

The police did not discount Mrs Sullivan's commentary; indeed, they let on that they had used a clairvoyant to help locate bodies buried by the Gloucester mass murderer Frederick West. But they are now confident that they know the identity of the thieves, and they believe that the loot is still in England, held by some receiver or shady dealer until the air clears.

The villagers must have known that the man they robbed was extremely old, because they had staked out the premises beforehand. What they could not have been aware of was that the picture they stole was his absolute favourite, with a fascinating little saga behind it.

Raoul found Greyskin in 1893 on a mountainside in Wales. His owner claimed that he had won all but two of his 22 point-to-point races, and was so full of energy that he often

When a favourite portrait was stolen, the painter and huntsman Raoul Millais took unusual steps to find it. By Duff Hart-Davis



An amazing survivor - Raoul Millais at work in his Oxfordshire studio

tried to go round the course again. Raoul bought him for £35 and brought him back to hunt in the Beaufort country, where he went like the wind for several seasons, only just under control, with his rider usually managing to pull him up "just before we reached the outskirts of

Bristol". Then in 1937 Greyskin put his foot in a hole at full gallop and turned two forward somersaults. The local parson, riding behind, began mentally reciting the funeral service, for when Raoul came up for the first time, still in the saddle, his head seemed to be far lower than

before. The horse was unhurt, but Raoul was carried off on a gate, with a bone in his neck broken and his back dislocated.

Although the accident effectively ended his hunting career, it by no means shortened his life. Sixty-one years later, he looks back on that

slight mishap with memory undimmed. In general, possessions now mean little to him, but he is seriously disheartened by the loss of this one glorious picture, which he painted after the Second World War in affectionate memory of the animal that nearly killed him.

I can vouch for the fact that Raoul is an amazing survivor, for I have been working with him, on and off, over the past 18 months, writing an illustrated biography of him.

He was already 94 when I began work on the book, and at the outset I had to make a tricky decision. Since he was still very much alive I could hardly write in the past tense, as if he were dead - yet, equally, it seemed risky to use the present ("He fires off witty letters every day", and so on) as neither I nor his family could be sure that he would live to see publication.

I took the risk - and happily he is still with us. Even better, we are still on speaking terms: I have had four letters from him in the past week alone, all full of ridiculous jokes. Although a bit bent, and less now than his original 6ft 4in, he is still a commanding figure, his beautiful manners those of the archetypal Edwardian country gentleman.

In some ways writing his life was a nightmare, for he never retained letters or other papers, and he scattered his own pictures about with abandon. For 50 years, from the Twenties to the Seventies, he painted sporting pictures with immense industry, yet he kept no records of where they went, and he gave away dozens to people who incautiously praised them. A visitor had only to say, "Isn't that marvellous!" for him to reply, "Oh - do you like it? Do have it, then."

On the other hand, he had repeatedly written up episodes of his own life, polishing and repolishing draft after draft. The trouble was that, although he commands a sharp and humorous turn of phrase, he has never had the knack of running short pieces together into a continuous narrative.

Thus I took over a huge bundle of papers which contained four, five, six versions of the same stories, each slightly different, and usually losing vitality the more they were worked over.

Our hope now is that the book, if it does nothing else, will flush out the painting of Greyskin, and restore it to its rightful place on the wall of Raoul's sitting-room.

*'Raoul Millais: His Life and Work'* is published by Swan Hill Press, £35



The acquisitive jackdaw

## NATURE NOTE

OWNERS OF old houses should keep an eye on their chimneys, for there is a good chance that jackdaws will have nested in them, and if fires are not cleared during summer, the first fire on a chilly autumn evening may set off a spectacular blaze aloft.

The grey-capped birds - cousins of rooks and crows - always seek out enclosed spaces, and seem to like nesting close to man. If they gain access to roof spaces, they sometimes build colossal structures, adding to them year after year. They live in colonies of large families, and although less notorious than magpies for

robbing other birds' nests, they do eat eggs.

Like magpies, they have a reputation for general thieving. Experiments in which children set out shiny objects confirmed that jackdaws are attracted by bright trinkets, perhaps thinking they are drops of water, and sometimes carry them off - a habit reflected in the Victorian poem by the Rev R.H. Barham about the jackdaw of Rheims, which stole the archbishop's ring, was cursed and fell ill - but then recovered when the curse was lifted, and turned devout.

DUFF HART-DAVIS

## WEEKEND WALK

# In Cowslip fields where Shakespeare roamed

Matthew Brace strolls to Snitterfield, in Warwickshire, where the Bard once trod

ABOUT 2.5 million tourists scuffed their sneakers on Stratford's streets last year, but though the locals may moan and complain about the intrusion, it is still a cosy place. Just beyond the outskirts lie some beautiful walks. One is to the village of Snitterfield. Americans consider this to be one of the most amusing of English place names, and many of them collapse with laughter whenever it is mentioned. It is one of my favourite villages, full of beauty and history.

Shakespeare's uncle Henry is believed to have farmed here, and a leaning barn from the homestead still stands on a corner beyond the church. The Bard's grandfather, Richard, is thought to have lived in a house on Church Road, and to have been buried in the church.

Start at Shakespeare's birthplace on Henley Street in Stratford, head down an alley between it and the library, cross the road and go up Great William Street. Beyond a canal bridge, this turns into Maidenhead Road and you need to walk the length of it until it runs out of houses and turns into fields. A footpath leads you through a tunnel of trees and over a sloping field to an old water tower.

This is a good place to take a breather and look down over the roofs of Stratford, with Holy Trinity Church nestling among them. The path leads past some stables and through a gate and stile next to a large mound of earth - a water storage plant of some sort.

From here you can follow the main track, but it is worth ducking off it and picking your way through the woods between the horse chestnut trees. The land dips into hollows and secret valleys. Most of it is densely wooded, but the trees do not grow thickly enough to make the going tough.

You will come out on top of the hill near two trees - a Scots pine, and a lime that was struck by lightning one wild night almost 15 years ago. From here you can look down on the chimneys of the exclusive Welcome Hotel. Beyond it stands the Needle, a stone obelisk erected in memory of Mark Phillips - a local Victorian MP, not Princess Anne's former husband.

Turn through 180 degrees and head for the coniferous wood on the skyline. Walking through it, avoiding any saplings, it is not hard to imagine A.A. Milne taking inspiration from it for Pooh's Hundred Acre Wood. When the wind blows through the high branches here, it really does whisper.

The wood runs up to a

fence where you need to turn left. You may first have to follow it down to a kissing-gate near the obelisk and then backtrack up the other side.

This path will take you along the edge of a field, across a stream and past some farm buildings and a pond. Eventually you get to Snitterfield fruit farm, where scores of local children once spent their hard-earned summer holidays picking strawberries with their parents, and moaning that they would rather be out with their friends.

You will come out on King's Lane. Turn right and walk to its junction with Ingon Lane, where you need to turn left and follow the road across a busy new bypass to a stone memorial cross at the top of White Horse Hill.

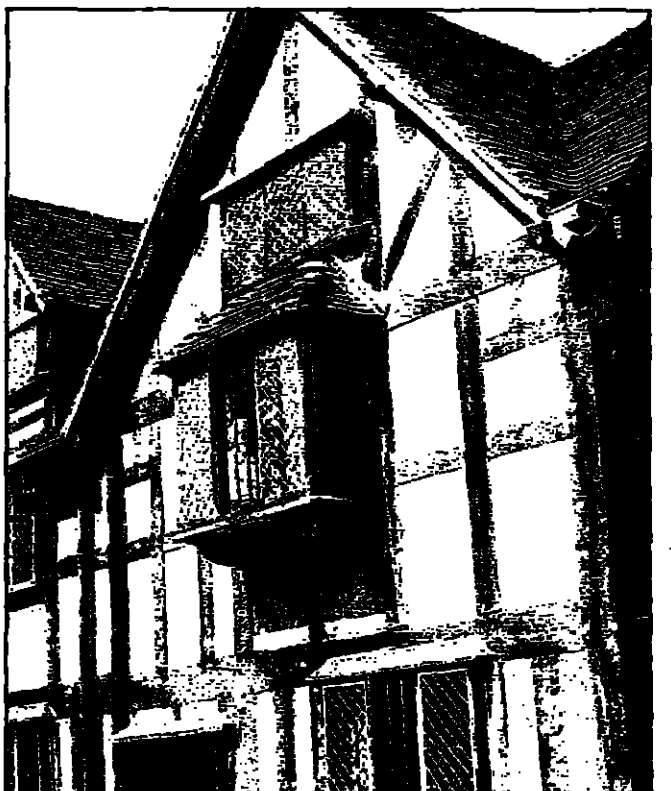
The stone bench here is a little hard on the behind, but the view across the Avon valley will ease the pain. When the air is fresh and clear you can see for miles, right over to Edge Hill - site of the first major battle in the Civil War.

From here the road falls into the village, and at the crossroads the Foxhunter awaits. A pint of Saddlers beer goes down well with some home-made faggots. If you're tempted to have a second helping of both, there's always a bus that will take you back to Stratford - but they do not run frequently, so check with the tourist board or Stagecoach before setting out.

From the Foxhunter follow your footsteps back down King's Lane to Round House Farm, where a path is marked leading off to the left. Follow the path along beside a field, cross a fence at the end and turn right, heading downhill past a copse, and eventually you will come to a gravel drive leading to Clifton house, a 17th-century manor-house. As with many old houses, legends abound: Clifton was purportedly a meeting-place for the conspirators in the Gunpowder Plot.

You are now on the outskirts of Stratford, and should easily find your way back, stopping off for a drink on the way. Refreshment is in plentiful supply in the town, which has one of the highest densities of pubs in Britain. For atmosphere and - in season - a chance to star-spot, head for the Dirty Duck on the river by the theatre. It's a summer favourite for townsfolk, tourists and actors alike, and it serves a welcome pint of Flowers Original Bitter.

Map: Ordnance Survey Landranger map 151. Stratford-upon-Avon Tourist Office: 01789 293127.



Shakespeare's birthplace

David Hunter/MSI



# It's time to hit the bottle

Whether it's hot and sunny or cool and cloudy, there's something hugely appealing about eating outside in the summer. If barbecues get your mouth watering, do more than just placing a few sausages on the grill this year and try some sauces to put with or on your drumsticks



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## THE TASTE OF ... SOY SAUCE

IT'S THE Japanese equivalent of salt and pepper. You'll find it on every table, it's added to nearly every dish, and it's now becoming so popular in the West that the major producer, Kikkoman, has recently opened a brewery in The Netherlands just to cater for the European demand for soy sauce.

Although Chinese and Japanese soy sauce have the same name and the same main ingredient, the Japanese claim that they are really very different products. Japanese soy sauce uses more wheat, is sweeter and less salty in taste, and can take up to a year to ferment, as opposed to the 30 days commonly used for Chinese soy sauce - hence its greater cost.

One of the major areas of soy sauce production in Japan is the Chiba prefecture, to the east of Tokyo. In Choshi, the third biggest fishing port, Yamasa has been making the dark, aromatic liquid since 1645. The company says that the confluence of warm and cold Pacific Ocean currents on Japan's eastern seaboard makes this the ideal location for brewing top-quality soy sauce.

Inland, at Noda, Kikkoman offer the public guided tours of their brewery (to arrange a guided tour, telephone the head office in Tokyo on 813 3233 5610 and ask for the international operation division). However, most visitors to the prefecture probably know the area better as the home of Tokyo Disneyland, which opened in 1983 in Urayasu city, just across the river from Tokyo.

The practice of seasoning dishes with soy sauce originated in China, but about 1,500 years ago Buddhist monks took the tradition to Japan. Soy sauce, or *shoyu*, was first commercially manufactured in the 16th century and was exported to Europe about 100 years later. It is said to have been the secret seasoning served at the court



banquets of Louis XIV. There are two main types of soy sauce - light and dark. Dark is the most common but light, which is paler and stronger, can be used when you don't want to give a dish colour. There are also local variations. Tamari, which is made in central Honshu, is a wheat-free soy sauce with a stronger, sharper taste and Shottsu, which is made in the Akita province in the north, has a pale yellow colour.

Like fine wine, naturally brewed soy sauce should be treated with care, say its manufacturers. High temperatures and direct exposure to the air encourage oxidation, which may lead to the sauce losing flavour and aroma. Always screw the cap on the bottle tightly and store it somewhere cool. The Japanese food expert Lesley Downer recommends keeping a large bottle of soy sauce in the fridge and decanting it into a smaller dispenser for the table.

When cooking with soy sauce, to keep both the taste and the aroma it is best to add it to a dish at the last minute. And don't just think of soy sauce as an ingredient for oriental recipes. Yamasa recommend using their soy sauce with a wide range of dishes - including beef stew, barbecued chicken and Greek salad.

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How the Ralph Lauren brochures show paint samples: colours are mostly off the wall and are presented as couture items. From the left: denim to wear; satin evening gown; walls painted in chambray; suede dress. Farrow & Ball, meanwhile, take a more conventional approach with their brochure (far right)

# What the best-dressed walls are wearing this season

NO LONGER satisfied with its monopoly on brightly coloured sweaters, Benetton has turned its attention to interiors, and has filled the shelves at B&Q with pots of brightly coloured household paint. There are currently 18 suitably vibrant shades to choose from, all of which scream through their distinctive see-through pots (designed with the customer's convenience in mind no more messing around prising the lid off the wrong pot by mistake), and there are three special-effect finishes: Metallic, Denim and Rag & Roll.

Benetton's assault on the interiors market is, according to its PR office, simply a reaction to market forces. "Benetton is famous for bringing colour into people's lives through its clothes and accessories, and the company is responding to a huge surge of interest in home decoration and DIY." They also point out that the company's official name is United Colors of Benetton, and that paint is an obvious extension of that brand image.

The glossy paint brochure (featuring the usual weird close-ups of pubescent teenagers), contains little stuck-in squares of card on to which paint samples have been applied. The 18 "colours" look good, but the metallic finish is more snail-trail than metal sheen; the Jeans range just looks uneven, hardly the texture of denim; and the Rag & Roll is as mottled as you might expect - rag rolling went out in the late Eighties and should not be encouraged to come back.

According to B&Q, Benetton's paint sales so far have been good. The company is not the first fashion label to enter the paint arena. Next and Marks & Spencer both sell paint as well as clothes - the difference, however, is that they also sell bedlinen, furniture and wallpaper and their decision to sell paint as well seems quite logical. Similarly, Ralph Lauren has extended his interiors collection to include paint. But, unlike Next and M&S, Ralph Lauren peddles paints in the same way he



Textures as home decoration - Ralph Lauren paint swatches, from left: grey flannel; satin; suede; denim

When is magnolia not magnolia? When it's a heritage white. From clothes retailers to the National Trust, designer paint ranges are all the rage. By Charlotte Packer

sells his clothes and perfume: it's all about aspirations and lifestyle.

The Ralph Lauren paint catalogue is subtitled *Lifestyles*, and it contains five collections: Thoroughbred, Safari, Country, Santa Fe and Sport. The words that accompany the charts are as purple as Duke's Vineyard, a deep maroon from the Thoroughbred collection, and are occasionally oddly specific. Sport, we are told, is a range of colours that "create bold definition for a ski lodge or a beach house". So, no good for the spare room then.

I'm sure the paints are lovely, and his faded white collection (32 different shades), is regarded with something approaching reverence among style-conscious Americans, particularly the dazzling Design Studio White. But in my opinion the best thing about them is the unashamedly all-American tin emblazoned with a customised version of the Stars and Stripes.

It is easy to laugh at Ralph Lauren's pompously and improbably named paints, safe in the knowledge that we'd never be so foolish as to

part with cash in exchange for so obvious a marketing ploy: buy Ralph's paint and invitations to watch polo will follow. But the fact is, we have already been seduced by a far subtler piece of

lifestyle marketing: "heritage". Farrow & Ball's range of paints for the National Trust, which come in smart tins bearing the Trust's familiar oak leaf, triggered the trend. Readers of glossy interiors magazines will, no doubt, have noticed the regularity with which the com-

pany crops up in the decorating details that accompany house features.

The growing popularity of these paints among stylish DIYers is based on the notion of authenticity: originally aimed at the restoration trade rather than the domestic market. The National Trust's collection

was created in the Eighties when the Trust decided to put its name to the traditional paints Farrow & Ball had been supplying for all its refurbishment works.

The classy, subdued tones that make up the company's own Archive Collection and National Trust range, are based on original colours made according to traditional formulations, and come with intriguing and often eccentric names: Mouse's Back, Lamp Room Grey, Dead Salmon, and Bone, to name just a few. People either love them or loathe them; they eulogise about their Lime White or Octagon Yellow, or complain how dull and drab the colours are. The chic but pricey (26) colour chart comprises 95 samples hand-painted on card in soft chalk emulsion, with brief histories of the colours.

Farrow & Ball is not the only company to be enjoying success with traditional colours. Dulux, following its lead, launched a rival collection three years ago. Called simply the Heritage Collection, it consists of 160 or so colours organised into three

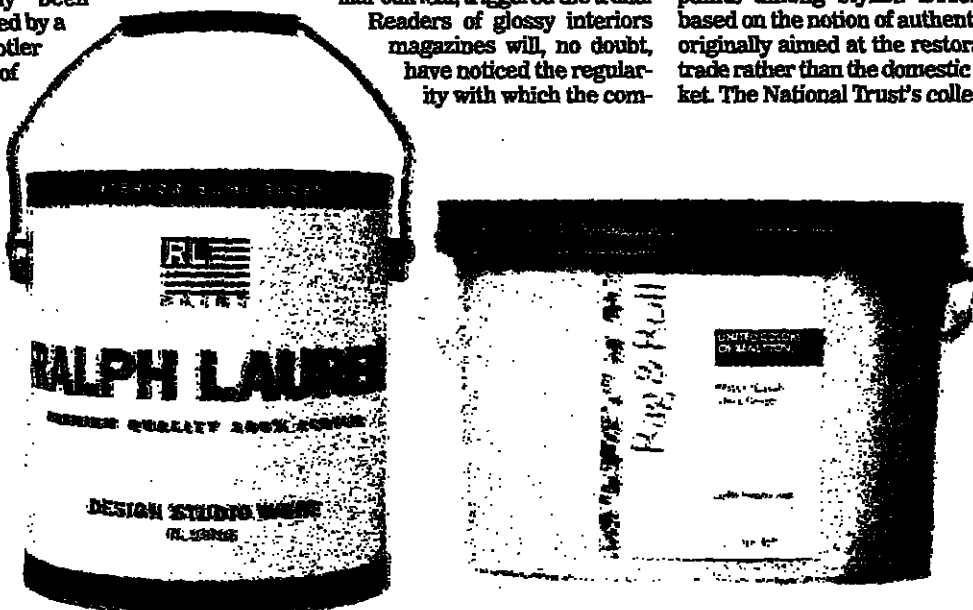
palettes: Georgian, Victorian and Edwardian, & Art Deco.

As with Farrow & Ball, Dulux created its collection from original recipes and archive colours. Because it spans several centuries, there is a greater tonal variety within the range, and it is the brighter, Victorian section of Dulux's colour chart that has proved really popular. This year has seen soaring interest in all yellows and Picture Gallery Red (a strong, gingery red), although Dulux Heritage White remains the best-seller.

You could be forgiven for thinking that magnolia had acquired a new lease of life as a fashionable colour for the discerning, rather than being merely a popular choice for the unimaginative. There are currently a number of "whites" available under the heritage and lifestyle banners, such as New White (Farrow & Ball), Dune White (Ralph Lauren) and Heritage White (Dulux), which look very much like magnolia and are selling well. But if you have just painted your sitting-room in one of the above colours, don't panic. You haven't been labouring under a misapprehension: none of these is the true magnolia, which in fact has a British Standard number.

Yet almost all paint manufacturers, whether they have been using traditional, lifestyle or heritage marketing strategies, have reported an increased interest in colour (which should please Benetton) and yellow is strongly tipped to become the next magnolia.

United Colors of Benetton paints £11.95 for 2.5 litres, available from B&Q; call 0181-466 4166 for details of your nearest branch. Farrow & Ball estate emulsion, £16.99 for 2.5 litres, free delivery in mainland Britain; call 01202 576141 for nearest stockist and mail order; also available at Homebase. Ralph Lauren paint can be ordered through the Bond Street store; call 0171-491 4467. Dulux paints £13.99 for 2.5 litres; call 01753 550 555.



# Summer bargains on the home front

Whether you live in a palace or a pied à terre, you can spruce it up with a little something from the shelves of housewares on sale now

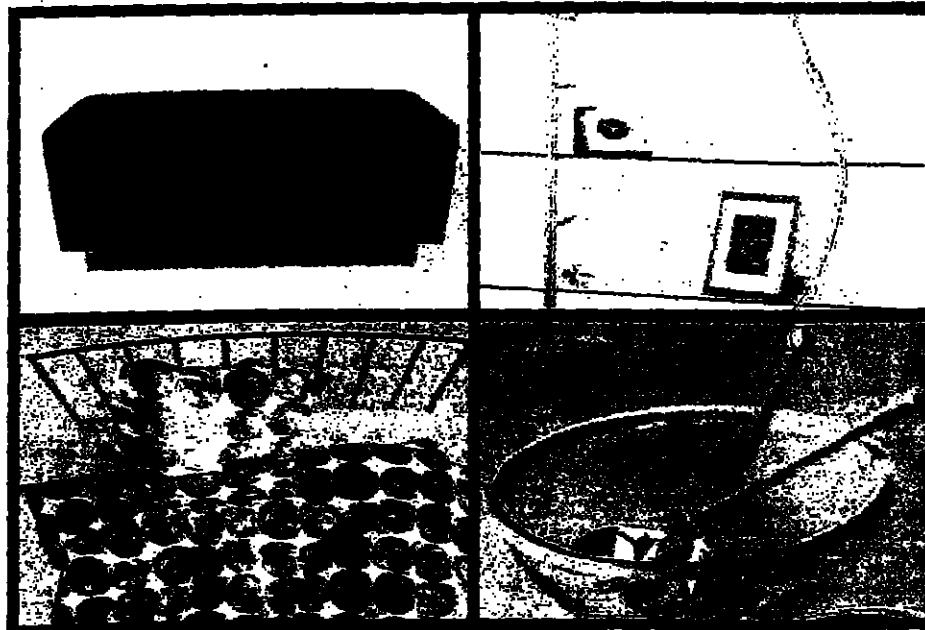
THE SUMMER sale season is here again - so it's time to indulge in some serious home therapy. Furniture and accessories bargains are particularly good this year. The Aero shop sale starts today and continues until 2 August at 96 Westbourne Grove, London, W2 (0171-221 1950). There will also be Aero warehouse sales on 27-28 June and 4-5 July, at 46 Weir Road, Wimbledon, SW19 (0181-971 0022). Reductions include 15 per cent off Wave Shelving, which is now £135, K9 CD racks reduced from £65 to £22.50 and 15 per cent off all new upholstery orders, including the Grove sofa.

The Pier summer sale started yesterday and runs until 19 July at all 14 of its UK stores. The sale stock includes a special purchase Massimo bed table and four chairs for £49. There are reductions of 25 per cent on Tuscan and Umbria dining furniture as well as on textiles and china.

If you can't find what you're looking for at Aero or The Pier, try the House of Fraser sale, 3 July to 2 August (to 3 August in Scotland). Call 0171-963 2000 for details. You could pick up a Meyer six-piece non-stick cookware set, with stay-cool handles and tempered glass lids, for £80 instead of the usual £150, or splash out on an extravagant silver-plated salad bowl and servers for £14 instead of £21.

Meanwhile Dickins and Jones (0171-734 7070) is offering 20-30 per cent off bedlinen, furniture and glassware, including a Wallace & Sewell tablecloth reduced from £87.50 to £35.

Also starting on 3 July is Graham & Green's sale, at 4, 7 & 10 Elgin Crescent, London, W11 (0171-727 4594) and 154 Regents Park Road, London NW1 (0171-586 2960), including fabric, linen, furniture, cookware and lighting. Best deals include £45 off a Mulberry holdall, making



Clockwise from far left: Grove sofa, Aero (0171 221 1950); Wave shelving, £135, also Aero; silver plated salad bowl and servers, £14, House of Fraser (0171 963 2000); Cairn double duvet set, £29, Habitat (0645 334433)

it £180, Richard Sapper chairs down from £69 to £39 and an 18-in Horwood fish steamer for £15 instead of £26.

Also in London, Ciel Deco, at 187 New King's Road, SW6 (0171-731 0444) has all manner of imported French items for sale. A sunglasses case now costs £7; table mats cost £9.50 each. The sale will continue until stock runs out. Three other sales already under way are Habitat, The Source and Ikea. The Habitat sale (call 0645 334433 for details) started on 18 June and merchandise has been reduced by up to 50 per cent, so you'll have to be quick to find anything left. Items on sale include Milton CD storage boxes, reduced by £8 to £10, Cobalt blue Bomba vases are reduced to £15 each, and Cairn double duvet sets now reduced to £29.

The Ikea sale (0181-206 3600 for details) continues until 19 July. Friars dining tables are reduced by £169 to £129, Osterby rugs are re-

duced from £78 to £39, Kopper green sofas are reduced to £199 and fabric starts at £1 per metre.

The Source sale takes place at 26-40 Kensington High Street, London (0171-937 2626) and at 10 Harbour Parade, West Key, Southampton (01703 336141). It started last week and continues for four weeks. There are bargains in all departments including jumbo towels reduced from £29.50 to £14.75, chocolate-coloured velvet throws reduced by 50 per cent and pear-shaped vases reduced from £17.95 to £11.95.

Finally, from 11 July until 25 July, the General Trading Co has a sale at its stores at 144 Sloane Street in London (0171-730 0411), at 10 Argyle Street, Bath (01225 461507) and at 2-4 Dyer Street, Cirencester (01285 653314). A terracotta garden urn by St Jean de Fes is on sale at £146 instead of its usual price of £195.

RELIANNON BATTEN



Royal Antoinette teapot, £235, and teacup and saucer set, £70, Dickins and Jones (0171-734 7070)



Song de Chine eau de parfum, £15.50 for 100ml, from Crabtree and Evelyn (0171-603 1611 for stockists)



Royal Antoinette teacup and saucer set, £70, Dickins and Jones (0171-734 7070)



Traditional afternoon tea refreshments from 'Marguerite Patten's Complete Book of Teas' (Judy Platkins, £10.99) (0171-631 0710)

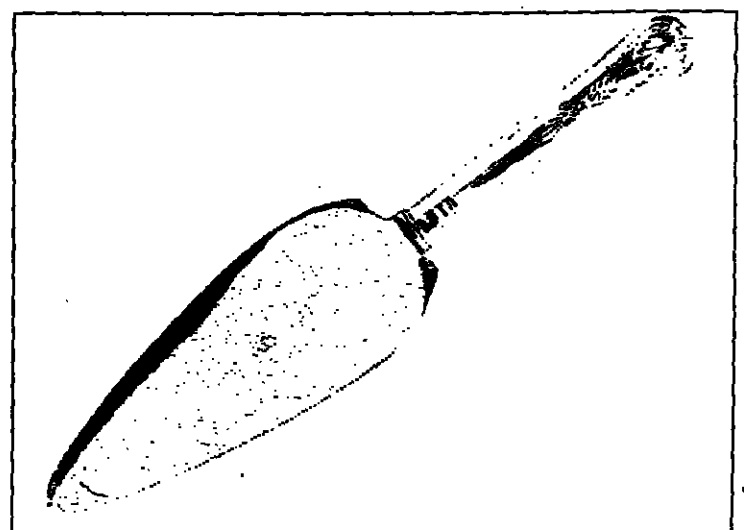
## Tea time



White seconds bone china, from £3.75 for a side plate, The White Company (0171-385 7988)



Table, £99; chair, £79; House of Fraser (0171-963 2236 for stockists)



Roberts and Dore silver cake slice, £29.95, Dickins and Jones (0171-734 7070)



Summer pudding instant iced tea, £4 for 500g, Whittard of Chelsea (0800 525 092)

THIS HAS been an important week for tea drinkers. For hundreds of years, there has been a weekly tea auction in London, where teas from up to 10 of the world's 25 tea-producing countries are auctioned. However, on Monday this tradition is to end and buyers will instead start trading directly with tea plantations or at local overseas auctions. It may sound like the death of a great tradition, but Illyd Lewis, executive director of the Tea Council, confirms that the cuppa is as popular as ever. The UK is the world's biggest tea consumer and 185 million cups of tea are sold each day in Britain. Coffee may recently have become hip – simply note the number of coffee bars opening

across the country – but more than twice as many cups of tea are drunk each day in this country. These days, the words "afternoon tea" bring a cornucopia of cosy English images to mind – sipping soothingly from china teacups and nibbling on dainty sandwiches in an English country garden or sitting in a quaint little cafe in an old market town with a big plate of scones.

According to Marguerite Patten, author of *The Complete Book of Teas* (Judy Platkins, £10.99), the elaborate tradition of afternoon tea, complete with delicate sandwiches and cake, was probably started as recently as the early 19th century when Anna, wife of the seventh Duke of Bedford, decided she needed

China cups, cake slices, silver spoons – afternoon tea is an elaborate ritual, and all the better for it. By Rhiannon Batten

ed something to fill the gap between lunch and dinner.

Some of the best accessories for afternoon tea can be found at Dickins and Jones (0171-734 7070), 224-244 Regent Street, London W1. They can provide delicate tea strainers, whimsical sugar bowls, tablecloths, cake slices; any budding Mad Hatters should pay a visit. Specialist kitchen shops also stock

teatime goods. The Elizabeth David Cookshop in Covent Garden (0171-836 9167) sells dessert forks for £1.99 each, dessert knives from £2.99 and silver cake slices from £1.10 to £3. For something more unusual, Kooks Unlimited, at 2 Eton Street, Richmond (0181-332 3030) stocks Mary Rose Young tea services, £40 for a teacup and saucer, in bright, rose-covered designs, and

quirky Carol Boyes pewter cake slices for £50. For entertaining, Summerhill and Bishop (0171-221 4566) is at 100 Portland Road, London and stocks handmade glass cake stands from £52.50.

If all this talk of afternoon tea gets you feeling nostalgic head to the Bramah Tea and Coffee Museum at Butlers Wharf in London (0171-378 0223). The museum has

exhibits detailing tea production and customs from all over the world, as well as a shop selling traditional teas, teapots, tea strainers, cups and saucers. The museum is a reminder of the days when everyone would stop for a cuppa, and when waiting for the tea to infuse for the necessary five minutes was the soul of the occasion. A round of tea would be poured out, then hot water would be added to the pot for a second round, and the ritual would begin again.

Tastes have changed, however and recently a host of "new" tea types has been introduced. Whittard of Chelsea (0800 525 092), the high-street chain, stocks all manner of teas, including flavoured green teas

and instant iced teas. You can even buy Darjeeling First Flush from the Margaret's Hope Estate.

Finally, as well as visiting specialist tea shops, there are other ways to enjoy the soothing nature of a good cup of tea. Crabtree and Evelyn's (0171-603 1611 for stockists) Song de Chine eau de toilette, £15.50 for 100ml, aims to create an air of calm and contemplation, perfect for a lazy summer afternoon tea out of doors. One of its key ingredients is oolong tea extract.

RHIANNON BATTEN

The Bramah Tea and Coffee Museum is open daily from 10am to 6pm. Admission £3.50 for adults and £2 for concessions.

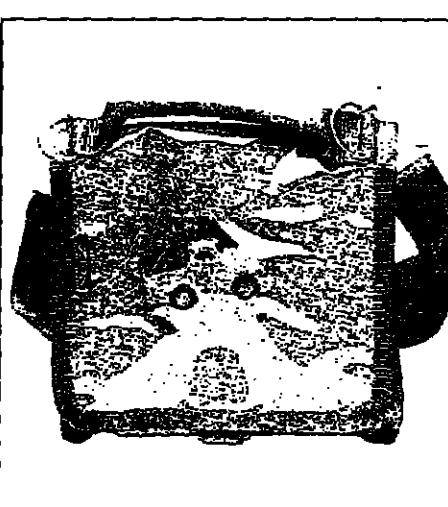
### GOOD THING



**Good thing**  
The Pod (left) is a miniature tent designed to protect babies from UV rays whilst parents can relax in the sunshine right alongside. It costs £49.95 (0131 555 1020 for mail order).

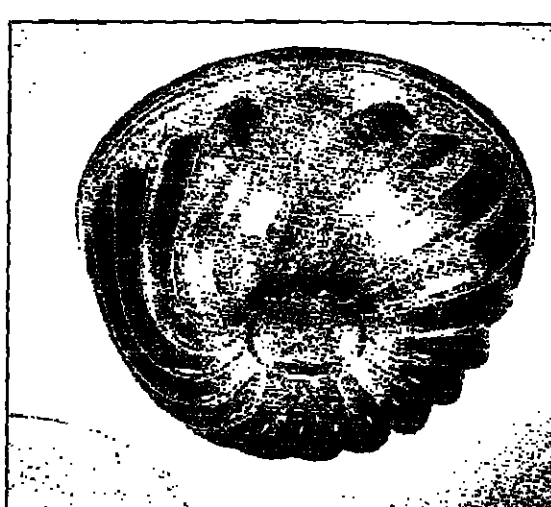
**Mad thing**  
ZPM's truck bags (right) can be worn as mini rucksacks, handbags or shoulder bags, and have little toy trucks in different colours tucked away on display behind the front cover. For keeping big kids and little kids happy on their travels, they cost £24.75 from ZPM (0171-370 5556 for mail order).

### MAD THING



**Same, The Bridge, 146 Brick Lane, London (0171-247 9992)**  
This new furniture and lighting shop opens on 2 July within the old Trumans Brewery site in East London. All the businesses within the complex are designed to promote a creative environment and Same certainly fits the brief. The proprietors, Piers Roberts and Kory Dodd, aim to showcase designers not usually seen in the UK. They insist that the items they sell must look

### SHOP TALK



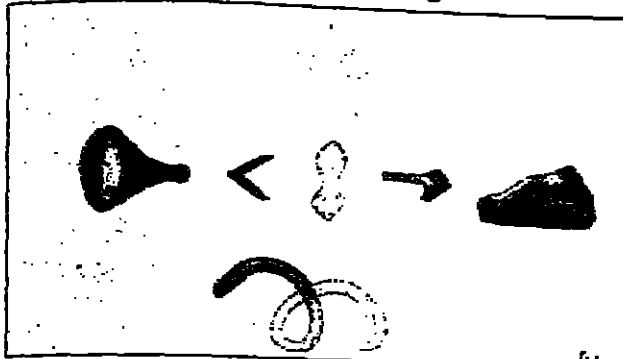
beautiful and also be prodded and laughed at – and should serve a purpose – preferably several. Beds by Müller, £500, can be stacked to create a space-saving sofa; bean bags double as emergency futons; even the shop's floor space is to have a split function. A shiny white space above Brick Lane is to be a gallery for rolling exhibitions. Prices range from £4 for a candle holder by Leitmotiv, to £2,500 for larger pieces of furniture.



# What happens when you say 'kiss'

William Hartston meets an artist with a challenging new theory about language

April is the cruellest month, breeding



Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing



Memory and desire, stirring



Dull roots with spring rain

BOW-WOW, pooh-pooh, ding-dong, yo-he-ho and la-la are not, as you might think, an assortment of country cousins of the Teletubbies, though they may have a profound effect on what the Teletubbies say. Bow-wow and his companions are, according to David Crystal's *Cambridge Encyclopedia of Language* the terms given, half-jokingly and half for ease of reference, to the five distinct theories about the original of language. The Danish linguist Otto Jespersen (1860-1943) listed the theories, and his followers gave them their pre-Teletubby names.

Bow-wow is the theory that words originated by people imitating the sounds of things encountered in nature. All words, the theory claims, began as onomatopoeia - which is fine for squealing cuckoos, but is unconvincing for the vast majority of the words in the language.

Pooh-pooh is a more instinctive version of Bow-wow. The idea here is that we began with shrieks and grunts that emerged naturally as signs of pain or emotion. You only have to spit, sigh, snarl and whimper a little to realise the basic defects of this theory: the vowels and consonants of language bear little resemblance to the sounds from which

they are said to have evolved.

Ding-dong offers a rather more flexible scheme: words, in this theory, are based on our reaction to stimuli in the world about us. They are "oral gestures" in harmony with the environment. A baby says "mama" as her lips naturally form the movements needed to latch on to her mother's breast. When the same child grows a little more linguistically mature and bids farewell with "ta-ta", she is waving goodbye with her tongue. But you need to stretch the imagination a little in order to fit most words into such a neat scheme.

Yo-he-ho is a more social theory of language development. Early communities grunted together; then chanted together, and the chants became language. The natural rhythms and poetry of language seem to support ideas of such a musical origin, but there is nothing in the theory to explain why different languages ended up with such a wide variety of different rhythmic patterns. Why should distinct groups of hominids have emitted their instinctive communal grunts according to different rules?

La-la was Jespersen's own theory, concocted when he found the others less than convincing. The gospel according

to la-la maintains that words have an emotional rather than functional origin. They stem from the sounds associated not with pain and disgust, but with love and poetic feeling. But when we say "potato", are we really sighing with emotion and pursing our lips to give the beloved vegetable a gentle kiss?

Now, however, we have a sixth theory, which I shall refer to, until a better name emerges, as the lip-loup theory. It is the brainchild of a North London artist, Ronis Varlaam and it may be seen as a development of ding-dong. His view is that when early man started speaking, what he was trying to do was to form, with his lips and tongue, the shapes of those things he was talking about. When you say the word "hole", does not your mouth open and extend to form a deep hole, finishing with the tongue flicking its way across the entrance to check that it is indeed holey? When you say "foot", do not your lips extend in imitation of a foot, ending with a neat evocation of toes (or possibly heel) by the tongue?

Varlaam has illustrated his theory with a series of paintings based on his favourite English poem, TS Eliot's *The Waste Land*. Each painting (as illustrated left and below) is based initial-

ly on the shape of the lips in uttering a word or phrase from the first verse of the poem.

"As words are spoken the mouth makes shapes as if to illustrate the words", he explains. "Pictographs are created and words become visual representations of their meaning. The shapes on the paintings are transcriptions of the shapes the mouth makes; the details are usually mine. I also use the silent movements that the mouth makes after a word is spoken." He stresses, however, that "This series is not an attempt to illustrate the poem, but an attempt to reach the origin of the words."

There are four basic ideas underlying Varlaam's linguistic theory:

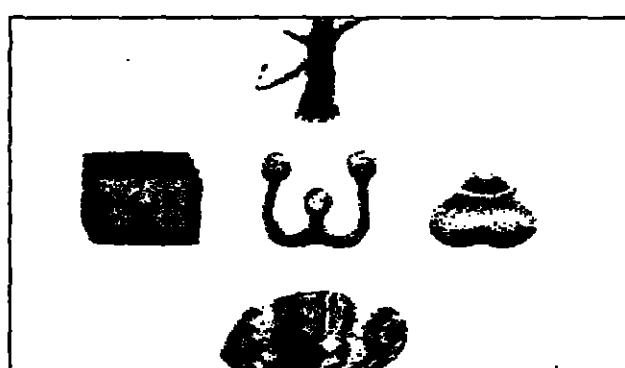
1. It makes everyone an artist
2. Our alphabet is based on pictographs
3. It may give a glimpse into a prehistoric pre-linguistic "language"
4. It can be looked at purely visually, ignoring any theories

Quite apart from the oxymoronic attraction of a theory that ignores theories, the idea of thinking about our lip-loups is strangely beguiling. When I say "box" am I really just opening my mouth with "bo" (like a box opening), then putting

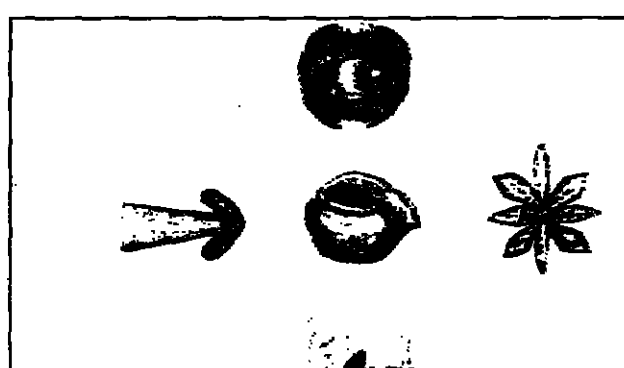
a rectangular lid on it with the "ls" sound at the end? Or is this just an exercise in fantasy, trying to fit the word to the theory? Do my lips, when saying "kiss" form themselves into any more smoochy arrangement than when they say, for example, "pickle"?

In his notes on the "Waste Land" series, Ronis Varlaam quotes, to support his views, a passage by Siri Hustvedt, writing on the art of still life paintings in *Modern Review* last year: "It may seem odd to speak of images in terms of language. Pictures are supposed to escape the confines of words. But language is the grid through which we see the world and in still life naming is implied by looking."

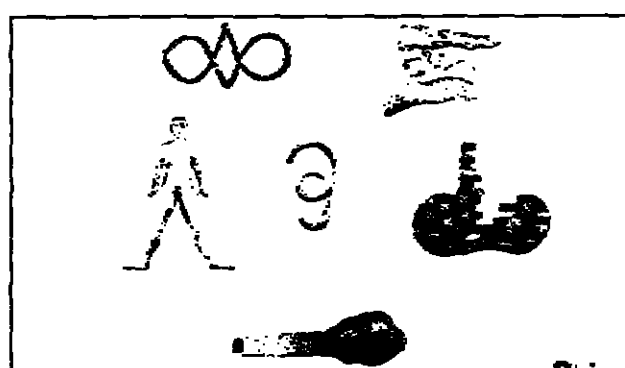
Whatever you may think of the theory, lip-loup has one great advantage over its rivals bow-wow, pooh-pooh, ding-dong, yo-he-ho and la-la: it is a theory that we can all test. Indeed, we can hardly resist testing it. Just out of range of your eyes, your lips are making shapes all the time. You have probably never thought about them before, but once you do, it becomes obsessive. And if you want to know what someone really means, all you have to do is follow that memorable advice of President George Bush: Watch my lips.



Winter kept us warm, covering



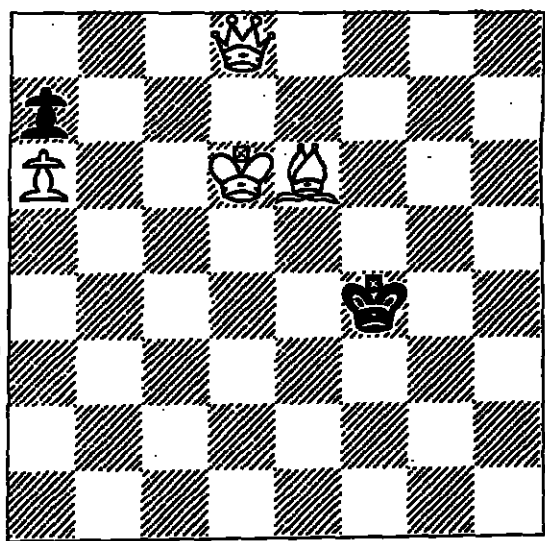
Earth in forgetful snow, feeding



A little life with dried tubers

## CHESS

WILLIAM HARTSTON



SEVERAL READERS have taken me to task for praising Karpov's final combination to reach a draw in one of the games from his rapidplay match against Judit Polgar. The finish under dispute came from the diagram position in which Karpov, playing White, was a queen and bishop ahead but desperately short of time. Play continued 1.Qh4+ Kg3 2.Qg3+ Kd4 3.Qf3 stalemate, and I had adorned White's final two moves with an exclamation of exclamation marks.

My theory was that Karpov, as one of the finest technicians the game has ever seen, would hardly have made the schoolboy error of blundering into a stalemate by accident. He must have calculated that he didn't have enough time left on his clock to force mate, so played the quickest draw he could find before he overstepped the limit.

Aha! - my critics say - but the stalemate took three moves to accomplish, while White could have captured the last black pawn in only two; and by the rules of rapidplay, a player with a lone king cannot win a game on time. So if Karpov really wanted to insure himself against defeat, he would have played 1.Qc7 and 2.Qa7.

A plausible argument, but it seems to me that it misses two vital points. The first of these is that captures take longer to make than ordinary moves. A piece may be slid from one square to another and the clock pressed with the same hand that moved it all in one elegant sweep. To pick up an enemy piece en route involves a good deal of time-wasting fumbling. Stephen R Gould had thought of that when he e-mailed us to suggest that Karpov might, in fact, have blundered. He points out that a capture may be efficiently, if inelegantly, executed by striking the enemy piece with your own man with sufficient force to knock it from the board. The time lost is then negligible.

But would a world champion overlook such an obvious tactic? I deduced from the fact that Karpov did not plan in this manner that the game was played on a board that had a boundary extending higher than the surface of play. Any smitten piece would then run the risk of rebounding from the edge of the board and colliding with other pieces.

After 1.Qc7 and 2.Qa7 smites a7, the black pawn, if hit slightly below its centre, will rebound from the side and knock over the white pawn on a6. While White is trying to set up the men again, he will overstep the time limit.

And quite apart from the ridged boundary theory, I think we may also conclude that the clock was placed on the K-side. 1.Qh4 and 2.Qg3+ reduce to a minimum the path between hand and clock.

OK, I admit it: Karpov blundered. He still had seven seconds left at the end.

## CONFESSIONS OF A PUZZLE MASTER

CHRIS MASLANKA REMINISCES

ONE OF the things I enjoy about hosting *Puzzle Panel* on Radio 4 is the way it breaks down mental prejudices and opens doors in the attic of my mind long since closed and cobwebbed over.

I've never liked acrostics. And if it hadn't been for Anne Bradford I doubt if I'd ever have got round to solving one. In fact, when the author of Bradford's *Crossword Solver's Dictionary* proposed to set a Victorian acrostic on *Puzzle Panel* a groan all but escaped my lips.

Weren't they extinct? The idea of an acrostic - from ancient Greek *akron*, beginning, and *stichos*, verse - is that the first letters of each line taken in sequence spell out a word.

Breathtaking!  
Outstanding!  
Spectacular!  
Hair-raising!

The hackneyed cartoon of the theatre manager advertising his show with that list of adjectives fairly summarised both the principle of - and my feelings about - the acrostic.

The form was known to the Romans and resurfaced when Elizabethan poetsasters and courtiers found it a useful vehicle for literary jawing. I found it hard not to curl my lip at la Blachadder on learning that Sir John Davies had written 26 acrostical poems the first letters of the lines of which spell "Elizabeth Regina".

The acrostic's full flourish was the 19th century, not just as a puzzle - the Victorians loved wordplay (Queen Victoria was amused by them) - but also as a poem: the quirkily beautiful: A host, beneath a summer sky, Lingered onward dreamily In an evening of July.

Children three that nestle near

Eager eye and willing ear, etc, from Lewis Carroll's *Alice Through the Looking-Glass*, being a fine example.

That we breathe life into this fossilised form by an airing on Radio 4 seemed as likely to me as creating *Jurassic Park* from an ossified remnant of toonal clipping from *Boryonaz walkeri*. But Harry the producer was in favour of such it and see, so we sucked it and saw.

Bradford's puzzle turned out to be a double acrostic: one where the last letters also make a word, rather like:

P u m P  
U g a n d A  
Z e p p e l i N  
Z a i r E  
L a s t e r L  
E a r S

The two down words are

known as "pillars" in the trade, and the across ones as "lights". Here are the clues to Bradford's puzzle:

PILLARS  
1&2. We shun the light and fly by night

LIGHTS  
1. An interjection that may make you start

2. A feathered foe may pierce you to the heart

3. A tax off levied on a horse and cart

I tackled the lights first (I wanted to see the pillars emerge naturally as a consequence of solving the lights), while other panellists more rationally homed in on the pillars, which were, after all, words of known length. Acrostic disposed of, Paul Lammford asked:

Q2. Find the largest sum of money you could have in coin and still not have change for £1?

and a listener wrote in with:

Q3. What is the missing letter in the sequence:

A\*DPGJHKL?

(There turn-out to be two radically different solutions.)

But the acrostic in its quiet way had asserted itself. Next day's postbag plumped with enquiries. It struck me that the acrostic's main weakness - that the lights are of unpredictable length so they flap about, tethered only at both ends - could prove a strength for a number acrostic.

So I designed one that could expand sideways, like a magic trouser waistband, while the legs stayed the same length:

1. A number

2. Dividing this by 9 gives a 7 followed by nothing but 4s

3. Number having the same digits as 1 across but in reverse

order, and equal to 9 times it.

PILLARS  
1. A perfect square

2. A perfect square and the number formed by writing the digits of 1 in inverse order

SOLUTIONS  
Q1. B o o  
A r r o w  
T o i l

Q2. ELAS. (If you ignore the 25p piece. But what if you allow the new £2 coin?)

Q3. S (middle row on a typewriter) or C, as the sequence A CD FGH JKL omits a letter after blocks of 1, 2, 3 etc letters.

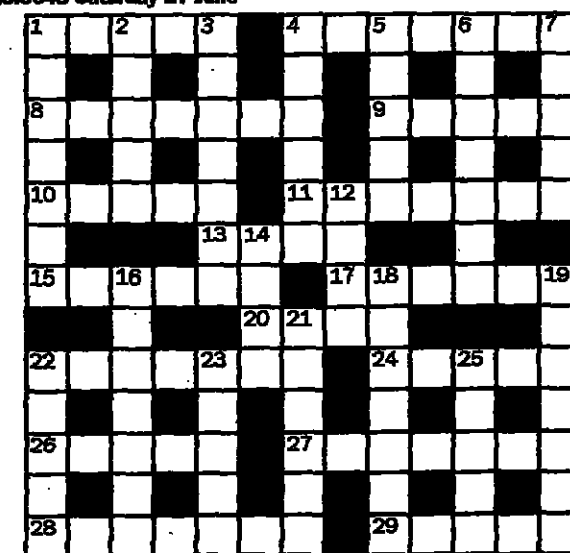
Q4. 109/98  
669/96  
98/901

where 9 stands for as many or as few 9s as you like.

*Puzzle Panel*, Radio 4 - Thurs 1.30pm, repeat Sun 11pm.

## CONCISE CROSSWORD

No.3648 Saturday 27 June



### ACROSS

1. Speaks (5)
4. Terribly (7)
8. Court action (7)
9. Dispute (5)
10. Left-hand page (5)
11. Moved out of (7)
13. Electric cable (4)
15. Confirm (6)
17. Parts of eyes (6)
20. Olfactory organ (4)
22. Relevant circumstances (7)
24. Set (5)
26. Dark (5)
27. Brisk movement (7)
28. Flower (7)
29. Wash out (5)

### DOWN

1. Israeli city (3,4)
2. Not so high (5)
3. Isolate (4,3)
4. Busy (6)
5. Foreign currency (5)
6. Envoy (7)
7. Surrender (5)
12. Geometrical reference line (4)
14. Sharp-sighted animal (4)
16. Small curl (7)
18. Usual (7)
19. Presume (7)
21. Canadian city (6)
22. Cluster of trees (5)
23. Consumed (5)
25. Musical instrument (5)

Solution to yesterday's Concise Crossword:  
ACROSS: 1 Bay, 3 Route (Belin), 7 Col-de-sac, 8 Bat, 9 Balkan powder, 10 Bruise, 12 Fedora, 14 Bonafacres, 18 Area, 19 Obsolete, 20 Hated, 21 Too, 22 DOWN: 1 Buzzer, 2 Yodel, 3 Recap, 4 Unbowed, 5 Elite, 6 Assume, 11 Insect, 12 Fetish, 13 Ricoits, 15 Earth, 16 Avoid, 17 Heat.

## BRIDGE: ALAN HIRON

East-West game; dealer West

North		East	
♠ Q 7 2		♠ J 10 9 8 3	
♥ K J 8 5		♥ 7	
♦ K J 4		♦ Q 10 5 3	
♣ 7 4 3		♣ Q 10 5	
West		South	
♠ A K 6 5 4		♠ none	
♥ 10		♥ A Q 9 6 4 3 2	
♦ 9 8 6		♦ A 7 2	
♣ A J 9 8		♣ K 6 2	

SACRIFICING WHEN you are vulnerable against a non-vulnerable opponents is always a delicate affair. On this deal from match play, West thought that he had judged matters perfectly, but he was in for a disappointment when he met his team-mates at half-time.

At both tables the bidding started with One Spade by West, a raise to Two by East, and an intervention of Three Hearts by South. West passed, North raised to game and, while one West was content to defend, his counterpart went on to Four Spades, doubled by North. Well, the club finesse was right and there were only two diamond losers, but the 3-0 trump break was annoying and West conceded 200 points.

At the other table, where Four hearts was passed out, West started with ♠ K. Declarer saw matters in a simple light: he ruffed, drew trumps, and tried the diamond finesse. When this failed there was still the faint hope that ♠ A was right, but it was not to be and he ended by losing four tricks.

The first West's enterprise would have been rewarded if his colleague had spotted the 100 per cent play to make Four hearts (assuming that West held ♠ A as well as ♠ K). I hope that you would have got there.

Try this approach: do not ruff ♠ K but discard a diamond. Say West switches to a trump. Declarer wins in dummy, ruffs ♠ 7, then plays three rounds of diamonds, ruffing in hand. He crosses to dummy with a trump and leads ♠ Q, discarding a club from hand. This leaves West with the choice of conceding a ruff and discard or leading a club. In either case, declarer loses only three tricks in all.

## BACKGAMMON: CHRIS BRAY

ONE OF the things you realise after you have been playing backgammon for even a short time is that you can't win every game, no matter how good you are. Not only can you not win every game, but you cannot win even a high percentage of them. An expert pitted against a novice may well win 90-95 per cent of the games but as soon as the novice learns the basics that percentage will quickly shrink.

I have kept records for the last seven years of every game that I have played, either in matches or in money play. Over that period my game-winning percentage is 53 per cent. There are two points to be noted. First, that small 53-47 edge is really quite high over a long period and will generate quite a few tournament wins and pounds in the bank.

The main point, however, is not whether you won or lost the game but what the cube was on when it ended, and whether it was a plain game or a gammon or backgammon. As I have noted in this column before, the doubling cube is the most important and least understood aspect of the game. It's no good winning 53 per cent of games if all your wins are single-point games, while every game you lose is a gammon with the cube on 2. For this reason, it is worth recording (as I do) the final value of the cube and the result of the game - single, gammon or backgammon.

From these simple facts I can then work out whether I am doubling too late (this will show up as lots of single-point games won) or accepting too many bad doubles (this generates lots of lost gammons). Given this information I can then amend my doubling practice and look to see whether this is reflected in my statistics. It can be quite uncomfortable to amend tried and trusted practices, but only by tuning and refining your play can you hope to improve.

For example, I noticed one year that when I was in the box in chonettes I was losing a large number of gammons. This was caused by reluctance on my part to give up the box. I then changed my approach to playing in the box and took extra time to evaluate doubling decisions in gammonish positions. Lo and behold, the excess gammons disappeared from the statistics.

*'Backgammon - An Independent View', an anthology of the best of Chris Bray's backgammon articles in 'The Independent' and elsewhere, is now available direct from: Chris Bray, 18 Glenclower Road, London SW14 8NY, price £11.99 + £1.25 p&p.*

# Spotting a climate change

The role sunspots may play in determining our weather has long been a source of debate. A discovery this week may shed light on the matter

MENTION SUNSPOTS to any respectable meteorologist and you will be liable to fall under intense suspicion of heresy.

For at least a hundred years, an assortment of non-establishment weather forecasters have advocated a variety of theories linking sunspot activity with weather on Earth. They have generally, in some degree at least, been treated as crackpots because of an absence of hard science to back their theories.

This week, however, there has been a sudden change in the scientific climate, for two researchers at Leicester University have outlined a theory that appears to support much of what the alleged crackpots have been saying.

The case of the sunspot worshippers has until now been based mainly on statistical correlations between sunspot activity and the Earth's temperature. We'll come to just what sunspots are in a moment. For the time being, all you need to know is that if you look at the sun through a telescope you will see a varying number of freckles on its surface, caused by some sort of local disturbance. The number of these freckles is called the sunspot number, and it has long been known that the number increases and decreases roughly according to an 11½-year cycle.

Since the late 19th century, attempts have been made to match variations in the Earth's temperature to fluctuations in the sunspot cycle. It seemed to many scientists that it could not be a coincidence that a period of abnormally low sunspot numbers, from about 1,645 to 1,715 (the so-called Maunder Minimum), coincided with the Little Ice Age on Earth. But arguments have continued as to the strength of any general correlation between sunspot numbers and temperatures on Earth.

A modicum of success was obtained in attempts to make the changing Earth climate fit the 11½-



WILLIAM HARTSTON

year sunspot cycle – the worst droughts in the American West, for example, appear to have happened at the same time in alternate cycles, every 33 years – but the theory left too many questions unanswered. In the case of those droughts, for example, why only every alternate cycle?

The most important objection, however, was an absence of any convincing theory of causality. A sunspot seems to be an area of cooler gas at the sun's surface, caused by strong magnetic fields that block the flow of heat. Magnetic storms on Earth happen at times of high sunspot activity. But although sunspots may involve some blockage of the flow of heat from the sun, calculations show that the effect on the amount of solar energy reaching the Earth would be no more than a change of 0.1 per cent. And that's hardly likely to cause an ice age.

Yet in recent years, new theories of sunspot effects have been gaining ground. The meteorologist Piers Corbyn has been a thorn in the side of the Met Office for years now with his well-publicised bets on the weather with William Hill. His method of long-term weather prediction based on sunspot theories has been consistently outperforming conventional forecasting methods.

Still more recently, three Danish scientists have produced some convincing correlations not between the



Is there more to the sun's influence on our weather than meets the eye?

Earth's temperature and sunspot activity, but between its temperature and the varying length of sunspot cycles.

All the time, however, there were strong grounds for reasonable doubt. The scientific establishment could never convict sunspots of interfering with our weather until an explanation was given of how they did it. And that's what we may now have, thanks to the work of Professor Terry Robinson and Dr Neil Arnold at Leicester University.

They have constructed a computer model of the Earth's climate that stretches far higher above the surface of the Earth than existing models, and takes into account the high levels of electromagnetic radiation that are associated with sunspots. This radiation is known to

heat up the outer atmospheric layers, but by the time the effect had drifted down to Earth, the effect on our weather would, according to earlier theories, have all but vanished.

What the Leicester model does is to show how pressure waves the size of the whole planet can build up and vary according to solar activity. Global pressure waves then interact with jet streams to produce large changes in climate.

So far this is all just a computer model, but its predictions fit well with observations. As Dr Arnold says: "There have been many observations linking climate to solar activity, but without a mechanism a lot of people have dismissed it as a fluke. Our model has come up with something which might offer an explanation."

Corbyn is characteristically less cautious: "This is great news. It confirms everything we've been saying for years," he says. "I think the forecasting establishment are going to have to wise up."

Caution, however, is still advisable. The recent history of weather forecasting is littered with too many mathematical models that have fitted beautifully with the data of the past but have gone on to fail the test of predicting the future. In the Seventies, when the Earth's climate took a sudden dip into cooler regions, it became fashionable to predict an imminent ice age. Almost any model that fitted the observed data of a cooling Earth would have been bound to do so. Just as the Nineties have been full of predictions of runaway global warming. The test of a

computer model comes not in how well it fits the past, but in its accuracy in predicting the future.

And that is why the consequences of this discovery, if it stands up to rigorous tests, will have far deeper implications than settling an old squabble between meteorologists. If proponents of the various sunspot theories are correct, then recent changes in the Earth's climate may be fully explained by solar activity.

For anyone who thought that Kyoto went too far in trying to restrict the production of greenhouse gases, this new theory provides another potential weapon to their arguments.

The oil lobby will be looking with great interest in the direction of Leicester over the coming years.

## PANDORA MELLY GAMES PEOPLE PLAY

Ian McGarry, 57, general secretary of the actors' union Equity

MY REAL passion, I suppose, is National Hunt horseracing, but that's much too serious to be regarded as a game. Tragically, I'm now too old to play football, or even referee, which I did for a number of years. It was quite good experience for my job, trying to sort people out, squabbles and the like. But the game that enables me to escape from all the pressures of my daily existence is an old-fashioned game called darts.

I play at my local pub in Putney. We play semi-seriously on a Thursday night in a little local league, then at weekends we play what we call silly games. I don't suppose you've ever heard of them: games like *Hobbes*, *Opera and Under* and *Blind Killer*, all for the amazing stake of 25p.

*Blind Killer* is where you try to knock each other out, but you don't know who's got what numbers, apart from your own. It's a good escape for me, because the people I play with are nothing to do with the entertainment industry. They're all local guys that I've played with for years. TV repairmen, and plumbers and lorry drivers, and some of them have rather strange names. If you want examples there's *Bartersea Bill* and *Big John*, *Brian the Bump*, people like that.

On Thursday evening, you forget about everything else, which is the idea of playing games, I suppose. Concentrating on trying to win. You don't think about love, money or work.

Not long ago, in a game called *Tactics*, I had one throw in which I got three double tops, if you know what those are. I thought it was quite an achievement to get three double twenties in a row. Those are the moments when you punch the air, or have another drink.

Darts boards are available at most good pubs. Equity may be contacted at 0171-379 6000.

## THIS WEEK IN THE SEVEN-SECTION

# INDEPENDENT ON SUNDAY



## A life less ordinary

Martha's ashes were strewn on the Thames ... 'Was it an outgoing tide?' I asked her stepson. 'Oh God,' he said, 'I hope so'

Nicholas Shakespeare remembers Martha Gellhorn, one of the century's greatest reporters and most colourful characters

# A copper-bottomed week of weirdness

## HOME NEWS

**North Wales**  
Plans to build a car park for visitors to the Coedy Brenin Forest near Colgellau have been delayed by ants. A nest of more than half a million of the *Formic rufus* species was found by workers clearing the intended site. Now designs are being reassessed to find a way to proceed without harming the ants, which are the biggest to be found in Britain.

**London**  
The first UK Spam Fan Club was launched on Thursday to provide a forum for lovers of the chopped pork and ham creation that has sold six billion tins since its invention in 1937. A website is planned through which Spam lovers will be able to purchase sweatshirts, keyrings, posters and other Spam-related merchandise. The United States already has a Spamerica Cup competition for cooking-with-spam recipes. Further information from: Lindsey Sexton, Glen Rouse, 125 Old Brompton Road, London, SW7 3RP.

## FOREIGN NEWS

**Denmark**  
Ulla Isendam was fined 300 kroner for patting a policeman's bottom in the town of Hillerød, 20 miles north of Copenhagen. Ms Isendam said that she is attracted to men in uniform and could not resist "his cute little bum". However, officer Henrik Basse was offended and took her to the police station where she was charged with indecent behaviour and injuring his integrity. "I still get turned on by men in uniforms so I guess I can't resist tapping more behinds in the future," she said.

## Stories from around the world that failed to make the headlines. By William Hartston

**Russia**  
Gennady Gorbachev, an electrician in the city of Novomoskovsk, was given a work of art in lieu of 300 roubles (about £30) wages that he was due for part-time work at a children's centre last year. The official Russian news agency referred to the gypsies statue as "worn out" and "a tasteless artwork from the Soviet era" and Mr Gorbachev was later offered money for it. But he preferred to keep it because he likes it.

**United States**  
According to research in California, more airline pilots are falling asleep at the joystick because of improved technology and an increased demand for flights. Pilots have little to do at cruising altitudes on transcontinental flights. Pilots are currently banned from napping or taking mid-flight walks, except to use the toilet.

**Czech Republic**  
Eduard Kramelicka, chairman of the Czech Pensioners Party, has made good a pre-election promise. At the country's general election last week, he said, on national television, that he would eat a large May bug if his party did not secure the five per cent of votes needed to win seats in parliament. His party finished with only three per cent so, at a press conference on Monday, he carried out his promise. "The bug was crawling across the plate, so I bit its head off, and when the yellow jelly came out, I gobbled it and washed it down with Fernet (liqueur)," he said afterwards.

**SPORT**  
**Football**  
Czech condom makers ERGO have sent 2,000 condoms to the World Cup, each tipped with a soccer ball and the flag of a participating nation. The company is also developing musical condoms which will play "Old MacDonald", "Love Me Tender" or "Jingle Bells".

**Tennis**  
Two Dutch statisticians have analysed 481 matches played at Wimbledon to refute the myths frequently uttered by "expert" commentators. Their figures show that players are not likely to fluff a point immediately

after serving a double fault, the player who serves first is not more likely to win the set, and new balls do not confer any extra advantage on the server.

## CRIME

**Texas**  
Three people went on trial in San Antonio on Tuesday charged with stealing over \$10,000 worth of used cooking grease. The defence attorney said the charges are based on false accusations by big companies trying to corner the market in used grease.

**Australia**  
Jason Miller, 26, has pleaded guilty to a charge of causing a bogus newspaper advert to be published after he put a fake death notice for his grandfather in the paper as an excuse for taking time off work to look for another job.

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# TRAVEL

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From the sublime to the suburban, visitors to McCartney's former home at 20 Forthlin Road, below, first board a minibus at the National Trust's Speke Hall, above

National Trust/Rui Xavier

## Merseyside maisonettes

**Paul McCartney has come far since leaving 20 Forthlin Road, Liverpool 8. Now it's open to the public. By Cheryl Winspear**

MY DESIRE is always to be ... In a perfect world, Paul McCartney would have been brought up in Penny Lane. In fact his teenage home, where he moved at age 13 in 1955, was a modest terraced house at 20 Forthlin Road, Liverpool 8. When Paul left home in 1964, at the age of 22, the house was occupied by another tenant who remained in the property for 31 years before she sold it to the National Trust.

Allerton, just off Martha Avenue, a leafy, wide road east of the city centre. Influenced by his father, Jim McCartney, who used to play the trumpet in his own ensemble, Jim Mac's Band, Paul spent hours playing his guitar and singing. The house is now being renovated and given the retro treatment, back to its original Fifties feel. The double glazing will be replaced with the original windows, and internal fittings such as doors will also be changed. Although none of the original furniture that belonged to the McCartney family remains, the National Trust is



hoping to match the contents of what was there, working from the advice of Mike McCartney, Paul's younger brother. It could be like yesterday.

This is an opportunity to see memorabilia and photographs recording the history of Paul's family life, which have never been on view to the public before.

The family's private moments and Paul's life up until 1964 are dealt with, all captured by the hand of his younger brother Mike.



Most visitors will probably be more interested in the days of singing and playing with the Quarrymen, which he first came across in 1956 at an out-

door party at Woolton Parish Church; early rehearsals with John, en route to becoming the greatest songwriting partnership of the 20th century; and on until after they'd made their first professional recordings with Tony Sheridan on the Polydor label, as the Beatles. An audio tour will also be available at the house, narrated by the Beatles' biographer, Hunter Davies. Tours will run on Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays until 31 October, and then throughout November and December on Saturdays only. Bookings open next Wednesday (0151-486 4006); planning regulations mean a strict limit on the number of visitors allowed each year. The cost of your ticket - £4.50 for adults, £2.50 for children, £1.50 for National Trust members - goes towards the cost of restoration, employing a resident custodian in the McCartney home, and running a minibus service from Speke Hall, a nearby stately home that is also run by the National Trust. The aim is to minimise the impact on other residents, and this will be the only way to get access to the McCartney home. The first tour will depart by minibus from Speke Hall at noon. It is hoped that there will be six tours a day, with the last one departing at 4pm. There is no direct access for cars. Get a cup of tea or other refreshment at Speke Hall, where the trip begins. Souvenirs of your visit will also be on sale there. The price

includes entrance to the gardens and grounds of Speke Hall. In the city of Liverpool itself it is also possible to go on the Beatles Magical Mystery bus tour, which runs everyday from Albert Dock at 2.30 p.m. or the Welcome Centre in Clayton Square at 2.30 p.m. These have to be booked with Liverpool Merseyside Tourist Information Office on 0151-709 3631, price £8.95. The tour includes Penny Lane, Strawberry Fields and the houses they lived in. There is also a walk-through exhibition of the Beatles story at Albert Dock, which opens every day from 10am until 6pm (last admission 5pm), price £5.95. The Beatles Convention takes place over the August Bank Holiday from 26 August to 1 September; you can book through Cavern City Tours on 0151-236 9091. The festival is in its 15th year and usually attracts crowds of more than 100,000 people. There will be at least 130 bands playing on 30 different stages, some in the city centre and others in local pubs and clubs, plus many other events including: a garden party at Strawberry Fields. The Matthews Street Festival which runs on the final Monday is free. The new Albert Dock youth hostel in Liverpool should be taking its first guests in a month's time. It is ultra-luxurious by the standards of most youth hostels, and the price for adults will be £15.50 including breakfast.

A SAFE bet on Monday morning the mailbag will be bursting with letters from readers aggrieved at our running a story today on northern Cyprus. Even by the lax pragmatism of international diplomacy, the self-styled "Turkish Republic of Northern Cyprus" is a pariah. The government that runs the upper 37 per cent of the island is recognised only by Turkey, which maintains a huge garrison of troops in territory regarded by the official Republic of Cyprus as illegally occupied. Some readers will insist that by publishing the story, we are encouraging people to visit a territory where property was illegally seized from the Greek Cypriot owners. And they may question our policy of featuring Turkey, whose human rights record is far from exemplary.



**SIMON CALDER**

*i suspect the source of this nonsense is the album cover conceit of printing song lyrics in lower case*

Life here would be much easier if we left out stories about contentious parts of the world - and our pages would be significantly emptier. Countries from Albania to

Zambia have dubious human rights records. Many prospective travellers will opt not to go to certain places until an offending regime has been removed or reformed - my parents, for example, persuaded the family not to travel to Spain until Franco's Fascist rule had ended. The Calder boycott of the costas did not do a great deal to dislodge the dictator, but we tourists collectively possess economic might, and have a responsibility to use it wisely. So while these travel pages are not the place to attempt to unravel conflicts as tangled as the division of Cyprus, I am conscious of the impact our stories may have. Let me know when you feel we have failed properly to address human rights abuses about northern Cyprus, or anywhere else.

The one country we will not feature on our travel pages is Burma, where appalling outrages have been committed in the name of tourism. We have no wish to encourage anyone to visit a country where slavery has been employed explicitly to develop a tourist infrastructure, and the Nobel Peace Prize winning opposition leader, Aung Sang San Kyi, has asked tourists to stay away. "YOU WROTE about an incident in Tower Hamlets where a cycle lane was obstructed by a council vehicle doing its shopping," writes a reader from Wiltshire. "That same day, Swindon Council left a van across the outside lane of the local running track - while a 400-metre race was in progress - leaving one very disgruntled

runner. 'I stopped trying,' he said. 'What else do you do when you come round the bend and find a van in the way?'" The writer of that letter may be a council employee; he ends: "You will forgive me if I merely sign myself An Onlooker." I'M GOING to go on go. If that sentence reads badly, blame the fashion for using lower-case letters in travel. EasyJet started it: the low-fare airline prefers to be known as easyJet, which is fine except at the start of a sentence, when you reasonably expect a capital letter. Now go - the British Airways offshoot which easyJet accuses of pinching all its ideas - has copied the style on the tailplanes of its Boeings. Even British Airways

finds its subsidiary's name uncomfortable. In one short article in a company newsletter, the name is rendered as GO, Go and go, before the writer settles on "the airline". Its rival would rather it emulated the style of the musician Prince, as in "the airline formerly known as easyJet". I suspect the source of all this nonsense is the old album cover conceit of printing song lyrics in lower-case - I believe melanie's 1969 effort, candles in the rain, was the first of many. Anyway I'm going to go on go to Copenhagen on 23 July, with an early start from Stansted. I may nod off in the departure lounge. So, in the words of another punctuation-conscious outfit, Wham!: wake me up before you go, go.

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# Clearing a pathway to Arcady.



Volunteer workers are helping to expand the existing network of 1,100 miles of cycle ways, like this one around Rutland Water, to a projected 6,500 miles by the year 2000

It was a midsummer day's dream. Cycling in the early morning sunshine past hedgerows sprinkled with delicate pink dog roses and bold red poppies, we were in a strange, Eud Blyton-like twilight zone – fresh-faced and ready to enjoy the day. As I freewheeled on a long downhill stretch, memories of perfect childhood summers came flooding back – the ones that lasted for ever and were never spoilt by anything so mundane as rain.

The dream had in fact started the night before, which was spent supping beer outside the Red Lion on Church End village green, Haddenham, in the heart of Buckinghamshire. Picture-postcard perfect, it was a scene that Americans and the English Tourist Board would croon over: a carpet of thick grass, an ancient church, thatched cottages, and a small pond full of ducks and ducklings flapping their bottoms upwards every few minutes, diving for food.

At the end of the evening, in true summer holiday form, we cycled en masse back to the farm where we were staying, between Thame and Princes Risborough. No frilly curtains and matching towels for us; we were sleeping in a barn – although Karimats and a hot power shower brought us

into the Nineties. But there was one problem with our rural idyll. Although some of our journey that evening had been along quiet country lanes, we also had to hold our own on busy roads, hugging the kerb as lorries thundered past and cars took advantage of the long stretches of open road.

And that was why we were here. Sixteen of us – some local, some from farther afield – were volunteers spending two weeks building a new cycle path that will allow the cars and lorries to have the roads to themselves, while cyclists, horse riders and walkers ride and stroll undisturbed along an alternative route.

At the moment more than 1,100 miles of cycle ways have been built in the UK – a mixture of traffic-free paths along disused railways, canals and rivers, forest tracks, and increasingly, traffic-calmed urban roads. But in order for Sustrans (the organisation that is building and promoting the network) to reach its proposed 6,500 miles by the millennium, more person-

power is needed. As the routes are in some of the most beautiful areas of Britain and there is no cost to volunteers except a £15 registration fee and food, it is not proving hard to get willing victims.

Six of our group had worked on the Sustrans Trailblazer camps last year and returned this year as volunteer co-ordinators. "It was one of the best summers I've ever had," says Pip A'ness, a 26-year-old lecturer from Hull. "We worked in Derby and South Wales – both really beautiful areas – and we had a fantastic time. Most people go and lie on a Spanish beach for a couple of weeks, but after working on the camps I've realised there's so much of the UK I want to see. Cycling around a place also means you see much more, and living in a community for a couple of weeks getting to know everyone is great."

Everyone has a different story of how they came to be here. For Ted from Colchester, this camp is just one of a series of jaunts he has made since retirement,

including a cycling trip to Santiago de Compostela in Spain. For Laura, a student in Bolton, it is a cheap and different holiday.

For Andy, a 34-year-old ex-environmental health officer, it is a chance to gain more skills in conservation – something he wants to move into, having been burnt out by city life. "I worked seven days a week, commuting into London and getting thoroughly stressed, so I got out. But I decided not to travel overseas – not to run away from things – but to do the things I was interested in in my own country: working outdoors in conservation."

I was just there for the weekend, and on the Sunday morning – the summer solstice – we cycled from the farm to the end of the railway track we were to be clearing. This is less than three miles as the crow flies, and as the cycle route will go, but seven miles by road, which is why so many local people want it. The route was suggested by a local cabinet-maker, John Francis, who was eager to cut down his cycle ride to

work, and have a safe route to cycle on with his children.

Cecilia Fry, an accountant from Thame, is also a supporter. "When I can cycle to Princes Risborough it'll be a great day. My pet hate is having to drive such short distances."

We set to work. One half of the group was assigned to clearing vegetation off the track. After a training session on tool safety, we started digging, sawing, lopping and hacking. In the heat of the sun, three brave workers broke up the ground with mattocks. The rest took the cooler option of working in the undergrowth.

Our task was to divert the track through the vegetation of the railway siding for a few hundred yards so that it did not go too close to the old station house, whose occupants wanted to maintain their privacy. The bushes in the way had been chopped down earlier, so we cut up the branches and arranged them into natural screens and small "habitat piles" for

wildlife. As I left on Saturday afternoon the group were planning their week's work – making hands (short "sleeping policemen" that force cyclists to slow down at footpath crossing-points), painting signs and helping lay the track.

The evening's entertainment was also being planned. Cycle rides round the local area and trampolining were two activities being mooted. But I got the feeling that the Red Lion and that idyllic village green had already claimed the hearts of most.

This summer's Sustrans Trailblazer camps include: converting a disused railway in Northampton (11-25 July); completing an existing coastal route in Swansea (18 July-1 August); building a new cycle path linking two existing forest tracks near Callander, Striding (1-15 August); building a new bridge and path to reach the dramatic Heligan Gardens in Cornwall (8-22 August); constructing a new woodland path in the Lake District (22 August-5 September); and upgrading an existing path in Okehampton, Devon (29 August-12 September). Contact: Sustrans, 143 High Street, Lewes BN1 1XT (01273 488190).

## Cycle way volunteer camps provide a cheap and soul-satisfying way to spend a couple of weeks in idyllic surroundings. By Sue Wheat

### THE INDEPENDENT SECURITY CAMERA

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The security camera has a wide single lens providing a good all round image with a head that has fully adjustable pan and tilt mechanism. It comes with 66ft (20 metres) of cable, a master adaptor and screw plug. It is on offer for just £79.95 including p&p - a saving of £70 on the S.R.P.

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## A day afloat in the digs of Waterland

### The Bronze Age settlement in Flag Fen lives again. By Louise Duffield

IT'S DIFFICULT to take in the size and significance of the archaeological park at Peterborough. After all, you've just driven past some of the most hi-tech installations of 20th-century Britain – including a gas-fired power station. Here, just a few metres away, is the only place in Europe where you can see Bronze Age timbers being excavated, and what is thought to be the oldest wooden wheel ever discovered.

To the amazement of archaeologists, the area was found to contain hundreds of 3,000-year-old wooden posts, which once held up a long palisade and a timber platform about the size of Wembley Stadium.

These posts crossed the marshy fenland during the Bronze Age, and were saved by the watery peat that has entombed them. The platform has now been flooded to protect it, but some of the posts are still being studied, and are on show.

It is also fascinating to see a section of the road the Romans built on top of the Bronze Age route.

To help visitors step back in time, archaeologists have reconstructed a Bronze Age landscape, including huts, and breeds of domesticated animal

that would have been in use at the time, but are now rare.

Some of the thousands of finds – including weapons, jewellery and sacrificial items – are on display in Flag Fen's small museum, housed in the visitor centre. The museum itself is unusual. Foundations below 18in are harnessed at such an important site for fear of damaging whatever still lies buried. So the visitor centre is floating over the re-created mere.

It was there that I met Lucy Winslow, who although she lives nearby in St Ives had never been to the park before. She had taken her son Oliver and his friend Matthew, both aged 11. "It was nice to see the enthusiasm of the guide who took us round," she said. "And it was particularly good for the children. The guide captured our attention and made it much more interesting."

Lucy previously had little idea of the importance of Flag Fen, which says much about the paucity of publicity about the park – "I live about 35 miles away and I'd never heard of it

before a few days ago. But it's impressive and it makes a good afternoon out."

As for those little touches that can make all the difference to a place, umbrellas are available for visitors to borrow if it's raining. And, certainly for Lucy and her young companions, the animals were a good addition – giving an idea of the sort of stock that was kept on the site thousands of years ago. "They'd add a bit of interest for younger children," said Lucy. "But I don't think my two younger ones would have appreciated Flag Fen. It's more suitable for children of secondary school age."

The sheer size of the place made a big impression on the two boys who were with her: "When we first came in it looked as if it was going to be a small place," Oliver remarked. "I didn't think it would be a gigantic park like a village. I liked the animals, especially Angus the goat. I know people used to live in huts, but I didn't expect it to be like it was. I thought it was just the Saxons who had huts like

that," he continued in an enthusiastic flow.

Then he checked himself. "But I have to say, this was not actually one of the most interesting things I have ever done. It was OK. This would be a good place to come for a school trip – and there's a great souvenir shop."

Flag Fen had, however, really captured the imagination of Oliver's friend Matthew. "I am not sure that I would like to live in the Bronze Age environment," he said. "They had no air-conditioning, no lights, no electricity, it was draughty and they didn't have comfortable beds, by the looks of things. I prefer my home. I have learnt from this that history can be very different from the way we live now, and that the past could be vicious. It was much more dangerous – especially living in a watery environment."

Flag Fen is at Fourthe Drove, Peterborough (01733 313414). Open daily, except 25 and 26 December, 10am-5pm. Latest admission 4pm. Admission: adults £3.50, children/students £2.50, under-16s free. Family ticket (two adults and three children) £9.50, discount

for English Heritage members. The Shop sells souvenirs, postcards and a good stock of books. For school groups, special tours and visits feature hands-on experience, and videos that fit in with the National Curriculum.

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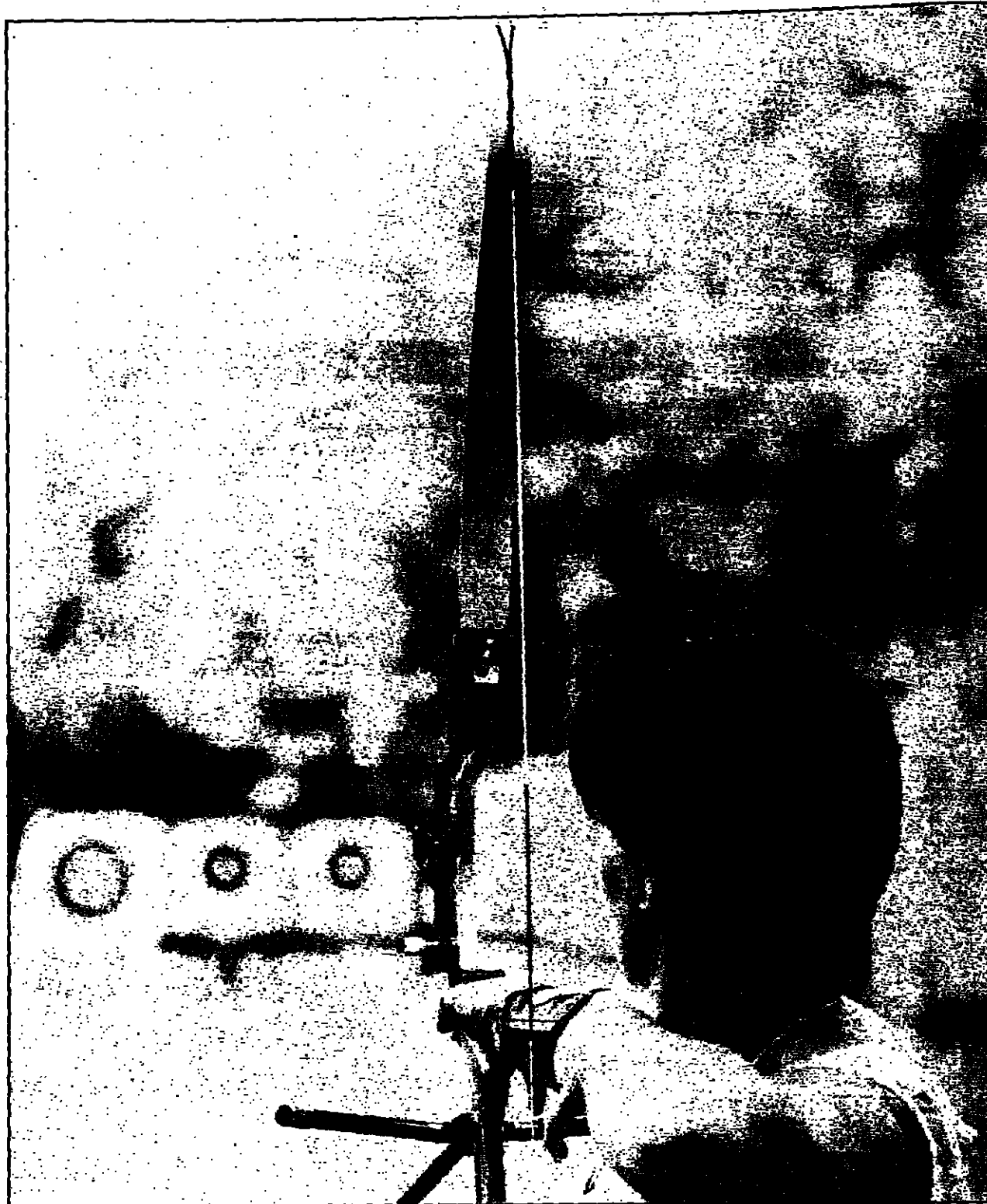
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## The ancient craft of archery and the deadly art of the bull's-eye can calm the soul, reports **Eric Kendall**

Thanks to Christian of the archery club at the Parc International de la Canche at Le Touquet (Pas-de-Calais tourist board, 0033 321 833259, <http://hmmmmms-de-calais.com>)



**In contrast with its bloodthirsty history, archery is now a safe and tranquil sport.**

**Pennu Kendall**

For obvious practical and safety reasons, you shouldn't just head off to the local woods to have a go; the modern-day version of an arrow pinning a knight's armoured thigh through his saddle to his horse's flank doesn't bear thinking about, either. Contact the Grand National Archery Society (01203 696631, fax: 01203 419662) for information on local clubs. First-timers need no special kit or even green tights; just don't wear excessively baggy clothes.

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ملفوظا من الأصل



Golf is enjoying a renaissance. Get a number five iron in your hand, and you will find out why. By Gerard Gilbert

# A driving passion

"GOLF LIKE measles, should be caught young, for, if postponed to riper years, the results may be serious" - PG Wodehouse.

It's official. Golf is not the new rock'n'roll. I have it on no less an authority than Chris Evans himself. "Rock'n'roll is the new rock'n'roll; it's never gone away," says the Virgin Radio boss loyally when I ring to ask him about taking up the game.

"Yes, but, you know what I mean... All these trendy pop folk suddenly have a bag of clubs under the stairs: Robbie Williams, Keith from Prodigy, Nicky from the Manics, Iggy Pop. What's going on?"

"Pop stars have always played," retorts the ginger one. "It's just that they never admitted it before in case they got labelled the new Tarbie or Bruce."

So golf is out of the closet and out on to the municipal course. Swinging a seven iron and a pitching wedge need no longer earn the pitying looks usually reserved for those who admit to listening to Phil Collins or drinking Malibu. And, anyway, football is the new rock'n'roll - and all footballers play golf. Just the other

week, we saw the England team relaxing at La Manga golf resort in southern Spain.

I suggest another theory to Chris Evans: that men are genetically programmed to play golf at a certain age. But he's having none of it. "Young people have always played," says a man who was playing in the Junior PGA when he was 14.

However, according to Mike Round at the Golf Foundation, fewer and fewer young people are taking up golf. The growth area is in the over-55s. "The game is growing old," he says, which is why the Golf Foundation has opened 223 "starter centres", where under-18s can be encouraged to learn the game. British golf's new young hope, Lee Westward, is a product of the scheme.

But let's suppose that you are over 18 but certainly under 55. You've dealt with the image problem. So how do you get started? "Just buy one club - a five, six or seven iron - go into a field and start swinging it," suggests Chris Evans, whose TV programme about the game, *Tee Time*, has been underwhelming viewers recently. "Don't go straight out and buy 15 brand-new clubs and a load of brand-new balls," advises

Evans. "You'll just get depressed as hell and never play again, and that's a load of money down the drain."

Which is just exactly what I did. I bought 15 brand-new clubs and a load of new balls and got depressed as hell. But I did play again. And again, and again. Now, I'm afraid to say, a Sunday is a very sad Sunday if I'm not propelling chunks of Richmond Park into the air and swearing blue murder at a dimpled white plastic sphere.

In fact, I am probably a text book case of how not to learn golf. I hacked my way round the courses of suburban London with a pair of equally smitten friends before I admitted that I needed help.

Golf lessons are expensive - they cost about 50p a minute - but worth every penny. The admirably laid-back Nick at the Duke's Meadows club in Chiswick (which has the advantage - in winter - of having a floodlit driving range) took apart my grip, stance and follow-through and then put them back together in a form that wouldn't have disgraced St Andrews.

There was the added frisson that two of Nick's other pupils were the Chelsea stars Gian-

luca Vialli and Gianfranco Zola. Just to think that the hand that corrected the position of my right foot, also corrected the position of the right foot which scored the winning goal in this year's European Cup Winner's Cup Final...

But back to dull reality - and driving-range practice is a must. A bucket of 50 balls costs about £2.50 and you don't have to worry about losing them - which is one of the main expenses of the novice golfer trying to get round 18 holes.

And if you do feel ready to venture out into life's great fairways, a spot of insurance while you're still flailing about in the undergrowth won't go amiss. If your drive lands on the head of a passing merchant banker, who won't be able to work for the following six months as a result, you're likely to be even severely out of pocket. If your usual insurance broker won't cover you, there are specialist golf insurance agencies, Golf Plan being a popular one.

And worry of any kind is the enemy of golf. Or as Walter Hagen, who was the Tiger Woods of his day, put it. "Never hurry, never worry, and always remember to smell the flowers along the way."



The great golf revival: attracting the likes of Iggy Pop, Keith from Prodigy and Chris Evans  
Tony Stone Images/Rob Stratton

## Scotland's secret gems

Can't afford Gleneagles? No need to fret. The best course is probably one you have never heard of.

By James Cusick

YOU WANT to see art in Paris? You go to the Louvre; you walk past the Musée Rodin. You want to visit London? You go to see the Tower; you miss out Dr Johnson's House. You want to play golf in Scotland? You go to St Andrews and Gleneagles and you miss - well you just miss out, really.

The tried and tested route of golfing pilgrims worshipping at the Scottish shrines - the places where you can still see Americans in loud trousers with louder voices and the Japanese preparing to set out on a quick six-hour round - routinely includes the altars of Turnberry, Troon, Carnoustie, Muirfield, and the aforementioned St Andrews and Gleneagles.

In such places, not only will your golfing talent be rigorously questioned, so will your bank balance. Unquestioned fame is a monopoly. There is no Office of Fair Trading for golf, no "Offgolf", no government regulator to keep prices down for the devoted. You want to play the stars, you pay the earth.

Fortunately there is an alternative. For the million golfers who visit Scotland each year to play the Royal and Ancient game (half of them from over-



Playing golf in Scotland needn't cost a small fortune - if you head for the courses on the Fife coast

seas), there are more than 277 courses to choose from. As with the number of bunkers at St Andrews, the number seems to depend on who you ask. Take away the six superstars and that leaves at least 271 courses, among them a large number of secret treasures that any other country would list in the premier league. And once you leave the holy trail, green fees plummet.

A round on the famous Old Course at St Andrews (if you are lucky in the daily ballot) will set you back £72. But a few miles down the Fife coast, near the old fishing village of Crail, lies the sixth-oldest golf club in the world. For £20 (£25 at week-

ends) you can play an historic links course to treasure.

The Balcomrie Links belongs to the quaintly named Crail Golfing Society, which was formed in 1786. The place has a certain tranquil quality about it, usually in immaculate condition and not suffering from overplay.

The links turf stretches along the coastline above beaches and rocks. You play along the coast or in the case of the astonishing fifth hole, over the water. On a windy, sunny day this tight course will challenge your nerve every bit as much as the temple of the gods up the coast.

If you are content to try out

St Andrews New Course, you can do so as part of a three-night golfing package at the Rufflets country house hotel, where Tiger Woods chose to reside on his first visit to the home of golf.

Photographs of Nicklaus and Trevino adorn the walls of Ann Russell's ivy-clad hotel, which has been in her family since the Fifties. The dinner, bed, breakfast and golf package costs £347, reducing off-season to £261.

The Ryder Cup player, Sam Torrance, who has travelled the world playing the game, said he could not think of "any other country in the world where you can find so many

golf courses of such high quality, variety and accessibility... and the game should be available to everyone at a price everyone can afford." Mr Torrance, I should mention, was born in Scotland.

The Scottish Tourist Board (0131-333 2433) has a special golf department, for more detailed information. An organisation called Golf Pass Scotland (0990 133206) offers a three-to-five-day discount card for the Highlands, Lothians and the Borders that can mean golf from only £7 a round. You can book for the Balcomrie Links on 01333 450686, and for Rufflets on 01334 472594.



## Bigger and better.

# No Coco Pops on the Karpas

Where can you take young children to get a taste of independent travel? Try northern Cyprus says Susan Griffith

IT'S ONE thing to be a plucky traveller when you're young and unfettered. But what about when you lapse into middle age, and have children? When I was stopped by the Sigiri in pre-glacial Albania, and met Kurds near Lake Van, my twin sons were none the wiser, still protected by amniotic fluid. Eight years later, they have opinions of their own, and I was not at all sure that they could be persuaded to share their mother's tastes in travel. So I decided to take them to northern Cyprus to find out.

After booking flights only, I was alarmed to read in guidebooks that the number of hostels for independent travellers in all of Turkish Cyprus can be counted on the fingers of one hand. So I sent two or three faxes to one-star hotels and within 48 hours had booked a three-bed room in the main resort of Kyrenia for two nights.

As promised, the Sidelya Hotel sent a taxi to meet our flight. We quickly spotted Hussein holding a bold placard, though he seemed reluctant to believe that I was indeed the person he was after. Kyrenia is such a small town that we bumped into him on several occasions during our stay.

The call to prayer was being sung in our bathroom, or so it seemed when I awoke with a start at 5am. "Up to prayer. Up to salvation. Prayer is better than sleep" failed to convince me - or my travel-weary companions, who never stirred. When we heard the muezzin's call during the day, one boy suggested it was a prayer to drive away the rain. If it was, it worked, because we experienced perfect weather all week.

Having hired a not-very-flash car at a matching price, we were ready to see the sights. The Byzantine castle of St Hilarion (where some say Richard the Lionheart spent his honeymoon) is commandingly situated on a mountain top clearly visible from Kyrenia. Its dramatically ruined turrets and towers erupt organically from the crags. The boys were impressed by the rumour that Walt Disney had this place in mind when he designed the castle in *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*.

Signs along the steep and winding approach road warn that you are passing through a military zone and are not permitted to stop or take photographs. Predictably, our car stalled just past the entrance to the base. Repeated attempts to restart it prompted a soldier patrolling behind the barbed wire to beckon to a colleague, who within seconds was under the bonnet solving the problem. I was not arrested. I imagine that few international spies

travel with small children. Like the Crusader castles in the Kyrenia range of hills, the classical city of Salamis enjoys a beautiful setting - coastal rather than mountainous. Even better than the well-preserved theatre, baths, porticoes and mosaics, is the debris of ancient and Christian history casually strewn over the extensive site as though a natural part of the landscape: a Byzantine cistern, fragments from a temple to Zeus, toppled Roman columns.

After swimming at a perfect beach on the Karpas peninsula, which was as empty as most of the beaches, we went in search of a late lunch. Past Dikpaz, the town where 500 Greeks remained since the 1974 partition live, we followed the rusty sign for the Blue Seas restaurant. On a veranda overlooking a small fishing harbour we ate red mullet served by Mustafa (a Johnny Depp lookalike) and cooked by Irfan who (literally) moonlighted as the fisherman. But he wasn't too tired to sit for his portrait by one eight-year old artist - which earned the children drinks on the house - and to urge the other one to support Besiktas football club.

On a happy impulse, we decided to spend the night at the Blue Seas. Breakfast was included in the price of the rooms and I was proud of how bravely the Coco Pops generation tackled their salty cheese, olives, cucumber, bread and coffee. The simply grilled lamb and chicken with chips and salad served at other times of the day suited them better, while on several occasions I enjoyed excellent mezes and fresh fish, a long way from the execrable meals Paul Theroux complains of in his recent book.

The thing about sightseeing in northern Cyprus is that after paying the entrance fee of 66p or 83p (depending on whether the site is rated superb or very superb), you have the place pretty much to yourself. No coachloads of Germans. No guards to reprimand you for taking short cuts or climbing on walls, which was



The harbour at Kyrenia - dramatic, pretty and virtually empty of tourists

Robert Harding Picture Library

a great delight to the children - they always chafe against the "do not touch" signs on British monuments. Nobody is around to watch you play frisbee over the mosaic floor of an early Christian basilica, as we did at

Sipahi on the Karpas. In northern Cyprus, you are about as far from a heritage experience as it is possible to be. No reconstructions, no explanatory labels, no direction arrows. You are on your own in

the midst of raw and unprocessed history.

The other side of the coin is that there are few safeguards in this civil libertarian nirvana. You have to go out of your way to hire a car with seatbelts in

the back seat. No signs indicate whether beaches are safe or not. No fences or walls guard sharp drops. We proceeded to Kantara, another of the hilltop Crusader castles, where the children suddenly vanished. I

spent a quarter of an hour reliving the plot of *Picnic at Hanging Rock*, my anxieties fuelled by the boys' holiday reading, the under-10s equivalent of Stephen King novels. I longed for the presence of a bat-

talion of sharp-eyed guards or fellow tourists. The poor Turk selling tickets from his car (there was no ticket booth) must have trained as a shepherd in his youth, since he bared up the precipice from the back and soon rounded up my intractable offspring.

Not once did I feel that I needed to be on my guard against rip-offs or hard sells, let alone crime. Everyone seems to operate on the honour principle and bureaucratic procedures are non-existent. All transactions are in cash. No one asks to see a passport when you check into a hotel.

The local car hire firm wanted no deposit and simply waived payment for the impromptu fourth day's rental. The laconic fellow in his cubbyhole didn't even bother to check that the vehicle had been returned intact.

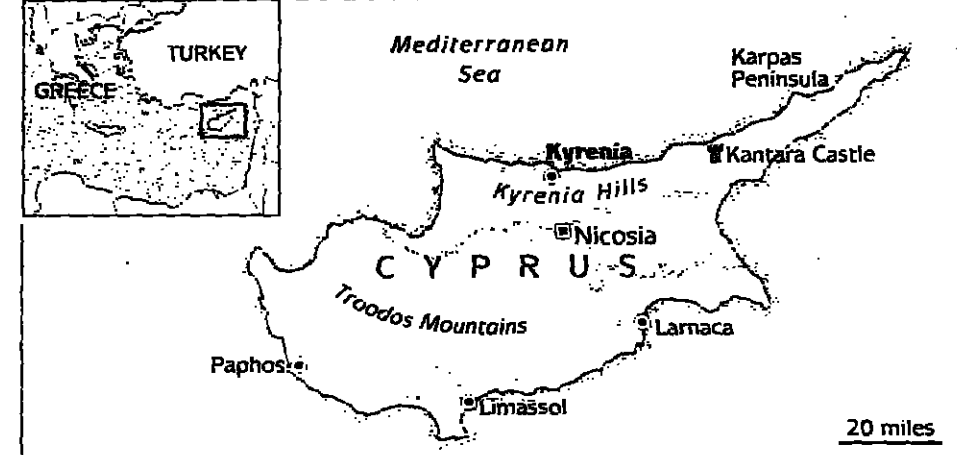
## TRAVEL FACTS

**Getting there:** no flights are allowed to operate direct between the UK and northern Cyprus, so they touch down in Turkey. Cyprus Turkish Airlines, 11 Pall Mall, London SW1Y 5LU (0171-930 4833) has seats at £315 from Stansted. £10 more from Heathrow. Bookings are heavy this summer: so seats are scarce.

**Warning:** northern Cyprus is recognised only by Turkey. Britain has no diplomatic relations with the north, so consular help is

not available in an emergency. Points in northern Cyprus are seen as illegal ports of entry by the Republic of Cyprus: evidence of a visit will result in the traveller being refused admission to the Republic.

**Further information:** North Cyprus Tourism Office, 28 Cockspur Street, London SW1 5BN (0171-930 5069). For information on the Republic of Cyprus - the legitimate government of the island - call the Cyprus Tourist Office on 0171-734 9822.



## RED CHANNEL

TODAY IS the first red alert day of the summer on the main drag to the south of France, the A7 autoroute. The company that runs the motorway, Autoroutes du Sud de la France, is warning about severe congestion on the main bottleneck, the 100-mile stretch through the Rhone Valley between Vienne (south of Lyon) and Orange (north of Avignon).

Southbound, long delays can be expected today between 4pm and 8pm, and on Fridays and Saturdays over the next few weekends (until 15 August). Going north, Saturdays

between 18 July and 29 August are classed as *journées noires* ("black days"), with more than 4,000 vehicles an hour expected. The autoroute has its own radio station, Radio Trafic 107.7, which gives more information about likely delays in several languages, including English, twice an hour.

Rest areas along the autoroute have been converted into multi-activity centres for the summer, with a range of free distractions, from working out to horse riding, on offer to help motorists relax and to stay safe.

## GREEN CHANNEL

ALMOST ALL the world's airlines have eliminated in-flight smoking, or soon will do - making travel healthier for most but miserable for confirmed addicts. An organisation called the US Coalition for Smoking or Health has come up with nine tips to help them cope:

- Fly in the morning. Studies show that the nicotine craving is worst from noon to 10pm.
- Don't skip meals, but avoid sweet and spicy food.
- Bring along low-calorie, unsalted snacks such as sugarless candy or gum, fruit, vegetable sticks, or popcorn. But

remember to finish these, or ask the stewardess to dispose of them.

- Consume liquids, but not drinks containing caffeine or alcohol.
- Stretch out the in-flight meal. Pause between bites.
- When the urge to smoke intensifies, take deep breaths and release them slowly.
- Nail, do puzzles, study maps of your destination, or write out a budget for your trip. Keep your hands and mind busy.
- Stretch, flex and take walks up and down the aisle.
- Take a nap.

## A plane

An airport in south-east England has just doubled its destinations. The facility in question is the smallest airport in the London area, Biggin Hill in Kent. For the past five years Love Air (01279 681435) has operated flights to Le Touquet in Normandy. Now the airline is expanding to serve Deauville, starting on 1 July and flying on Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays. The full fare is £250 return; day trips will also be available, giving you about eight hours in France.

## A train

The new Saturday seaside express to Kent is so special that its very existence is denied by the national rail timetable. Every Saturday at 6.58am a high-speed train sets off from Birmingham via Coventry and Kensington Olympia, destination Margate and Ramsgate. The service offers good connections from the Midlands to places such as Canterbury and Dover without the need to change in London. A Birmingham-Ramsgate ticket costs £39.50 return.

## A boat

Britain's third most popular city break, after Paris and Amsterdam, is Bruges. Travellers to the Belgian city can save substantially by using the new fast ferry from Dover to Ostend rather than taking Eurostar

## CHECK IN

Name: \_\_\_\_\_  
Destination: \_\_\_\_\_

from London Waterloo via Brussels. Travelling from Waterloo East in London (you can also join at Charing Cross or London Bridge), the trip using the train-ferry-train link is under five hours - about the same as the circuitous route from Waterloo International on Eurostar. The London-Bruges fare by rail and sea is only £39 for a five-day return, saving £50 on the lowest fare on Eurostar (0345 303030).

**A room**  
"Coming soon: Van Gogh, Monet, Renoir and Picasso," announces the billboard outside the newest and flashiest hotel in Las Vegas, The Bellagio, due to open on 15 October. It takes as its theme the towns around Lake Como in Italy. It is rumoured that taxis and courtesy buses will be excluded from the approach road; guests are expected to arrive by limousine.

**A meal**  
Two courses, with a glass of wine, at a new Paris restaurant - all for less than £10. That's the

deal offered by chef Hervé Des Santos at Spicy, close to the Champs-Élysées at 8 Avenue Franklin Roosevelt (00 33 1 56 59 62 59). The lunch-time menu is 95F, with a three-course dinner for 130F.

**A drink**  
Buy your way into the first-class lounge at Bangkok airport for the price of a pre-flight drink or three. The Louis Tavern has locations in both terminal 1 and terminal 2. Two hours there costs £7 in first class, or £5 in business class - which represents excellent value, given the price of drinks at the Thai airport. Call Bangkok airport on 00 662 535 1111 for more information.

**A week from now...**  
...you can start dreaming about sleeping your way to Tuscany,

while your car trundles along behind. The new Motorail service from Calais to Florence begins on 8 July. Call 0990 024000 for the Summer '98 brochure.

**A month from now...**  
...Georgian Airways starts flying from Heathrow to Tbilisi, and will be offering excellent fares for travellers planning to continue onwards to Delhi in India - as little as £350 return through consolidators such as Munha Marketing and Leisure Services (0171-787 7186).

**A year from now...**  
...the last call will be made for sales of duty-free goods before the abolition of travellers' rights to tax- and duty-free sales within the European Union. Charter airlines predict that holiday flight prices will rise by £15 as a result. But you needn't be too worried about losing the right to bring back loads of wine and beer from France; the rule change affects only sales on board aircraft and ships. And travellers bound for anywhere outside the EU will still be able to buy their duty-free entitlement at the airport.

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# 48 hours in Norway

You need a break – and a short-cut to the soul of a city. Each Saturday, 'The Independent' provides a prescription for the perfect long weekend. This week, Hilde Syversen heads for Oslo

## Why go now?

To join the celebrations in the capital of the country that shocked the world: in Oslo they are still celebrating Tuesday's victory over World Cup favourites Brazil. And you'll arrive to see the endless summer: Oslo is too far south for the midnight sun, but it is still light almost all night.

## Beam down

Fares have fallen steeply because of the increased competition.

In July, expect to pay around £150-£175 for the lowest return fare; the exception is on Ryanair (0541 569569), which flies from Stansted to Torp airport, an hour or two south of Oslo. The lowest fare is £109 return, plus an additional £10 return for the bus to the city.

Scandinavian Airlines (0845 607 2772) flies from Manchester and Heathrow, with some services from the latter airport operated on its behalf by British Midland (0345 554554). British Airways (0345 222111) flies from Gatwick and Heathrow. Braathens (0800 626938) flies from Newcastle and Stansted.

## Get your bearings

The capital of Norway, Oslo is home to half a million people. It sits at the top of the Oslo Fjord, a rather flatter version of the fjords you see in cruise ads. The city is surrounded by islands and islets, beaches and large forests.

## Check in

The cheap option is a room in a boarding house (*pensjonat*), which is rather more comfortable than it might seem. At Ellingsen's Pensjonat, located just north of the Royal Palace, at Holtegata 25, you get a double room sharing a bathroom for 390 kroner (£62), or pay an extra £8 for an en-suite bathroom.

Hotel rooms tend to start at around twice that price.

## Take a ride

An Oslo Card will give you free access to a lot of the sights and free public transport for NOK 150 for one day or 220 for two days. The energetic can rent bicycles at Vestbanen, near the Information Centre.

## Launch on the run

BSE-free burgers with all the trimmings at the mega-popular Beach Club at Aker Brygge are a must. The food is reasonably priced – around £8 for a large burger. Remember to bring your trendiest sunglasses.

Other cool, reasonably priced eating places include Kjøkkenhagen and Fru Hagen at Grunerløkka, to be found a short tram ride to the north of the city centre. At Grønland, east of the Central Station, the café Asylet is housed in a 300-year-old wooden house.

## Cultural afternoon

The Scream is the main attraction, and the Munch room in the National Gallery, located in the city centre, is the most guarded room in Norway, after its famous resident was illicitly removed in 1994 – and safely recovered.

## Window shopping

Try the arcades behind the Cathedral (Oslo Domkirke), for arts and crafts, or the department store GlasMagasinet for Scandinavian crystal. The small entrance of Norway Design, next to Nationaltheatret station, hides a large shop of interesting arts and crafts.

Traditional jumpers are pricey if you want hand-knitted ones. You will find them in the tourist shops, but try Husli in Rosenkrantzgate.

## Night moves

Café life doesn't stop with lunch or dinner: Amsterdam Café in Kristian Augusts gate

bustles till late at night, and around the corner is the Savoy Hotel, home to a crammed bar. A quieter choice is Clodian Art Café in Bygøy Allé, to the west of town, where you can see the locals at play. Move on to the watering-holes Palace Grill and Skauum behind Aker Brygge, via Lille at the bottom of Bygøy Allé. Next to Skauum is Hollywood, one of Oslo's newest and trendiest clubs.

## Sunday morning: go to church

An 800-year-old stone church has been installed as part of the Norwegian folk museum, out on the Bygøy peninsula, a short bus or boat ride from the Town Hall. On Bygøy you also find Viking ships, Roald Amundsen's ship *Fram*, the *Kor-Tvii* and the Maritime Museum.

If you stay on the bus till its last stop at Bygøy, you will find a stretch of beaches. To the left, has the most tanned and muscular clientele; in the middle is the nudist beach; and to the right is a wooded path to the more relaxed Fardisbukta. Norwegians are not particular about bikini tops.

## Bracing brunch

Across from the old Akershus castle, through a new tarted up roundabout in Rådhusgaten, find the small door to Café Celsius' tourist-free courtyard. Nearer to Karl Johan, try Coco in Øvre Slottsgate for wonderful cakes.

Coffee bars have mushroomed in Oslo in the last two years, with good quality coffee – at a price – scrumptious muffins and sandwiches. And don't forget to try a bakery for the sweet buns (*bolle*).

## A walk in the park

Frognerparken is confusingly also known as Vigeland Park, after the sculptor whose 200 granite works populate its fine open spaces. Combine it with a trip to the open-air swimming pool next to the park.



Gustav Vigeland's sculptures populate the open spaces of Frogner Park

Robert Harding Picture Library

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Today and for each of the next two Saturdays, we will be offering a great weekend for two. You will receive a return flight from London (Eurostar in the case of Paris); transfers to a three-star hotel, where you receive two nights' bed-and-breakfast accommodation; £100 in spending money; and an all-important copy of the Guide. Twenty-five runners up will receive a copy of the book, which retails at £12.99. If you are unlucky this time around, you can buy a copy at a special price of £9.99, including postage and packing, just call our hotline on 01582 842112.

Today's destination is Paris; the next two venues will be Madrid and Venice. Just answer these three questions, complete the tie-break and send your entry to Paris, CAFE Crème Guide to the Cafés of Europe Competition, PO Box 4013, London E14 5DE. You are allowed to enter each of the subsequent competitions if you wish. The deadline for all entries is 17 July 1998.

Usual Independent News



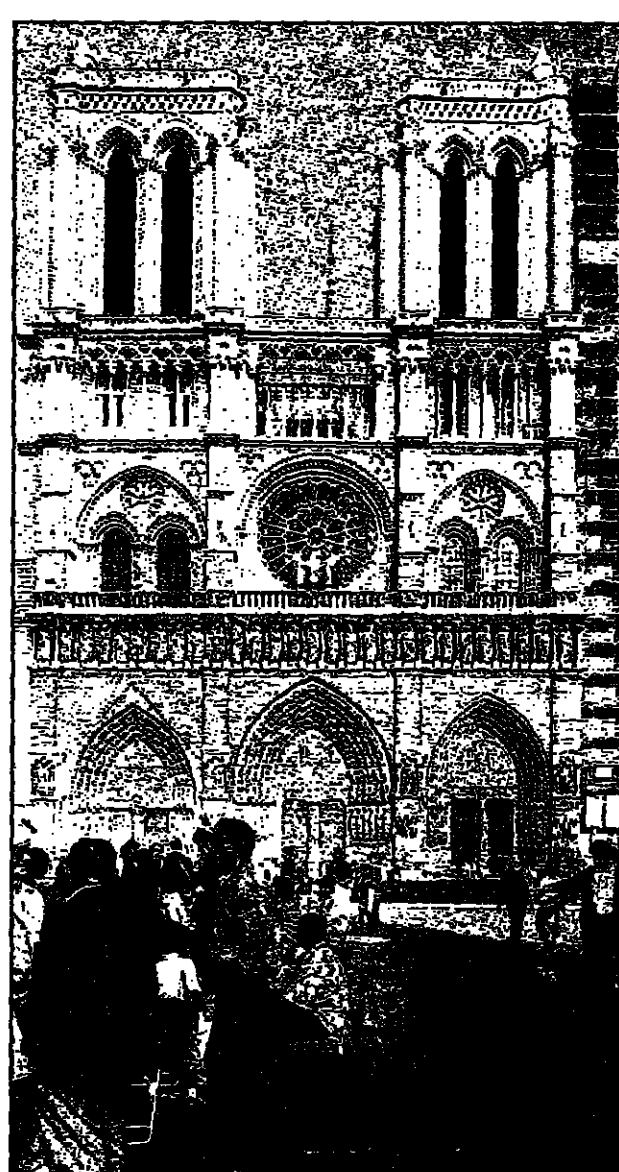
Cafés of Europe

papers (UK) plc rules apply. The Editor's decision is final.

1. The CAFE Crème Café of the Year is the Café Marty, overlooking the Louvre. Is its street address:  
(a) Cour Napoleon  
(b) Boulevard Wellington  
(c) Avenue Waterloo

2. Colombia, England's opponent at Lens last night, is noted for its coffee production. Is the leading crop variety grown there:  
(a) Bogota  
(b) Arabica  
(c) Escobar

3. If you ask for a *café crème* at the Café de la Paix in the ninth arrondissement in Paris, you will receive:



(a) a cigar  
(b) a guidebook  
(c) not much change out of 40 francs

Tie-break  
In 20 words or fewer, describe the most romantic café you have ever visited.

# A breath of French air

Camping in an 'aire naturelle' offers good weather, plenty of space, friendly fellow campers and fun for all the family - except maybe disco-mad teenagers. By Mick Webb

CAMPING IS great in theory; it's just the reality that's the problem. The promise of escape from the constraints of city life, and the allure of close encounters with nature, all fade away in the cold light of the campsite with its crowds, rules and noise - all the fun of a military base combined with the comfort levels of a shanty town.

That, at least, was my experience until I discovered *aires naturelles*. French campsites with the emphasis on a natural setting and spaciousness. We (two adults and two children) found our *aire* more by luck than by judgement while driving through the Limousin region of central France on a hot summer afternoon. In-tension was rising in proportion to the temperature when there appeared, mirage-like, a wood beside a shimmering lake, with a few tents, a relaxed-looking holiday-makers and a faded sign asking prospective campers to address themselves to the local *mairie*. In fact the *mairie* soon came to us, in the form of a young woman on a *mobylette* who showed us to a vacant clearing, pointed out the small and perfectly concealed toilet facilities, and offered to deliver to us the local gastronomic speciality - potato pie. The tariff was 20 francs a night. We've been returning to the *aire naturelle* ever since.

One of the greatest attractions is the generous amount of space you get for tents, barbecues, bicycles, boats and all the other equipment that *Continentals* campers manage to conjure from their vehicles. Individual pitches are indicated by discreet, white numbered boards, but the only obvious limits are provided by nature, in the form of oak trees, juniper bushes and the like. Not that this seems to lead to territorial disputes, but then I've never seen French campsites really crowded, even at the

height of a warm summer, and this is down to its most challenging feature: lack of hot or even moderately warm water. Most of the time at our Limousin site, the lake was significantly more welcoming than the icy shower, though this problem has recently been solved by the invention of the eco-friendly solar shower - a large, strong black bag with a rudimentary shower attachment. You fill it with water, leave to simmer in the sun for a few hours, hang from an ancient oak branch, and bingo. But what if there's no sun, I hear you ask? Well, in that case you don't sweat and don't need to wash, do you?

If you want it to, the place really does function as a community, but in an ad hoc, unorganised way; children are safe and, as long as they're pre-disco age, happy. The night of our arrival we lost five-year-old

complain that this year the fishing is worse than it's ever been - hardly worth the bother of casting the line. But he will happily take Alec out for the day and they will return with a few perch, which will be carefully filleted by Nicole and turned into a delicious dish, preceded by various home-made aperitifs and helped down by wines from a male of theirs in the nearby Cotes d'Auvergne. In fact this *département* of France, the Creuse, is not gastronomically blessed. There are no vineyards, and the specialties are filling rather than mouth-watering.

The little gives a clue to what the Creuse is really famous for: builders. Most of its *maçons* migrated to build the burgeoning Paris of the 19th century; what they left behind are some of France's most attractive and durable granite farmhouses,

high and low culture by travelling out to view the avant-garde pieces on a Thomas the Tank engine style train.

The towns of the Creuse are small and homely; the best known is Aubusson. Its ancient tapestry-making industry was revived in the Thirties by Jean Lurcat, whose brilliantly coloured and politically committed works can be seen in the town's museum. This is a good refuge during a rainy spell, and it, as sometimes happens, the rain continues, the cities of Limoges and Clermont Ferrand are only an hour's drive away. Another entertaining wet-weather sport is to go to the estate agents and check out the *maisons à vendre*, which are still reasonably priced. Water-mills are among the properties most sought after by the Dutch and the few British who have spilled over from the nearby Dordogne. "What is the attraction of such places?" a farmer asked me in a village bar. "They were not built for living in. They are in damp places. They have no foundations. They are miles from anywhere..."

Last year we paid another visit to the *aire* and, amazingly, the most prized pitch of all, No 2, right beside the lake, was vacant. So there we stayed, swimming, chatting, sitting out in the rays of the setting sun that turned the warmest of white wines into nectar. There was no trace of a cloud for 10 days and the fishing was, according to Emile, worse than anyone could possibly believe.

The woman from the *mairie* came to collect the money in a white van; the tariff was now 32 francs. But we did not complain.

There is no central number for *aires naturelles* but details are available from regional tourist offices. For information on these, contact the French Travel Centre, 178 Piccadilly, London W1V 0AL (0891 244123 - a premium-rate number).

In pitch 16a under the birch trees we will find Emile the Parisian policeman, his wife Nicole and their dodgy dog, Titi

Alec and eventually discovered him playing cards with a French family, and in no hurry to leave their canvas palace for our sad, ill-lit mini-dome. The *aire* is also quite a favourite with the Dutch, which is handy for us more linguistically challenged Europeans, as even their three-year-olds can hold their own in English.

During many visits to the *aire naturelle* we've become friendly with a cross-section of regulars, and going back there has become like a return to a well-loved local. In pitch No 16a under the birch trees we will find Emile the Parisian policeman, his wife Nicole and their dodgy dog, Titi. Titi will grow menacingly, and Emile will

commandingly positioned on the tops of hills.

This is a part of France that's not all that popular with tourists, nor with its own residents; the Creuse is amongst France's most depopulated *départements*. But there's plenty for the visitor to enjoy, particularly if you like watery fun. Vassivière is a 1,000-hectare expanse of lake with inlets, beaches, harbours and an enormous restaurant boat that prowls the lake, propelled by eerily silent electric motors, which terrifies windsurfers out of their wetsuits. The lake also has an island, technically speaking a *presqu'île* ("almost island") with a splendid sculpture park. You can combine

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From the thieves' market to fine bazaars, there's a price range to suit everyone looking for India's treasures. Amanda Ball reports

# Bombay's antiques roadshow

I BATTLED my way through Bombay's overcrowded Chor Bazaar (or thieves' market), dodging the tuk-tuks, cars, people, goats, cows, pyedogs and hopping rats (though these were hard to spot). Now I had only the dust, the fumes and the noise to contend with.

But this is India, and you expect all your senses to be assaulted. I had come hunting for the treasures of India's past, so I was prepared to scramble through the crowds, where gold and silver merchants ply their wares alongside allegedly stolen cars and bicycle parts.

It's as if the elephant god Ganesha has raised his trunk and hosed the area with terracotta-coloured dust. I stumbled past the stalls selling pashas and little jewels for girls' foreheads, past the trolleys offering puris, past a security guard, through a glass door, and I was in another world - one with air-conditioning, white marble and a distinctly Arabian atmosphere, where all that glittered really was gold.

Explaining that I was interested in antique pieces caused bemusement, but finally elicited a trip to a central counter. I was presented with a heavy gold necklace, which felt like tendrils, each piece ending in a cabochon ruby. The salesgirl was ecstatic: "Oh, you simply must have this. This is beautiful on you."

"Well, you couldn't wear it every day, could you?" I said. "Why not?" she retorted. As I would rather people see me, not my weight in gold, when I enter a room, I decided not to buy it - but just for fun I checked the price.

Weighing the piece, the assistant frowned, picked up a calculator and presented me with the figure: 225,000 rupees (about £3,750). Maharani's treasures don't come cheap, yet since gold is priced entirely by weight whether it's a precious antique or made yesterday, I may have missed a bargain.

Along the street, among the hole-in-the-wall shops of the silver salesmen, it's easier to find antique gems. It's worth the hunting to see wonderful jewels and cashmere you never knew you coveted.

Many of the gems are fakes, which once adorned the foreheads of brides. These have now been turned into pendants. Take your pick from the bays of expert stringers, crouching on low stools by the kerb, covered with every colour of miniature tassels.

I watched as Saleem, aged 55 and crumpled like an old tea-bag, but lithe enough to crouch with flat feet on the floor all day, selected a golden thread entwined with magenta cotton and threaded a necklace to fit a tall young Muslim woman in a saffron sari. "See, I can do it double quick," he smiled at me.

The Zaveri Bazaar, part fine an-



Bombay is an assault on the senses and also a great place to go bargain hunting

MSI

tiques shops, part junk shops, is less crowded than the thieves' market. The goods here are not cheap, but you can sometimes see fabulous items that you would be unlikely to find elsewhere, such as Indian lamps and chandeliers.

I'd been inspired by this trawl by a light I'd spotted at the Maharajah of Jodhpur's massive palace hotel, the Umaid Bhawan. In pride of place in the dining hall is a stylised silver lion sprouting antler-type growths from the sides of its head, the ends of which spray out each adorned with a crazier-than-the-last coloured glass shade.

India's chandeliers are not spun sugar creations of finely cut, clear

crystal; they are great dolloping dangles of heavily-coloured ruby, emerald and sapphire glass. Craftsmen trying to imitate European styles just couldn't help Indianising them. The results are often garish, overblown, Victorian kitsch - at about £20,000 for a chandelier I didn't buy anything.

In every store I was welcomed like an old friend. Someone asked me: "Look, I have this English painting. Very old. Very big. Little rip. No problem. Repair easy. Nice frame. How much should I ask?"

I'd seen similar in many a local auction at home, not ripped from side to side. "About 20,000 rupees (£300)," I guessed. He looked at me

in horror. "Ah no, I will go bankrupt."

I caught a cab to Collector's Paradise at Apollo Bunder, near the Regal Cinema. Lino floors, plain whitewashed walls and glass cases contain row upon row of old watches, stacks of old Leica cameras (£400), and goods imported from England during the days of the Raj. All of them were more expensive than they would be at home, such as a three-piece silver and enamel brush set at £90. These old everyday items give a nostalgic atmosphere, and among them are some fine antiques. For a more rigorous selection, you need to visit shops in the best hotels, such as those in the ultra-smart arcades at the Taj. Or hunt out

the tiny, entry-by-bell shops such as Heeramanek.

Here, I popped in one lunch time and found the shop's narrow corridor blocked by the elderly sales assistant, mid-tiff.

He bought out fine Indian silver items and Raj cigarette cases - a pretty, enamelled one made in London in 1929 for the Indian market cost £300.

Finally, I went in search of bigger items. Antiques warehouses are almost impossible to find, as they are hidden down back streets and are barely visible until you're in them.

I wandered down a quiet, rubbish-ridden alleyway and into a courtyard. On my left was a hovel masquerad-

ing as a first-floor factory. On my right, covered in a thick layer of soot, were laundry lines laden with patched-together pieces of fabric - the sheets and clothes of the poor. I walked through a door in the corner and found myself in an Aladdin's cave of treasures.

Dagina Bazaar is packed to its 20ft-high ceilings with old furniture, doors, arches and bullock carts. Moorthy, the owner, greeted me warmly. "Look around. See if you like." At the back, a group of men, cross-legged on the floor, were ransacking an elaborate chaise longue. They looked up in surprise - this is a place for insiders, a haunt of the trade. Unknown faces are rarely

seen. I came across a witty, foot-high dummy board of a maharajah, £200. Moorthy was enthusiastic. "It lights up. I'll show you." He plugged it in and switched it on, and the room lit up. "Hey presto."

I laughed loudly. Moorthy took one look at my face, and grinned. This, he realised, I had to buy.

Arrivals: there are plenty of cheap fares on indirect routes to Bombay/Mumbai. For non-stop flights, Welcome Travel (0171-439 3677) has good fares from Heathrow on Air India. More information: India Government Tourist Office, 7 Cork Street, London W1X 2LN (0171-437 3677)

## South London turned into Sri Lanka...

In our series recalling memorable journeys, Fi Glover describes the surprising aftermath of a party in Clapham: a cricket match on a remote beach somewhere near Colombo

YOU COULD hear the clamour of the taxi drivers back in passport control, and by the time you had come through baggage reclaim (a loose description) your face would be contorted into a rendition of Munch's Scream as you prepared to turn down the offers to ride in every Sri Lankan cab that met the big plane from London at Colombo airport.

Not me, though. "Friend of Max's... friend of Max's?" asked the polite young man who came towards me as I crouched over my map of Sri Lanka. He could see that this was no ordinary, or sensible, map. It was, in fact, a photocopy on the back of a party invitation. As most maps should be, I had arrived in the still heat of Colombo equipped only with the following address: Max, Marissa Beach, Sri Lanka.

And it really was written on the back of a party invitation. I can't remember now what the party itself was like, but since it was held eight years ago I should think it entailed cheap wine, expensive king-size Rizlas, ludicrously strong cocktails and rather weak men. Its glamour lay in the fact that Max (the host) was going off to Harvard to do something with his big brain for a year and, between leaving Clapham and arriving in Boston, he was going to Sri Lanka for the summer. He wanted all his friends to join him. So the invitations had that photocopy on the back, with a little dot showing where Marissa Beach was. And it just said "come over". I did.

So there's this lovely Sinhalese man at the airport and among all the clamour he's

asking me whether I'm a friend of Max. So, of course, I say: "Yes - why do you know him too?" He says that he's in charge of some of the taxis, and that Max asked him to look out for pale young English people arriving on flights from London and point them in the right direction - south-west-ish. Fleetingly thought: murderous, sweet-smiling serial killer, who says this to all the girls. But my mouth forms the reply: "Lovely, yep. He's in Marissa, isn't he? Can I get a cab there? Super, marvelous. Yes, thank you very much, how kind."

The cab driver is equally lovely, and so we set off in a car that pays homage to a gearbox, but doesn't appear to have one. If you take a cab out of Colombo and head south you soon lose the city, and the road follows the coast running between the white sands and the train line. Sometimes you go faster than the train; often you don't. It depends whether you're approaching a chicane of buffalo.

Five hours later we arrive in Marissa. Now, I had thought on the way down that it might be a problem finding one tall, funny British bloke in what sounded like one of Sri Lanka's finest beach resorts. I was wrong. Marissa Beach is just a beach, and back then Damarka's house and beach huts were the only accommodation available to optimistic Londoners. So we simply drove up to the gate, asked for Damarka, said hello, and at the mere mention of the name Max realised that we had come to the right place. The taxi driver came in for dinner, and I walked out on to the beach to find that

### THAT SUMMER

the party from Clapham had been pretty much transported in its entirety to a perfectly formed but, surrounded by palms, with the sun dipping down over a low sea. So it was slightly better than Clapham, really.

Damarka turned out to be a star. He was a tiny Sinhalese with almost ebony skin, and the cheekiest grin, and dancing eyes that were kept constantly amused by the stream of white faces arriving at his gate. The bloke back at the airport must have been busy.

We had a rather magical time at Marissa Beach. Damarka built us another hut when the numbers swelled and he organised a cricket match when we hit 12. We went down to the city of Galle to get a trophy made, and we played the local team on their pitch next door to Damarka's place. Guess what - we didn't get to keep the trophy. We girls were useless and kept trying to field in the shade, and we had to take a long tea break to get the water buffalo off the boundaries. The residents of Marissa laughed a lot.

Max and the rest of the British cricket tour spent the whole of their summer there, but I had to return to my job filing bits of newspapers in a dungeon at the BBC. I wished I could have stayed longer. The only bad thing about the experience was that it made me keen to go to parties in Clapham. Maybe every Clapham cloud should have a Sri Lankan lining.

Since British Airways abandoned its London-Colombo route for the second time, the only airline flying direct between the UK and Sri Lanka,

capitals is Air Lanka (0171-930 4688), which has five flights each way every week. The best ones are on Saturday, Sunday and Monday, because these are non-stop. Lowest return fares are available through discount agents; expect to pay around £550 for a direct Air Lanka flight, about £100 less for a connecting flight on Emirates via Dubai or Kuwait Airways via Kuwait. Package holidays are widely available through agents such as Inspirations (01293 822244) and Somak (0181-903 8526). Red tape: British visitors to Sri Lanka do not require visas for short visits.

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In early summer, the desert is a riot of colour; before long, everything would be burnt off in the heat of a Mexican summer

RHPL; Tony Stone Images

# Dolphins at play in LA Bay

Baja California is a rugged sliver of bare mountains and empty beaches. Michael Hanlon hit the highway south with one eye on the blossoming cacti, the other on the potholes, and found a little paradise in the desert

THE BORDER crossing between Tijuana and San Diego is not the place to discover you have a flat tyre. We had been crawling slowly towards the Free World for an hour, stuck in an overheated 12-lane hell. Then the guy in the pick-up in the next lane started tooting and pointing at our grumpy car's front end. "You've got a flat," he said. "Thanks," we replied, wondering whether we would make it to the US immigration post. Twenty minutes later, we limped across.

Ten days earlier, we had crossed the same border heading in the opposite direction - in a clean and shiny car. There are no queues to enter Mexico from the United States. No one looks at your passport, and you have to make the effort to find the immigration office to get a tourist card - necessary if you plan on driving more than a few miles into Mexico. We planned on driving many, many miles into Mexico - right to the end of the Baja California peninsula, a rugged sliver of mountain and desert, empty beaches and cactus forests. Time was of the essence: the drive to Cabo San Lucas, Baja's tropical Land's End, is about 1,200 miles from the border. So we ignored bustling Tijuana (a disturbing contrast to glitzy San Diego), and instead took the beautiful, 70-mile corniche road to Ensenada, the last town of any size for 900 miles.

Ensenada is a sleepy, pretty little place, built around the bay of Todos Santos and laid out with flower gardens and shady parks. The high street caters mainly for tourists. The shops sell the same things - big hats, carved wooden objects, pottery and other "authentic Mexican" paraphernalia - some of it not even made in China. We sat down for a late breakfast, and studied the map. We planned on spending a night in three or four places on the way down, and having a few days around La Paz at the end. Then we would burn rubber back to the States. No problem, if the road was as good, and as empty, as we had seen so far.

Half an hour out of Ensenada, we started to have our doubts. I had been apprehensive about driving in Mexico. I know plenty of people who had been there, but none who had driven a car. Surely the combination of Latin temperament, Third World roads and dubious vehicles would be potentially fatal.



In fact, Mexicans are probably the most considerate and courteous drivers with whom I have ever had the pleasure of sharing the highway. Pedestrians are waved across; traffic lights are obeyed. Every cross-road meeting leads to an elaborate signing session as each driver tries to wave the other across first. Road rage is not a problem, we concluded, in Baja California.

But, it has to be said, the roads are not good. The corniche from Tijuana to Ensenada is a toll motorway and therefore in excellent condition. Yet for 100 miles south of Ensenada, the Transpeninsular is a nightmare of endless roadworks, potholes and sections too narrow for two vehicles to pass.

The other problem was that despite the closeness of the US, and the beauty of the scenery, there is little, south of Ensenada, in the way of tourist infrastructure. The Transpeninsular runs close to the Pacific coast, but not along it, and access to the beaches is down miles of unsigned and bumpy farm tracks. Motels and hotels seem to be non-existent. As we trundled through one dusty town after another - each a string of corrugated iron shacks, shabby taco bars and tyre repair outfits - we began to wonder whether this was such a good idea. Eventually we pulled into the only tourist information office we had seen, a few miles north of San Quintin. We were directed to a motel 15 miles to the south. By the time we

found it, we would have slept anywhere.

We spent the next night at El Rosario, in a strange motel run by Mexican Jehovah's Witnesses, before the daunting drive across the Desierto Central wilderness. This is a remarkable place. South of the army checkpoint at El Rosario, the road climbs to a vast 3,000-ft plateau ringed by craggy granite mountains. In early summer the desert was ridiculously colourful, with cacti covered in red and yellow blooms, and carpets of vivid pink flowers. In a few weeks it would all be burnt off in the 45-degree heat of a Mexican summer.

Here, the road is much better than farther north; it is straight, and in good condition. We clocked more than 100 miles without passing a single vehicle, and were making good time in the race south. We took the spur east to Bahía de Los Angeles, a little village on the peninsula's east coast that was apparently something of a beauty spot. A night there, we planned, then back to the highway. But as we crested the hill, and saw the Sea of Cortes spread before us, dotted with islands, we knew we wouldn't be driving any further south.

LA Bay, as everyone calls it, is at first glance an unimpressive collection of single-storey houses and motels in various states of disrepair. Although there is little man-made to please the eye, the setting is mind-blowing. A bay of darkest blue water, set off by multi-layered and multi-coloured mountains, a string of islands and golden beaches. And we seemed to be the only tourists in town. We found somewhere to stay - clean and spacious and just 25 bucks a night, and set out to explore. LA has a scruffy but lovely little museum (full of rocks, fossils and cowboy paraphernalia, with a huge whale skeleton outside); there are two shops, three restaurants, a couple of hotels, and that's all.

As the days passed, it seemed as if we had been there for months. We got to know Guillermo, the big cheese in town. A ranchero and owner of the biggest of the three restaurants, he was a mine of local knowledge. He fixed us up with a boat and driver for the day. We knew the deep Sea of Cortes was full of exotic fauna, with dolphins, manta rays, blue whales and even the rare whale shark, the world's largest fish, and we were keen to get out and



see some of it close up. We visited three of the islands (all deserted), and swam the tidal race into a turquoise lagoon. No whales, but plenty of dolphins, sea lions and shoals of Technicolor fish to keep us happy.

In the evenings, we ate at the restaurant over the road before the power went off at 9pm, devouring huge plates of mouth-watering fresh sea bass and yellowtail, smothered in garlic. We did once climb a hill behind the town looking for minerals - the place was once home to a mini gold rush - but that was about it as far as strenuous activity went. Just a week after arriving, and it was time to go, but as we watched the full moon rise over the Punta Herradura for the last time, we promised ourselves we would be back.

Getting there: Michael Hanlon paid £221, inc taxes, for a British Airways return flight from Gatwick to San Diego, through Flightbookers (0171-757 2000). Mérida is most easily reached via Miami, or on the new BA flight to Cancún, where you transfer to a bus for a five-hour haul. Mexico City is served non-stop by BA and one-stop by many other airlines; specialist such as Journey Latin America (0181-747 3108) or South American Experience (0171-976 5511) can advise. Simon Calder spent an inordinate amount of time and money reaching Puerto Vallarta; he travelled from

## MAKING FOR MEXICO

Gatwick to Amsterdam on BA (0345 222111), from there to Chicago on KLM (0890 074074) and onwards via Guadalajara on Mexicana. You can make the journey much more cheaply and easily on one of many charter flights, mainly from Manchester and Gatwick, direct to Puerto Vallarta. Charters are mostly sold as part of package holidays, by operators such as First Choice (0161-745 7000), Airtours (0541 500479) and Thomson (0990 502580). Some

flights may have space for "seat only" customers; expect to pay around £250 return to Puerto Vallarta. From the airport you can get to the city centre in about three minutes by bus. From the west bank of the river, head inland and upwards.

Red tape: Visitors require a tourist card, issued free by the airline when you embark, or at the frontier if you enter by land.

More information: Mexican Ministry of Tourism, 60 Trafalgar Square, London WC2N 5DS (0171-734 1058). Note that this office takes a long siesta, closing each day from 1.30pm to 3pm.

# Designed by the French, ridden by Mexicans

THE FRENCH-designed Metro in Mexico City is one of the modern wonders of the New World. Swift and silent on their rubber wheels, the stainless steel, orange-painted carriages easily criss-cross this vast conurbation of 20 million people, gliding below the choked streets that make car-drivers' lives misery. And journeys on the nine lines are cheap; the standard fare for any number of stations is one-and-a-half pesos, just over 10p.

But, for all that it was designed by clever engineers in Paris, the Metro here has been totally Mexicanised, or rather has been transformed into a mixture of what the country is today and what most Mexicans would like it to be. So, the

system is high-tech because Mexicans don't want to be seen as backsliders on the way to the new millennium. Its stations are clean and their marble pavings and walls are burnished and polished as though to banish the vision of a land where many still live without water and sanitation. Some trains have Muzak because Muzak is modern. As in Paris, many stations display art and culture because millions of Mexicans aspire to a better understanding of these things.

And ancient Mexico won't be banished. Pino Suárez station, near the city's main square, has been carefully built around the lovingly protected remains of the main temple of the Aztecs, whom the Spaniards con-

Mexico City's underground is a mix of Paris design, high-tech and the country's past and present. By Hugh O'Shaughnessy

quered when they arrived here in 1517.

In a country where millions still can't read, each station has a symbol as well as a written name. The Airport station has its little aircraft symbol, as you would expect. But some are more sophisticated: the Montezuma station has a representation of the Aztec emperor's feathered head-dress; the Zapata station has a symbol of the massive hat of the famous revolutionary Emiliano Zapata; the sign for Etiópia station is a lion's head, symbol of the em-

perors of Ethiopia, lions of Judah. And so on. It is almost impossible to get lost on the network.

In recent years a change has come over the Metro. Financial crises have hit the poorest Mexicans and today there are beggars and hustlers on the lines who were never to be seen when the system first opened. As in above-ground Mexico City, they come in all sorts: small children selling sweets and cheap fountain pens; blind beggars singing solo above the hum of the train

or going from carriage to carriage with guitars and portable electronic keyboards and often travelling in pairs.

On the line to the university the other day, I saw a fierce young man with steel-rimmed glasses and a Trotsky beard shouting the merits of his paper whose headlines were extremely derogatory to the government. He reminded me of the Mexican left, which has a proud, but not always effective, place in Mexican politics. Perhaps it was a coincidence but we had just passed through

Coyoacán station, which serves the house, now turned into a museum, where the Russian revolutionary lived in exile until he was killed with an ice-pick on Stalin's orders in 1940.

Ten minutes away, at the Hidalgo station on the same line, religious Mexico is powerfully present in the Metro. Some months ago devout Mexicans saw a likeness of the Virgin of Guadalupe, the country's patroness, appearing in the concrete in the tunnel. That piece of concrete has been quarried from the wall by cour-

tesy of the Metro management and is now on display on the pavement above ground at one of the city's busiest crossroads. All day, a quiet crowd of worshippers line up at a makeshift shrine to kiss the foot-high image of La Guadalupe, who first appeared to a peasant on a hill to the north of the city in 1531. Goddess Trotsky isn't allowed to have it all his own way, you know.

Meanwhile, the management makes its own genuflection to decorum. Between 5pm and 9pm in the busiest stations, some passageways are reserved for women, thereby freeing them from the groping hands of Mexican males.

Despite the fact that uniformed and plain-clothes police

are constantly on patrol, one sad manifestation of present Mexico occasionally comes to the Metro: armed robbery. If you are unlucky, someone will stick a knife in your ribs and ask you quietly for your money. The locals say that it's much better to yield to them gracefully. It tends to avoid unpleasantness.

Middle-class Mexicans are horrified if a visitor does decide to take the Metro, and forecast terrible things if he or she does it again. "But," says Ron Buchanan, a local editor, "there's probably a good dose of snobbery in their thinking. The middle class don't like being with poor people. They want a public transport system of their own."

مكتبة من الأناضول



# Riding high on a Mexican wave

Candida Lloyd raises her margarita to Mexico's spectacular Yucatán peninsula and its historical capital, Mérida

SUNDAY IS show time in Mérida. The city's hot, traffic-ridden central plaza becomes transformed into a carnival. Flags, gaudy bunting and ticker-tape are strewn throughout the square. The owner of a doughnut cart uses a trombone-like contraption to squeeze out rings of sticky goo to be dropped into sizzling oil. Old women and young men queue to sit at makeshift cafés and eat warm tortillas stuffed with blackened turkey, refried beans and chilli salsa. Pineapples are pulped; bags of nuts and brightly coloured sweets are chewed. Middle-aged men in their Sunday best sit on benches to gawp as young couples hold hands and drink Coke. There is music and dance and everyone promenades. Even the more gruesome-looking beggars are out in force, competing for compassion with the nuns at the entrance of the cathedral that stands so severely at one end of the square.

Plaza Mayor, which is flanked by some of the city's oldest and most impressive buildings, is closed off to traffic on Sundays, except for horse-drawn buggies and tourists riding in cycle rickshaws.

Mérida is the capital of the state of Yucatán, in the far east of Mexico. The Maya people have survived invasion, enslavement, disease and oppression and make up a substantial part of the population. Situated in the north east of the flat Yucatán peninsula, this can be a stop-off from the Caribbean beaches several hours away, and is close to the world-famous Mayan Indian ruins at Chichén Itzá and Uxmal. It is a city of narrow streets, shady squares, hidden courtyards, crumbling colonial buildings, noise and dirt.

The Yucatán has a distinct culture, sense of pride and political identity. The original Maya city of T'ho - where Mérida now stands - was conquered by the Spanish in 1542. The conquistadores held on to their colony until the mid-19th century. At the turn of this century, merchants who had grown rich on the trade in sisal rope brought great wealth to Mérida. The city retains a European feel, with many of the older buildings built from French bricks and tiles, brought over as ballast in trading ships. The area remained cut off from the rest of Mexico until road and rail links were built in the Sixties. Today, the wealth has evaporated, but the city is still full of energy.

Child beggars are common. Many are ingenious. One 12-year-old boy



The distinctive culture of the Yucatán is captured in the laid back, party atmosphere of the capital Mérida

RHPL

challenged us with a wooden pyramid puzzle. When we failed to reassemble it, he offered to sell a packet of chewing-gum for the equivalent of 2p (we bought a large chunk of his stock). Other children, some so young that older brothers and sisters have to carry them around, live and work in and around the city squares.

You can hardly avoid them as you explore the place, and it's an easy city to get around by foot. We stopped occasionally, escaping from the heat and dust to have a cold beer and a hot salsa, or to dive into a juice bar to choose from a selection of exotic pulverised fruits and vegetables.

A contrast to the cool squares and many of the hotel's beautiful, if slightly faded, antechambers is the city's gigantic main market. A fog of noise and odours pours from the many entrances. The market is divided by narrow, dark walkways. Sacks of spices are piled next to TV and radio repair stalls. Nearby, squat women knead dough to be transformed into sacks of warm tortillas via a mini-furnace and a conveyor belt - a bit like a scene from *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory*. In another section, there are cramped cafés where large, blackened turkeys are shredded by hand for the obligatory tortillas and beans.

Piles of leather shoes and belts compete for the attention with modern electronic toys, traditional clothes and squealing animals. Then there are the hammocks for which Mérida is renowned - shop after shop of them, each with its own energetic hawker looking for business.

A 10-minute walk takes you to the tranquil courtyard of the new Museo de Arte Contemporáneo Arreola de Yucatán, which is supposed to be the finest art museum in the state. It does not appear to be the most popular. On our visit, there were more guides than guests, with smiling attendants holding open the door to each gallery. It contains

works by well known artists from Yucatán, as well as a room of copies of European modern masterpieces. But the most interesting exhibition is one of Mexican families at home. The ethnic mix is startling - from blond, lightly tanned city dwellers standing proudly in front of a new settee and video, to intensely dark-skinned Mayan Indians in mud huts.

Much of this seemed a far cry from Mérida's grander past. Close to the city's main square, near to Parque Hidalgo, is a clutch of colonial hotels. Posada Toledo is one such building, a beautiful 19th-century structure with an exquisite courtyard. The owner showed us the hotel's bridal suite, which had been

beautifully restored with fine mouldings and antique furniture. There was even a second room leading from the bedroom, where the relatives of the newly married couple would stay: an instant passion-killer. The owner said she was worried about offering the room for rent because it was so expensive: it cost about £17 a night.

The night-life, meanwhile, is hot and humming. There are restful bars, noisy cafés and traditional Mexican restaurants. Everything is done with smiles, bowls of hot salsa and tortilla chips, and good grace.

And, of course, a few hours out of town lie some of the country's

most spectacular Mayan sites. To get there, you can take the second-class coach service that rattles through dusty villages, each clustered around its own enormous church, where young men selling fruit and flavoured ices leap aboard at each stop. If you have less time, and more money, there are fast, cheap, air-conditioned first-class coaches.

Alternatively, a coach will whisk you to the east coast in about four hours. If you like eating at beach bars while downing margaritas as big as goldfish bowls, and have a penchant for Caribbean seas and sand, then the laid-back resort of Playa del Carmen is heaven.

## Gone for a Burton in Puerto Vallarta

Casa Kimberley hasn't changed since 'The Night of the Iguana'. Simon Calder samples Taylor/Burton chic

"LIZ AND Dick have popped out for a while, but it looks as if they'll be back soon. Meanwhile, you're welcome to make yourself at home and poke about. And would you like a drink?"

When you visit the former home of Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton, Nina Diebold says only the last sentence of that paragraph. But, given the astonishing state of Casa Kimberley, you would not be at all surprised if the actors, so united and divided by passion, were to walk up the stone stairs and into the huge lounge/verandah/bar that looks out over Puerto Vallarta.

The beaches hereabouts comprise regulation pristine hectares of white sand, brushed but not beaten by the Pacific. So only a few visitors haul themselves up the sharply sloping cobbles to a hacienda by the name of Casa Kimberley. You can't miss the bright pink footbridge placed as daintily as possible across Calle Zaragoza. This was a later addition, when Burton decided they needed a swimming-pool and promptly bought the house across the road.

The couple first came to this point on Mexico's Pacific coast before they were married, and before it had become a popular resort. The director John Huston summoned Burton here (Taylor accompanying him) to make

*The Night of the Iguana* - a love quadrangle including Burton, Ava Gardner, Deborah Kerr and Sue Lyon. If you don't know the film before you come to Puerto Vallarta, you will by the time you've been here a day.

Hollywood created the resort at the same time as it made the film. When Huston's raft of talent drifted 1,000 miles down the Pacific coast from California, the paparazzi followed in its wake - not least because *Liz and Dick* were on the brink of becoming an item.

On slow days, of which there are many in the languid, sultry summer this far south, those involved in making the movie and those who merely snapped at the coat tails and costumes could look out around the Bahía de Banderas (seventh-largest bay in the world, as you're sure to be told) and wonder at their good fortune. It's a jolly, if back-of-beyond, port protected in a relaxed sort of way by a fine arc of sand, with some monumental mountains in the background.

Richard Burton was hooked. It's fair to assume that he set out, when the cloying humidity of summer had eased, to find the villa with the finest view in Vallarta. That, at any rate, is what he bought in October 1964. And that is the place which,

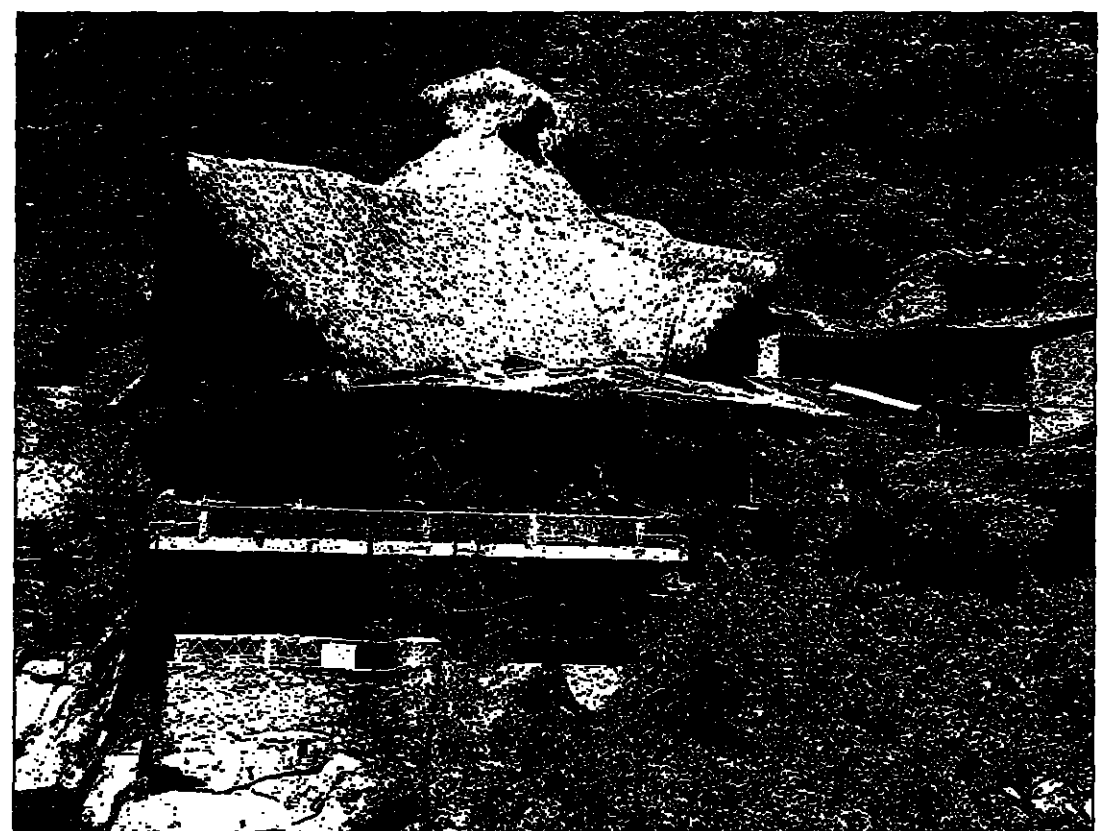
after two marriages, two divorces and the funeral of her former husband, Miss Taylor sold lock, stock and photograph album. So you get an intensely personal insight into the life of a British couple who commuted between glamorous Hollywood and prosaic Puerto Vallarta, where their house stood close to the Mercado Municipal.

A poster publicising the screen version of Tennessee Williams's short story proclaims they "devour life". Part of this feast was the conspicuous consumption of some truly tacky furnishings, with violently purple cushions covering most soft surfaces. "Suggested for Mature Audiences", continues the billing.

The watershed of your \$5 tour around the house is in the bathroom of the penthouse - a veritable crater of a bath, in a pace amalgam of marble and plaster. If you're wondering where the makers of the ill-fated serial *Eldorado* got their ideas, look no further. But instead of sneering at the Burtons' taste, you can live it: the house is a strange combination of tourist attraction and working apartment complex. You can rent the penthouse, including bath and rather too many faded monochrome prints of the former owners, for £90 a night in high season.

Budget travellers can choose from rooms ranged around the pool or the courtyard. No numbers: each is named after a film in which one or both of them starred. *The Taming of the Shrew* is next-door to *The Comedians* and opposite *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf*. Each is fitted with a professional make-up mirror and lighting arrangement for prospective stars. Coming to stay entails you also to play pool and table tennis where the Burtons did, and read their junk novels, which line the shelves in every room. This attention to bums and detail sums the place up, but also touches a romantic nerve in even the cynical visitor: off-screen love just cannot match the real, steamy thing, but here's how Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton tried. This is a hacienda de amor if ever I saw one.

Casa Kimberley, Calle Zaragoza 445, Puerto Vallarta, Jalisco 48300, Mexico; tel/fax 00 52 322 21336. Tours \$5 (£3). Bed and breakfast rates depend on season - November-May is high, June-October low - and the accommodation. A poolside suite costs \$75 (£45) per night per room, low season; the penthouse suite costs \$150 (£90) per night in high season.

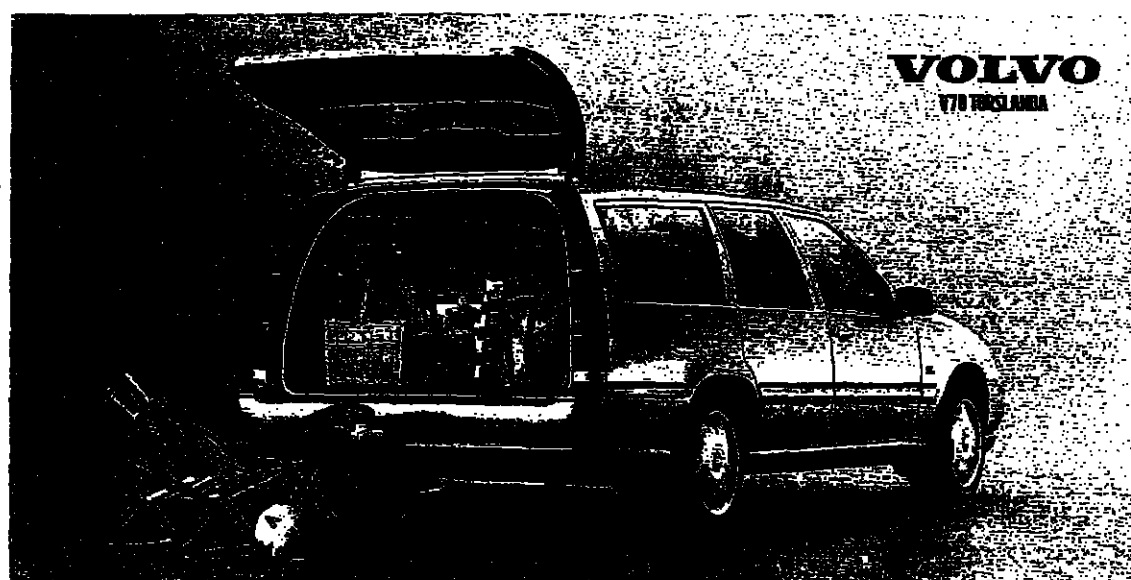


Burton and Taylor's villa has some of the best views over Puerto Vallarta

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# TRAVEL



VISIT PAUL MCCARTNEY'S TEENAGE HOME 21 NORWEGIAN GETAWAY: 48 HOURS IN OSLO 27

## Danger: human crocs

Queensland is no place for wimps, feminists or anyone scared of Crocodile Dundee. By Annie Caulfield

**B**efore I went to Australia I imagined that films set in that country were pure fiction and that Castlemaine XXXX ads were playing on a stereotype of an outback male who no longer really existed. I don't think I really imagined that far north Queensland would be all motorways, cappuccino bars and poetry readings, but it still came as a shock to find Crocodile Dundee, and squalid bars full of unshaven men in singlets.

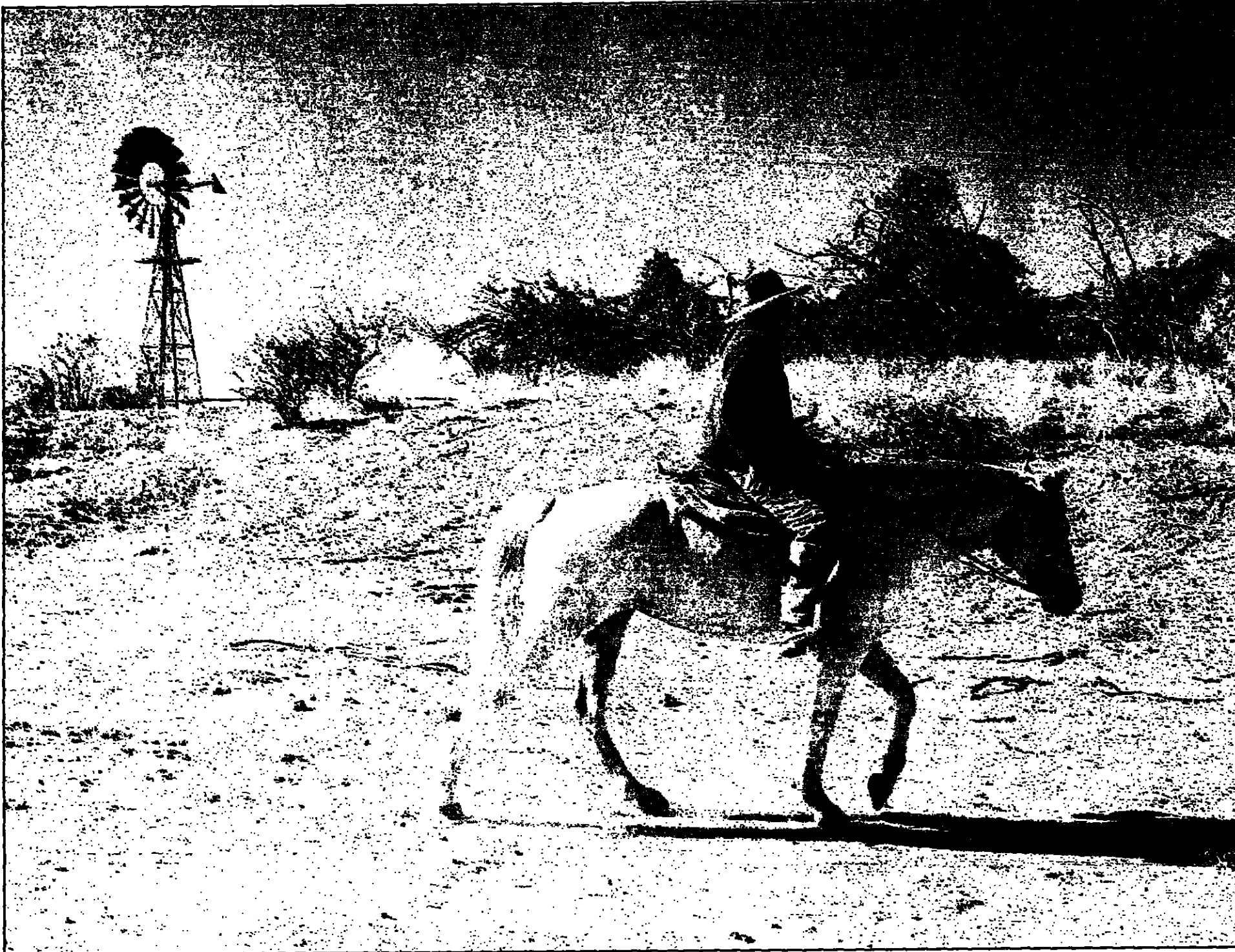
And no roads. Until recently, Queensland had a spectacularly corrupt state governor; the hundreds of miles of dirt tracks are blamed on him. But I think the men of the region rather like it that way; they get to roar about in four-wheel drives and brag about how they made it through some seemingly impassable swamp to get to the pub.

The other thing they like is the fact that the coastline is a snap with killer crocodiles. I found this a little inconvenient myself, because there are miles of beautiful, unspoilt beaches. I was told at least a thousand times as I set off on a shoreline walk: "watch you don't swim; there's a whole heap of crocs around." I don't know whether "heap" is the correct collective noun for crocodiles, but they seem to think it is in Queensland. I'd also think a crocodile would eat you, kill you or perhaps just bite you, but no - a crocodile will "take" you.

Nevertheless, I tried to close my mind to crocodiles - and besides, as an obvious pom, I had enough trouble with some of the people.

In one very small town, I decided to send some postcards. I'd already sent a parcel from the post office and had noted that the sour, surly man behind the counter didn't like the look of me at all. As he'd weighed and stamped my parcel he'd glowered at me, while I'd remained pleasant, polite and blatantly English. As I stood in the queue with my postcards I knew that he and I were never destined to be friends.

I turned against him even more as he served the customer in front of me, a young Aboriginal man who was taking



Men in Queensland like the lack of roads: difficult terrain gives them a chance to show their machismo

some of his own money out of his own post office account.

"You've spent 300 dollars in one day."

The Aboriginal just stared at him. Didn't even flinch. The official slammed down the young man's withdrawal, and

started talking to his assistant before the customer was even out through the door. "Look at that. I bet he drank all that money, and now he's going to drink the rest of it."

I wished I were braver. I wished I had the guts to say:

"Perhaps he had bills to pay; and even if he did drink it, what's it to you? It's his money. And quite frankly, if I were an Aboriginal in this town I'd drink incessantly."

But I just stood there, shocked. I glanced behind me

to see whether there was anyone who might share a glance of agreement with my distress. But there, leaning against the counter, looking me up and down as if he were appraising horseflesh, was Crocodile Dundee.

He had the whole leather outfit, knife at his belt, teeth in his hat and thongs round his biceps. There any resemblance to Paul Hogan ended. He'd a mean, nasty sort of face with too-small eyes, a beer gut and pasty, freckled skin. I scowled

at him to try to stop the lecherous eyeing. He just smirked and carried on. I turned away quickly. The counter clerk was waiting.

I asked him for two stamps to Europe, which he produced. He then barked: "What about

the cards? Have you got to pay for them?"

"I bought them in the newsagent's this morning."

The clerk's eyes narrowed.

"Did you?"

Meanwhile Crocodile Dundee was moving up behind me. I could feel his smirking gaze.

I tried not to be intimidated, tried to be cheery.

"Well, this would be quite a lot of writing to have done in a couple of minutes in the queue," I laughed.

The postman stared stonily.

I could smell Crocodile Dundee now, right behind me. I wanted to be Emma Peel - give a sharp back karate kick to Crocodile Dundee while smacking the official's jaw. But I've lived a wimpish life, uninitiated in martial arts and the wearing of skin-tight cat suits. I hung the postcards in the counter clerk's face and said: "That's right. I came all the way to Queensland to steal two postcards." Then I fled back to my hotel, terrified that Crocodile Dundee might be in pursuit.

A lie down in an air-conditioned room made me feel slightly less as if the whole town were about to storm up the stairs and crash through my door. I calmed down enough to admire the tropical scenery, including a tree filled with noisy parrots just beside my balcony. I told myself that I should be relaxed here, enjoy the remote location, feel more empathy for people who had to live in the male-dominated middle of nowhere. The post office clerk was probably just shy, and Crocodile Dundee was probably lonely, and simply trying to be friendly.

I almost had things back in perspective, when I turned on the early evening news. There was a local item about a dog that had been "taken" by crocodiles on a jetty a mere hundred yards from the hotel. The newsreader introduced the local crocodile expert for comment.

There he was, the post office Crocodile Dundee, looking tough. "Oh yes, it's only a matter of time now before a child's taken. We reckon this one's a 30-footer. We've been trying to catch it for days, but it's a sly one. Don't you ladies worry, though; we'll make sure your kids stay safe."

### FACT FILE

**Getting there:** If you can travel before the end of July, extremely good value air fares to Australia are available - the normal April-to-June low season has extended this year. For lowest fares, consult a discount travel agency rather than going direct to the airlines. The only airline with direct

flights to Queensland is British Airways, daily from Heathrow via Singapore to Brisbane. A dozen other airlines will get you to Brisbane or - for crocodile country - Cairns. The lowest fares to Australia are on Emirates from Manchester or Gatwick to Melbourne via Dubai, or Garuda

Indonesia from London to Sydney via Jakarta. Add-on flights to Queensland are available from specialist Australian agents.

**Getting in:** You need a visitor visa for Australia; specialist agents issue these electronically. Call 0891 600333 for more information.

**Getting information:** The Australian Tourist Commission (Gemin House, 10-18 Putney Hill, London SW15 6AA) is making telephone callers pay premium rates for information. You can order brochures on 0890 561434, or speak to a human on the 0891 070707 "Aussie Helpline" (49p per minute).

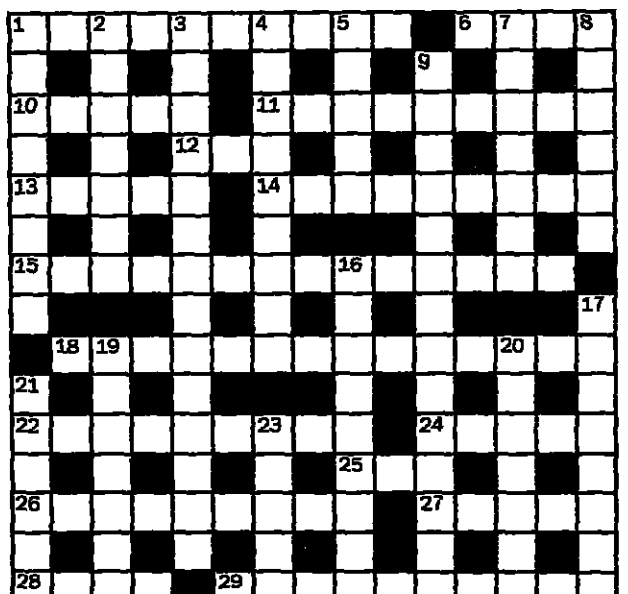
### THE INDEPENDENT CROSSWORD

No. 3648. Saturday 27 June

By Spuria

ACROSS

DOWN



- 1 Six-footers with long legs (5-5)
- 6 Keenly feel absence of girl? (4)
- 10 Host of Romans, eleven hundred? (5)
- 11 Story presented by artist in interval, mostly garbled (9)
- 12 Harry's horse (3)
- 13 Instruct child to finish meal (5)
- 14 Leaving for South America with most important man on board (9)
- 15 New council's beano, extravagant and outrageous (14)
- 18 Position of typing chair determined by senior civil servant? (5-9)
- 22 Starting in the garden, endless series of mixed doubles (5,4)
- 24 Up to university - new term is late starting (5)
- 25 Voile-face by employer almost making one weep (3)
- 26 Store employee dressed as Santa sits here (9)
- 27 Policy when encountering new material (5)
- 28 South Australian mum's joined band (4)
- 29 Seat taken by two people (5,5)

- 1 It's unlikely to produce horse laugh (6)
- 2 Superannuated academic appointment almost secured by a Catholic (7)
- 3 "Ambidexterity" a fair sort of definition? (14)
- 4 Exchange of glances in expressions of disappointment? (4,5)
- 5 Panic when going topless, revealing boob? (5)
- 7 Sign letter first (7)
- 8 Vehicle used on ice shelf after start of snows (6)
- 9 Country whose economy needs a hand? (6,8)
- 16 Wind string etc. etc. (9)
- 17 Means to make marks higher or lower than pupils' actual positions? (8)
- 19 Goddess represented in Meissen pieces (7)
- 20 Nurse endlessly interrupts governess, one feels (7)
- 21 Try to board steamship, but clippers would do (6)
- 23 Stone Age encompasses alternative technology (5)

#### Friday's solution

SIDEBURNS GOIN  
U E U A L S E A  
CUMIN DEATHTRAP  
H O D I V O I E  
U O B B I A I N R E G E R  
I E T S G U V  
K E E P O P E N H O U S E  
E S F N U A  
M A N O F T H E W O R L D  
G E E L O E H  
A I R P O R T E R E S I O R  
R A V M N O R  
B A L L E R I N A I N A N E  
O D S S I N H N  
N O A H H O L Y G H O S T

#### Last Saturday's solution

C A S T O R O F F I C E  
O I M S V L N G  
F O R E I G N M I N I S T E R  
F A N O C G E E  
E U R O P E I S C S  
R G P I E S C S  
M E S S I M A R S H Y  
N E E A  
C A P P A I R B O O T I N G  
G O S U U G L  
H A N D G A S E S O B E L I  
A W A H N A V  
I N A P P R E H E N S I B L E  
S R E O L E L R  
E L D E S T S I E L Y

The first five correct solutions to this week's puzzle opened next Thursday receive hardbacked copies of the Oxford Dictionary of Quotations. Answers and winners' names will be published next Saturday. Send solutions to Saturday Crossword, P.O. Box 4018, The Independent, 1 Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5DL. Please use the box number and postcode and give your own postcode. Last week's winners: S Avery, Knaresborough; E Walpole, Wakefield; P Burns, Ilford; V Holmes, Liverpool; J Baird, Stillington.

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TODAY'S TELEVISION APPEARS IN THE SEPARATE LISTINGS GUIDE

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هكذا من ألامل



## YOUR MONEY

PERSONAL FINANCE NEWSPAPER OF THE YEAR

PERSONAL FINANCE • MOTORING • PROPERTY

## Cut the cost of foreign money

Who gives the best deal on currency exchange?

Vicky Trapmore investigates

**N**o trip abroad takes place without that embarrassing moment when a traveller, confused by an unfamiliar profusion of local currency, will invite a shop assistant to take her pick from a handful of proffered small change.

Until a universal currency is invented, there is no way of avoiding that mild feeling of inadequacy. But in recent years, it has gradually become easier to pay your way when on foreign soil without making a total idiot of yourself.

There is a choice of ways to carry your money, with credit or debit cards, plus travellers cheques in local denominations. Sadly, no single payment method can ever replace cash completely. In fact, American Express, a major provider of both travellers cheques and charge cards, recommends holidaymakers take some of each. A spokeswoman advises: "Carry a mixture of cash, travellers cheques and credit, debit and charge cards so that you have a number of options in case you run out of cash, lose your cheques, or damage your credit card abroad."

The major question facing travellers is that of how to obtain the best deal – and the most francs, pesetas or lire for your pound – from the wide range of foreign exchange options available.

It always makes sense to plan ahead. Currency conversion charges depend on the method chosen to buy foreign currency, but it is usually cheaper to convert large amounts in advance rather than waiting until you are abroad.

Take one example. An Abbey National debit card – for people who have an account with the bank – carries a 1.25 per cent cash advance handling fee and 1.5 per cent loading on all ATM withdrawals. By contrast, its credit card handling fee is 2.5 per cent, and the same loading fee is incurred when making cash withdrawals.

However, purchasing goods

directly incurs only the extra loading fee. Thus to get the same amount of francs, equivalent to £750, a typical two-week spend for a couple, using a cash machine in Marseilles will cost £20.63 in charges using a debit card and £28.13 with a credit card. Obtaining cash from your local Abbey National branch before you go will cost £11.25 in charges. That's £18.88 less than using a credit card in a machine abroad.

It is also important to shop around for the best exchange rate before you go, as this can vary wildly. A rate of nine francs to the pound rather than 9.5 francs gives 6 per cent less spending money.

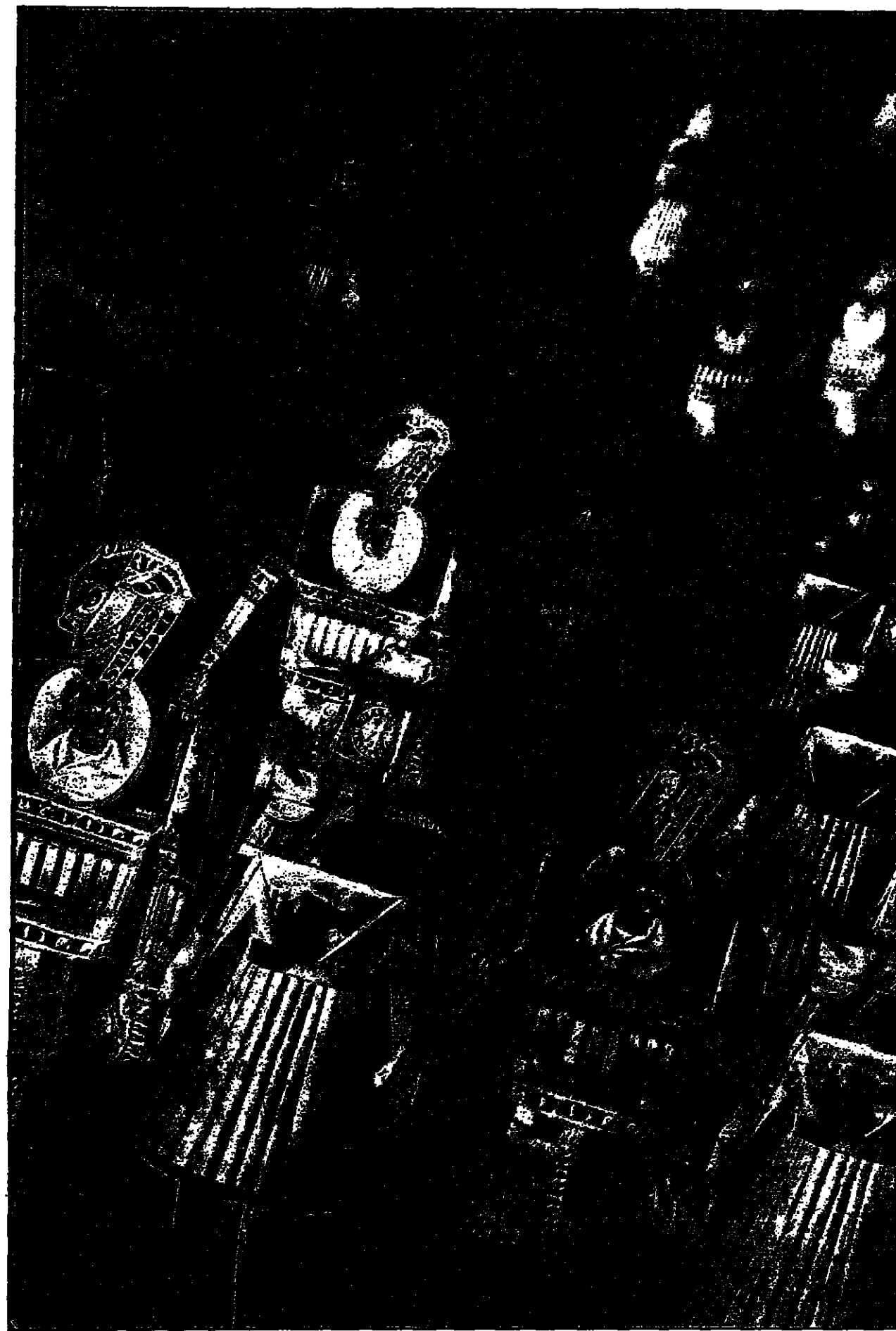
In addition, it is worth checking the percentage commission charged. To take another example, for the equivalent of £750, NatWest would give you 7,252.5 francs and charge 2 per cent commission for non-members, a total of £15. At Marks & Spencer, £750 buys 7,208.25 francs, 44.25 francs less. Yet this option costs £10 less than choosing NatWest, because there is no commission fee at M&S.

Cash can be exchanged at a variety of locations in the UK. Obvious ones are high street banks, building societies, and bureaux de change in travel agents such as Thomas Cook. NatWest offers the best rate – before commission.

While renewing your passport at the Post Office, enquire about its foreign exchange service. The rate for francs is competitive to that on the high street, and the GPO is now Britain's largest Bureau de Change retailer.

The no-commission offer at M&S makes it another unexpected location of foreign money very much worth visiting, although the number of stores where this service is available is still limited.

Travellers cheques are considered a far safer option than cash, in that if they are lost or stolen replacements are usually available within 24 hours, while most issuers will offer emergency hotlines and addi-



Tony Stone Images

tional support to holiday-makers. Cheques are available in an increasingly wide range of currencies – American Express offers 11, NatWest offers eight.

Before you buy them, it is always worth asking whether travellers cheques will be more acceptable in sterling, US dollars or the currency of the country being visited, as conversion prices vary in each case.

The commission on travellers cheques depends on the seller. Sterling travellers cheques are usually sold at a lower rate of commission (from 0.75 per cent to 1 per cent) than non-sterling ones (from 0.75 per cent to 2 per cent). Many outlets buy back unused travellers cheques free of charge if that was where they were purchased. The same goes for foreign currency.

Credit and debit cards are an increasingly popular source of cash abroad. The intense ri-

valy between the two major issuers, Visa and Mastercard means travellers will be regaled with conflicting claims as to how many outlets worldwide are prepared to accept their cards. The number is roughly similar, although there will be some minor regional variations. Nowadays, however, it is extremely difficult to travel in a country which does not accept both. If in doubt – try to take one of each.

Handling fees of between 1 and 2.5 per cent are levied when using a card card. Issuers charge a cash fee in addition to this. This fee is not added when using the card to buy goods directly. Thus it is cheaper to pay in a restaurant directly with your debit card than to withdraw cash from an ATM and pay cash. The amount of commission charged on cash withdrawals from one of the one billion automatic teller machines (ATM) in the

world varies from 1.5 per cent to 2 per cent.

Thanks to the World Cup, there are many offers at the moment for commission on the French franc. Nationwide Building Society and the Halifax are both offering commission-less French francs for the duration of the World Cup.

Marks & Spencer is charging no commission for foreign money obtained via its account card from July to September this year. Meanwhile, the Post Office has enlisted the help of former footballer and TV personality Gary Lineker to launch its own commission-free francs and travellers cheques, for purchases of £150 or more.

Marks & Spencer, Marble Arch branch 0171 935 7954; Post Office Counters 0345 22 33 44; Thomas Cook Holiday Money Direct 0890 44 77 22 or contact your local branch.

## How to beat the mortgage blues

HOLLYWOOD STAR Nicole Kidman is to act at London's tiny Donmar Warehouse theatre for its standard rate of just £250 a week, the minimum acceptable to Equity, the actors' union.

No doubt Kidman can afford the drop in income. But self-employed people of more modest means can find it difficult to meet the monthly mortgage payments when their income drops away. Mortgage lenders target these people with a range of special loans.

However, Philip Cartwright, of London & Country, independent mortgage brokers, warns that features such as payment holidays often come at the price of an uncompetitive interest rate. He says: "What you should really look at with a mortgage is the bottom-line interest rate they are charging."

Ian Darby, of John Charcol, another independent mortgage adviser, agrees. He compares two loans, one from Alliance & Leicester and the other from Northern Rock Direct. A&L's interest payment holiday mortgage lets borrowers skip one mortgage payment of their choice a year. No interest is charged for the missed month. This is a variable rate loan, and the current rate is 8.95 per cent. Northern Rock Direct's loan will hold its rate below the average charged by five major lenders until at least 1 January 2000 and currently charges 7.29 per cent.

For a £60,000 interest-only loan, that means repayments with the A&L plan would be £447.50 a month but just £364.50 a month with Northern Rock. A&L's spokeswoman, Michelle Weller, says her company's loan appeals to two groups of borrowers: people who aren't on a monthly salary and don't receive the same amount of money each month and

people who have the odd month when there are exceptional expenses.

"There are cheaper deals, but if you need £500 to clear something else that month, it is still a very strong benefit," she says.

Of course, the differential between these two particular loans may change over the years. But Mr Darby points out that the Northern Rock loan has no early redemption penalties, and so borrowers are free to leave if they find a better deal elsewhere. Mr Cartwright is also sceptical about the value of so-called flexible loans, which add some of the facilities of a bank account to your mortgage.

He singles out Woolwich's recently launched Open Plan, which gives borrowers a parallel personal loan with its own Visa card attached. The mortgage loan and the personal loan together can be for up to 90 per cent of the property's value. Both accounts charge a variable rate of 8.1 per cent, implying repayment of £405 a month for our £60,000 interest-only loan.

Mr Cartwright says most borrowers would be far better off taking a cheaper loan and using the money saved, rather than relying on Woolwich's personal loan account. "They're just encouraging people to borrow money when they don't necessarily need it," he says. His own suggestion is a National County mortgage. The building society's standard variable rate is 8.29 per cent but it has a two per cent discount for the first two years. Based on these rates, monthly payments on a £60,000 interest-only loan would be £314.50 for the first two years and £414.50 thereafter. All the monthly repayment figures given here ignore Miras, mortgage interest relief granted by the taxman.

PAUL SLADE

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## GOING ON A SUMMER HOLIDAY - HOW TO PAY FOR YOUR FOREIGN CASH

Outlet	Sterling travellers cheques		Non-sterling travellers cheques		Foreign currency		Handling charge (per order)	Rate French Francs bought 16th June	Rate French Francs sold 16th June
	comm Charge %	min £	comm Charge %	min £	comm Charge %	min £			
Barclays	1.0	2.50	1.0	2.50	1.5	2.50	none	10.41	9.63
Lloyds	1.0	3.00	1.0	3.00	2.0	3.00	none	10.52	9.655
Nat West	1.0	3.00	2.0	4.00	1.5	2.50	none	10.4099	9.6768
Halifax	1.0	3.00	1.5	3.00	1.5	3.00	none	10.37037	9.6425
Nationwide	0.75	0.00	0.75	0.00	0.75	0.00	3.50	10.4481	9.6653
Abbey National	1.00	2.50	1.5	2.50	1.5	2.50	none	10.4481	9.6662
Post Office	1.0	2.50	1.0	2.50	1.0	2.50	3.50 express	10.3450	9.6039
Countess	1.0	2.50	1.0	2.50	1.0	2.50	3.50 express	10.3450	9.6039
Marks and Spencer	none	0.00	none	0.00	none	0.00	none	10.211	9.611
Thomas Cook	1.0	3.00	2.0	4.00	2.0	3.00	3.50	10.50	9.58

\* an additional charge of 0.5% for all non-customers

Source: Moneyfacts

**INSIDE**

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BACK IN the late 1980s, when the Conservatives were intent on "breaking the shackles" binding employees to their occupational pension schemes, Labour politicians warned that the move into personal pensions could turn into a disaster.

And so it proved. Up to two million of the seven or eight million people enticed into taking out a personal pension were wrongly advised to do so.

The cost of paying them redress has gradually mounted and the final bill could top £15bn. Moreover more and more offshoots of the same scandal are coming to light.

Weeding them out is vital. Unless the financial services industry can sort the mess it created, it won't have the credibility to provide so-called "stakeholder pensions", second-tier retirement plans proposed by Labour and which ministers are ready to see provided privately. Yet if events this week are an indication, pension providers are still unfit to be active in this area.

One of these mis-selling "offshoots" mentioned earlier concerns "rebate-only" personal pensions. This is where premiums paid into a policy consist only of National Insurance rebates given as a bribe by the Government as an incentive for people to opt out of the state's own earnings-related pension (Serps). This is calculated as a percentage of the individual's National Insurance contribution, itself related to how much he or she earned.

The problem with rebate-only personal pensions was that the charges levied on them by insurance companies meant that unless the rebate itself was linked to reasonably high earnings - it could take a huge chunk of the amount paid in. So huge, in fact, that many risked being worse off than if they had stayed in Serps. The disadvantaged are people with low incomes (of £8,000 or less), many of them women.

Now that insurers have been forced to sort out the most urgent pension compensation cases attention has switched to reviewing the "less urgent" ones. Among them are up to



**NIC CICUTTI**

*The financial services industry is not ready to deliver on pension reforms*

1.5 million rebate-only pension holders.

Unfortunately, this week, the Financial Services Authority, a new watchdog created by Labour, backtracked over plans to include rebate-only policies in the review of potentially mis-sold pensions. A final decision on what is to be done will now be taken in the autumn. This U-turn only came about after massive lobbying by the financial services industry.

For hundreds of thousands of people, then, their cases are left in limbo for another six months at least - almost five years after the potential for mis-selling on a mass scale was first admitted by government and regulators.

As if that were not enough, insurance companies admitted this week that admin problems mean they are unable to pay the annuities bought with a personal pension when a policyholder retires. In many cases, the delays have stretched to months. Even if you weren't mis-sold a pension at the time, it may still take months before you finally receive your retirement income.

If there is a lesson to be learnt from this debacle it is that the financial services industry is not yet ready - either morally or administratively - to deliver on the new stakeholder pension reforms.

To pretend otherwise is to risk another scandal in 10 years' time. Whether a Labour government has committed to slashing state pension costs as the Conservatives once were actually listens is another matter...

BARRY WORKED in advertising until he was forced to retire seven years ago due to an accident. In his own words: "Being disabled is one thing, being poor and disabled isn't worth even thinking about."

As a result, he has worked extra hard at building up his financial assets and is now well off. But Barry feels his efforts, though successful, have been somewhat haphazard and he would like to bring some order to his affairs.

He is divorced with two sons and lives in London with his partner of 17 years, who has a daughter aged 30.

The adviser: Maddison Monetary Management, independent financial advisers (01753 701 002 or 01276 453 343).

The advice: Barry has a well-diversified portfolio, consisting of substantial shareholdings, unit and investment trusts, personal equity plans (PEPs), investment bonds, a Tessa, a small amount in venture capital trusts (VCTs) and cash in building society postal accounts.

With property included and no liabilities, his net worth is approximately £1.4m.

As a rule of thumb, one should have in percentage terms an amount equal to one's age in interest-earning investments, with the balance being in equity investments.

Therefore, in Barry's case this would mean 57 per cent in interest-earning and 43 per cent in equities. The current balance is about 20 per cent and 80 per cent respectively. He may wish to do this over the next few years as opposed to one fell swoop.

This could be achieved by selling some of Barry's equity investments and reinvesting in more stable and secure fixed-interest securities or index-linked gilts, cash-based investments, short-term money markets or even cautious managed or with-profits funds within investment bonds.

Diversification could still be retained by using a company which has multiple fund management links, using external fund managers as well as their own to provide greater choice and flexibility. Providers who fit this criteria include Sterling Assurance,

## Rationalising assets

### FINANCIAL MAKEOVER

NAME: BARRY BROOKS: AGE: 57.

OCCUPATION: FORMER PARTNER IN AN ADVERTISING AGENCY



Barry Brooks: disability is not an obstacle to wealth generation

Glynn Griffiths

whose new Sterling Assurance Bond offers investment allocation of 103 per cent on investments over £5,000, and Skandia Life, who have a range of bonds with access to 17 different fund managers.

However, this exercise would be classed as a sale and repurchase for Capital Gains Tax (CGT) purposes.

In the Chancellor's last Budget the rules on CGT were revised. Under the old rules one could revalue assets to be sold

to allow for inflationary increases in value between acquisition and sale. For capital gains realised after April 5, 1998, indexation relief is allowed until that date and then a new scale of taper relief applies. This means an effective

rate of tax of 24 per cent for higher-rate taxpayers and 13.3 per cent for basic-rate payers once assets have been held for the full ten years.

The other major change to CGT was the effective abolition of "bed and breakfasting", the practice of selling shares at the close of business one day and then buying them back at the start of business the next in order to realise gains up to the annual CGT exemption (currently £6,800 per person per annum).

It is possible for one spouse to sell shares and the other spouse to buy them back the next day.

This would obviously only benefit married couples. An immediate gift back to the other spouse should be avoided as this would undoubtedly be viewed as tax avoidance.

At present, Barry's income consists of state benefits and income from a permanent health insurance (PHI) policy.

PHI is classed as unearned income and therefore cannot be used to base pension contributions on.

Barry should also look at how his situation might change at 65 when the PHI stops being paid. He has a deferred pension with Unilever, a deferred annuity plan and two personal pension plans.

While a divorce cancels any automatic rights of an ex-spouse, the claims process will be made much smoother by actually nominating the unmarried partner to receive the benefits.

Barry should also ensure that his personal pensions are written under trust.

Setting up a personal trust, by completing a simple form provided by the insurer, allows individuals to choose their own trustees, avoiding any probate delays and ensuring that his partner receives the full value if Barry were to die before retirement, free of inheritance tax (IHT), as opposed to his estate receiving it.

This brings us on to Barry's will. With no planning so far, his estate would face an IHT liability of approximately £600,000. If his intention is for his partner to be the main beneficiary then it may prove worthwhile to marry her and in the process save several

hundred thousand pounds of IHT, as assets passing to a spouse are free of tax.

This is not the case with common-law spouses. If his partner were to accept his proposal of marriage, Barry could then consider utilising a discretionary will trust (DWT). Because this is a trust which does not come into effect until death, it allows the settlor of the trust to retain ownership and use of his assets during his or her own lifetime and allows the spouse to receive interest-free loans (repayable on her subsequent death) during her lifetime, thus providing ultimate flexibility and control.

This results in an IHT reduction of £88,200, 40 per cent of the current nil-rate band of £223,000.

Part of Barry's portfolio consists of a property in Tenerife. This would form part of his estate for IHT purposes as a worldwide asset.

He is considering putting the property in his son's name but if he retains any benefit of the property, including free holidays, then this would be classed by the Revenue as an interest in possession and deemed to remain part of his estate. This would also be classed as a potentially exempt transfer (PET) and if he were to die within seven years of making the gift then IHT would be payable, albeit on a tapering basis.

Setting up a trust could be created using annual gift exemptions or "gift and loan" type arrangements. However, if Barry were to give money or assets to his partner for her to utilise her annual exemptions this would also be classed as a PET, unless they were married when this would not be the case as spouse-to-spouse gifts are tax free. Any remaining liability could be covered through a life assurance plan written in trust to the beneficiaries. If Barry does marry this would be set up on a "joint life second death" basis, which is much cheaper than a single life plan.

This is because the payout is likely to be much later due to the probability that at least one partner will live to old age. Competitive providers of this cover could include Legal & General, Allied Dunbar and Scottish Provident.

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12/06/98

## Scots' tax relief fears

SCOTTISH SAVERS could be deprived of the full benefit of tax relief on their pensions under a change the Government is being urged to make to its plans for Scottish devolution.

The Association of British Insurers - which includes Scottish life offices - this week said it was lobbying the Government to limit tax relief on pensions to the UK rate of income tax.

If the Government agrees, the change will mean Scottish pension savers can only get tax relief at the UK rate of income tax - even though they could be paying up to 3 per cent more tax than their English counterparts.

Until now, the principle has always been that pensions savers attract tax relief at the saver's highest tax rate.

The Government currently plans to give tax relief on pensions at the marginal rate - so Scottish savers paying up to 26 per cent under a Scottish parliament would also get tax relief at 26 per cent.

But insurers have complained this will make it much more difficult to administer pensions because their computer systems would have to distinguish between Scottish and English taxpayers. If Scottish income tax is at 26 per cent and UK income tax is at 23 per cent, they want Scottish taxpayers to get just 23 per cent relief.

A spokeswoman for the Association of British Insurers says: "This could be an administrative nightmare. It would be very difficult to identify whether someone was living in Scotland but working in England or vice versa."

### Devolution could see Scottish pension savers losing out, writes Andrew Verity

The change would be dealt with in regulations under the Scotland Bill, currently reaching its last stages of debate in the House of Lords. Barring government defeats, it will be given Royal Assent by the autumn.

John Swinney MP Treasury spokesman for the Scottish National Party, says: "We want people to benefit as much as possible from Scotland's tax-varying powers. And we are anxious to ensure conditions are as advantageous as possible for people under devolution." He adds that the desire of Scottish life insurers to simplify matters must be balanced with policyholders' wishes.

However, the move would prove doubly controversial with occupational pension schemes. Ironically, the National Association of Pension Funds believes it will make matters more complicated for them, not less.

Unlike personal pensions run by life insurers, savings to occupational schemes are paid out of untaxed income - that is, the money goes in before it is taxed. (With personal pensions, a rebate

is paid on contributions made from income that has already been taxed). Thus employers - rather than insurers - would be forced to work out who is a Scottish and who is an English taxpayer.

The SNP is already annoyed at the way the Inland Revenue has tried to define who is a Scottish and who is an English taxpayer.

Apparently concerned that people will go to the lengths of working in Carlisle (23 per cent tax) and living in Dumfries (up to 26 per cent), Inland Revenue officials have tried to define Scottish taxpayers according to the number of days they spend in Scotland and where their main residency is - throwing up some interesting absurdities.

Under the draft legislation, someone who leaves Dumfries at 11.59pm on Tuesday night and gets back from Carlisle by 12.01am on Thursday morning is an English taxpayer for that day. A minute later leaving, or a minute earlier returning, and he or she becomes a Scottish taxpayer.

"You could be an English taxpayer if you do the nightshift but a Scottish taxpayer if you do the dayshift," Mr Swinney said. "This is probably about five people in the whole of the UK to whom this might apply. But employers are going to have to check information on 3.5 million Scottish employees to see if they are dodging the system. It would be much more sensible simply to sent a tax return to the principal place of residence."

### SPOTLIGHT

#### ABERDEEN PROLIFIC MONTHLY INCOME PEP

The deal: Aberdeen Prolific has packaged three of its highest-yielding unit trusts into a single monthly income PEP offering a potential yield of 6.45 per cent.

Included in the three is the Fixed Interest fund, which is currently used for its Corporate Bond PEP. At the moment this yields 7.45 per cent.

Also inside the PEP is the Extra Income fund, which contains a lower proportion of fixed interest securities and yields 3.56 per cent.

Finally, there is the company's Fund of Investment Trusts, which currently yields 8.35 per cent in high-yielding income shares of investment trusts.

The minimum investment is £500 per fund. Initial charges are 4.25 per cent and 1.25 per cent annually.

Plus points: Obtaining a high income from an investment is only one side of the equation.

The aim is also to do this in the context of capital growth, with minimum security. Aberdeen Prolific attempts to meet these criteria by offering a combination which includes both a riskier element (the Extra Income fund) and a lower-risk one (Fixed Interest). Performance has been good: the fixed interest fund has ranked first on an income-paying basis, returning 37.9 per cent net. Capital returns over five years are also a respectable 31.4 per cent.

The Extra Income fund is top in the UK Equity & Bond Income sector over five years, with returns of 103.7 per cent in the year to the end of May.

Drawbacks and risks: Some experts warn that the high income achieved through corporate bond PEPs, for which the fixed interest fund is Aberdeen's underlying trust, may not last in new economic conditions. At the same time, the potential for capital growth offered by the Extra Income fund, which is riskier than others in its sector, may be dented by a declining stock market. Could it be that this is a PEP whose time was yesterday?

Verdict: Good for investors who are in the income and growth market for the longer term and are prepared to ride out any short-term market fluctuations.

Marks out of five: Four

NIC CICUTTI



# Yesterday's hopeful young artists have arrived ...

Modern artwork is very much in demand.

John Windsor explains why

Sotheby's summer contemporary art sales take place next week in what has become a supercharged market. This year, more names of young British artists have been appearing for the first time at auction than ever before.

Critics tut-tutted when rival Christie's announced a fast-forward in marketing, shifting the deadline for "modern" artists from 1870 to 1900 – and holding a contemporary sale in April of work produced only in the past 30 years, instead of since the war. It was a big-budget promotion with a hard-back sale catalogue full of explanatory essays aimed at rich new buyers.

By tradition, auctioneers play safe, selling only second-hand works by artists with an established track record. That suits dealers, whose nightmare is seeing work by a relatively unknown young artist, whose reputation they are nurturing, left ignominiously unsold at auction. Or, which is as bad, being forced to avoid such embarrassment by bidding up the price themselves.

There were mutterings before its successful April sale that, in trade jargon, Christie's was trying to force a secondary (secondhand) market onto a primary (fresh from dealer) market that needed a longer breathing space. In the event, Christie's sale raised £2,826,370, selling 74 per cent by lot and 85 per cent by value. If there was a let-down, it was not among the YBAs, but among German first-timers such as Dieter Huber and Herwig Turk.

The moral is: time passes more quickly than we think. And the contemporary art market – especially for YBAs – is much stronger than most people thought. First-timers at Christie's such as Sarah Lucas, Sylvie Fleurie and Chris Ofili are not really YBAs any longer. They have CVs as long as your arm and waiting lists for their work. They are well able to withstand the love-it-or-leave-it brutality of the saleroom – and have been for some time.

The reason their work has not appeared at auction before has less to do with the hide-bound scepticism of auctioneers than the fact that collector-investors in YBAs have been hanging on to their purchases from dealers, while watching their artists' profiles



Sarah Lucas's 'Get Hold of This' (above) and Jenny Saville's 'Untitled 1995' (left) are examples of the artworks now fetching high prices

represented by the Victoria Miro Gallery. It is estimated at £4,000-£5,000. His work sells for around £5,000 in the gallery. His reputation has been rising quietly but steadily.

Lochore's painting is tucked away in the Part II sale – held during the day and lacking the evening glitter of Part I – along with the first work at auction by Jenny Saville, a painter of bulging human flesh discovered by Charles Saatchi, who snaps up her work. She recently sold a couple of canvases through the Daniel Templon gallery in Paris, but her work seldom reaches the open market and there is pent-up demand for it – at least in Britain. Her 'Untitled' nude is estimated at £15,000-£20,000.

First-timer Douglas Gordon's 32 colour photographs 'Storyboard For Monster' is estimated at £3,500-£4,500 and another first-timer, Julie Roberts, is represented by an oil and acrylic 'Straight Jack With Head Gear', estimated at £3,500-£4,500.

Not all the first-timers have scored. At Christie's, an abstract in petrified acrylic by Graham Westfield – accepted for sale because his name was deemed to have potential – sold for £1,725, below the £2,000-£3,000 estimate. In the same sale, a drug-filled display cabinet titled 'God', by Damien Hirst, leader of the Britpack, who, one suspects, will soon be called a "blue-chip" artist along with Klein and Fontana (members of the old firm still classified as "contemporary" according to Sotheby's post-1945 time-frame) sold for a sensational £188,500. The estimate, £40,000-£50,000, had been considered "a bit hot" by Christie's Graham Southern.

Is there a chance that the market will now be glutted by profit-taking investors? Auctioneers are still choosy, and wisely so. But identical works from the same edition, appearing in different auctions, could start the rot. Thomas Ruff's colour photograph 'Portrait (C. Pilar)' made £9,775 at Christie's. An identical image is estimated at only £1,500-£2,000 at Sotheby's next week. Someone, somewhere, could soon be kicking themselves.

Sotheby's Contemporary Art, Part I, Thursday 2 July (7pm), Part II, Friday 3 July (10.30am): 34-35 New Bond Street, London W1 (0171 293 5000).

What to watch at Sotheby's next week? A faint and dreamy oil on canvas 'Shadow No 68' by auction debutant Brad Lochore, a New Zealander, also

rise. As Sotheby's Elena Geuna put it: "The problem now is not how to sell it, but how to find enough of it."

The other confidence-boosting factor is that entry into the London auction market is not the make-or-break test of a young artist's reputation that it used to be. Although London has the most vibrant contemporary art scene in the world, the biggest reputation-making forum is not in London but at the big European contemporary art fairs, especially Basel in June, (more important even than Chicago), which is attended by everyone who is anyone in the contemporary art trade.

London auctioneers have been flitting to Basel, Cologne, Bologna, Madrid, and Berlin, where the art fair is only in its second year, eyeing up artworks and prices and watching reputations gain international status. The result in London this year is auctions of contemporary art that look daring, as if they were taking chances on new names, but which are virtually risk-free.

In fact, so strong is the demand for contemporary art generated by the London galleries – aided by the 'Sensation' show and accelerated by their astute promotion at the big

fairs – that there is now a whole string of young artists, both from Britain and abroad, whose work is exceeding gallery prices at auction. Yesterday's young hopefuls have arrived.

Sarah Lucas, for example – hitherto known as an up-and-coming YBA. But, surely, she's famous now. And at 35 about to become a not-so-young BA. That's the point. All of a sudden,

gallery for \$4,000 (£2,500) in 1994-5 when her work was already selling out – appeared at Christie's in April with an estimate of £4,000-£5,500, those in the know were not surprised when it sold for £13,800. Her gallerist, Sadie Coles, said of the high auction price: "It's simply a vindication of Sarah's hard work over the past few years". Sylvie Fleurie, 37, lives and works in Geneva and is less

well-known here. But in the past seven years she has had over 40 solo exhibitions. You might think some of her work flippant – such as her 'Doll Platforms', three pairs of women's shoes on their boxes; the product perhaps, of idle daydreams and a carefree lifestyle. But consider her prolific output and all the travel, the shipping, the setting up of half a dozen shows a year: She, too, has toiled to es-

tablish a reputation. Investors look for such staying power.

At her auction debut at Christie's, her 'Untitled (Vogue Cover)', estimated at £2,000-£3,000, fetched £3,800.

If auctioneers continue to be selective and auction prices continue to exceed what a gallery would charge, then gallery prices are likely to rise in sympathy. There is a danger of a price spiral that could end in tears. The contemporary art market is robust now, but during the recession it showed itself to be the most fragile sector after Impressionists.

Meanwhile, the time it takes for an artwork bought fresh from a gallery to be sold at a profit at auction is getting shorter. The collage, oil and polyester '7 Bitches Tossing Their Pussies Before the Divine Dug' by Chris Ofili, whose vigorous semi-abstract paintings featuring (odorous) elephant dung appeared in 'Sensation', was bought for £8,000 from the Victoria Miro gallery in London only a year ago. It sold at Christie's in April – an auction debut for Ofili – for £10,825.

What to watch at Sotheby's next week? A faint and dreamy oil on canvas 'Shadow No 68' by auction debutant Brad Lochore, a New Zealander, also

London auctioneers have been flitting to Basel, Cologne, Bologna and Berlin eyeing up artworks and watching reputations gain international status

hers is an established name. Her rude melons and cucumber on a mattress in the 'Sensation' show added sparkle to her reputation but they alone did not make her bankable. In the past six years she has had solo shows in Geneva, New York, Rotterdam, Frankfurt, Berlin and Cologne, besides London.

So when her plastic arms crossed in macho pose, 'Get Hold of This' – bought from her

## INTERNET INVESTOR

ROBIN AMLOT



MONEYWORLD, one of the UK's leading personal finance websites, is highly regarded and carries lots of useful information. In addition to its open format, Moneyworld now offers club membership (registration is free) which allows you to set up your own private portfolio and benefit from special offers and an investment newsletter.

The portfolio service lets you see an online display of the value of your investments. You can create multiple portfolios with valuations updated every 10 minutes, offering an at-a-glance view of the value of your holdings as the trading day progresses. Moneyworld intends to expand the service to include unit trusts.

Among the special offers currently available are holiday discounts, discounts on seminars held by Personal Finance Educational Services (PFES) and up to 40 per cent off the price of financial books in the Money-World Book Club.

However, Moneyworld has also suffered, on two occasions, the indignity of having its name taken in vain. Its site address is "moneyworld.co.uk". It recently had to resort to legal action over a website named "moneyworld.com" which was acting as a gateway to pornographic websites. Apparently the operator was earning a fee for each person who accessed the porn sites it was advertising. The site has now been withdrawn.

Previously, and perhaps more seriously, Moneyworld also took action against a Seattle-based share tipping website named. Most of us should be able to tell the difference between pornography and financial services at a glance; however, as more financial services become available online, honest confusion over Internet names will grow, as will the potential for fraud.

A new watchdog, the Financial Services Authority (FSA), last month issued guidance on investment advertisements on the Internet by foreign companies. UK financial internet sites are already subject to the rules and regulations covering other financial services providers.

The FSA believes that, if you can view an investment advertisement on the Inter-

net in the UK, that advertisement may be interpreted as having been issued in the UK and, therefore, subject to UK regulations. Its new guidelines were issued partly in response to requests from US financial services providers.

Yet while the FSA's rules provide guidance for the honest purveyor, what of potential fraudsters? The onus is still on us to make sure we are dealing with the real thing. So check the website address, and if you are in any doubt, contact the organisation by other means. Remember that a website with an address including .co.uk or just .uk may not necessarily be based in the UK.

One site has been established specifically to help Internet users verify the credibility of investment websites. NotCon, an industry co-operative, hopes to have a supervisory board that will monitor all websites selling financial services. All property regulated organisations supporting the initiative would be asked to display the NotCon icon on their websites. NotCon does not provide advice or endorsements about the quality of organisations, products and investments; it is concerned solely with providing consumer education and website authentication.

So far, the industry has been slow to respond – which is a pity. It is horribly easy to be fooled, as NotCon itself proved by registering the name virgin-direct.com, thus exposing Virgin's failure to check sites with similar names.

Moneyworld: [www.moneyworld.co.uk](http://www.moneyworld.co.uk)  
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BRIAN TORA

It's the mega deals that hit the headlines, but what about the smaller companies?

IT WAS, I believe, Professor Schumacher who coined the phrase "small is beautiful" around a quarter of a century ago. Speaking from the perspective of my 40-plus waistline and a 16.5-inch collar size, I have every sympathy with this view. The stock market, on the other hand, is on a different tack entirely.

Take the mega deals that seem an everyday part of market life these days. AT&amp;T is to swallow Telecommunications Inc, also known as TCI - America's largest cable TV company. The purchase price is a mere \$30bn, but we are all getting very blasé these days over the numbers attached to corporate deals.

Perhaps of more interest to UK investors is where this leaves British Telecom. This company is making too much of a habit of being left at the altar for investors to ignore the fact that it is significantly falling to become a global player.

Actually, telecoms is such a global industry that the shares should be worth supporting anyway. What is more, one big deal tends to beget another, so perhaps BT will feature in the headlines before too long. It needs to. And the deal will not be little when it comes.

At the smaller end, on the other hand, all is far from well. The 250 share index having picked up the running from the Foolsie, is now languishing, shedding value while larger companies are actually recovering in price. The case for smaller company investment was hardly helped by the Regent Inns' profit warning.

Tremors travelled through the shares of inn companies, although this particular downgrade is probably more of an isolated incident than the market reaction indicates. Regent Inns has, after all, achieved a great deal in the past. But rather like Pierre Victoire, which finally threw in the towel last week, rapid expansion can put too great a strain on management.

Meantime, the illiquidity of smaller companies was thrown

into stark relief by the over-reaction (in my view) to the news. With so much investing power concentrated in the hands of the big boys, it is perhaps hardly surprising that a disappointment sees investors jammed in the exit. Even so, such a reaction does seem unfair to smaller companies.

Somewhere, waiting round the corner, Nemesis waits for those investors who have been driving markets in a direction which appears increasingly to be set in stone. In continental Europe there is now a queue of smaller companies waiting to come to the market. But if you look at the state of the less-than-big boys in the US and UK - now markets number one and two respectively in terms of market capitalisation - you realise that the enthusiasm of the vendor owners might prove to be short-lived.

In this age of the equity saver, too much money is being concentrated in too few hands. But, while we see deals as big as that in the telecoms industry, is it any wonder that the really serious money managers see no reason to look too far down the list of companies before committing their resources?

Well, I remain as responsible as most, preferring to recommend the bigger companies whenever I am asked to comment in the media. There is a good reason for this. The downside - by and large - is less. Moreover, you stand a better chance of striking a chord with your audience. Investors have heard of BT, but may not be aware of Ionica (almost certainly to their financial advantage).

But this polarisation is worrying. The US Big Board index may be resilient, but smaller companies have been in a bear market since the beginning of the decade. And while deals like AT&amp;T's continue to grab the headlines, this situation is likely to remain.

Brian Tora is chairman of the Greig Middleton investment strategy committee.

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Instant Access Postal Accounts	Telephone	Account	Notice or term	Deposit	Rate	Interest
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Notice Accounts & Bonds	Telephone	Account	Notice or term	Deposit	Rate	Interest
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Cheque Accounts	Telephone	Account	Notice or term	Deposit	Rate	Interest
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Fixed Rate Bonds	Telephone	Account	Notice or term	Deposit	Rate	Interest
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First Tessa's	Telephone	Account	Notice or term	Deposit	Rate	Interest
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Follow-on Tessa's	Telephone	Account	Notice or term	Deposit	Rate	Interest
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Guaranteed Income Bonds (net)	Telephone	Account	Notice or term	Deposit	Rate	Interest
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Offshore Accounts (gross)	Telephone	Account	Notice or term	Deposit	Rate	Interest
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National Savings Accounts (gross)	Telephone	Account	Notice or term	Deposit	Rate	Interest
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Investment Accounts	Telephone	Account	Notice or term	Deposit	Rate	Interest
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Income Bonds	Telephone	Account	Notice or term	Deposit	Rate	Interest
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Capital Bonds Series L	Telephone	Account	Notice or term	Deposit	Rate	Interest
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First Option Bonds	Telephone	Account	Notice or term	Deposit	Rate	Interest
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Paragon's Guaranteed Income Bond Series 5	Telephone	Account	Notice or term	Deposit	Rate	Interest
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130 Index-Linked (net fee)	Telephone	Account	Notice or term	Deposit	Rate	Interest
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Children's Bonds Series L (net fee)	Telephone	Account	Notice or term	Deposit	Rate	Interest
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Other	Telephone	Account	Notice or term	Deposit	Rate	Interest
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Other	Telephone	Account	Notice or term	Deposit	Rate	Interest
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## Prepare for when mum and dad need care

OVER THE past 20 years life expectancy has increased by around two years but many of us can expect to spend those extra two years in chronic ill health. It is a problem that affects not just elderly people but whole families.

Last December the Government set up a Royal Commission to look into how society funds care in old age. Some 40,000 homes a year are sold to pay for long-term care fees and many who scrimped and saved to buy their own home will see their capital used up in paying for care fees at an average of over £17,000 a year.

Even when the Commission makes its recommendations - expected early next year - it is unlikely that the Government will pick up the tab. Since the welfare state was set up 50 years ago, care for the elderly has always been outside the remit of the NHS, except for the old-fashioned geriatric hospital wards that condemned many to a workhouse-style existence.

Since 1993 local authorities have applied strict means testing before giving financial help to those in care homes. In essence, if you have assets of more than £16,000, including the value of your home unless a surviving dependent still lives there, you get no financial help. Between £16,000 and £16,000 you get some help and only if you have less than £16,000 can you expect to get your fees paid by your local council.

The irony for many elderly people is that their children feel guilty about expecting their parents to fend for themselves but do not know how to help says Cheltenham independent financial adviser Ted Yeates, of Warwick Butchart Associates.

A generation ago, children tended to live closer to their parents and a daughter or son was usually expected to take on the role of full-time carer. Many still do but, increasingly, children have their own careers or get divorced, are more likely to move away as their career develops and will, on average, be better off than their parents.

Yeates, who is also a director of IFA Care, a group of advisers which lobbies to get this type of insurance properly regulated, says that most elderly people dread becoming a burden on their children and want to

Homes for the elderly do not come cheap, so it's best to plan ahead, suggests Andy Couchman

leave something to them or to their grandchildren. Insurance can offer a solution in the form of long-term care insurance but many elderly people cannot afford it - the average cost being around £1,000 a year.

One solution, according to Peter Gatlenby, director of insurer PPP Lifetime Care, and an adviser to the Royal Commission, is for the children to pay part or all of the premiums for their parents. Many elderly people do not like the idea of taking money direct from their children but this arrangement benefits both sides as the children enjoy a larger inheritance than they otherwise might.

A woman of 60 would pay £73 a month to get a benefit of £1,000 a month with Norwich Union's basic Personal Careplan so if her care fees cost £1,500 a month, that would leave her to pay £500 from her pension, state benefits and investment income.

Her two children could each pay her say £25 a month, leaving her to pay the remaining £23 or they could pay the whole premium, contributing £36.50 a month each. "Quite a lot of people only think about insurance when they are in their 70s or even 80s," says Mr Gatlenby. "Premiums are lower if you start younger. Many children are happy to help pay."

Mr Yeates also suggests setting up an enduring power of attorney that enables other people to act on your behalf. Prior to 1986 a power of attorney fell away if you became mentally unable to cope with your affairs - precisely the time you needed it.

Since then an enduring power of attorney can be set up that remains effective if Alzheimer's disease or a head injury means you can no longer

handle your own affairs. But isn't that a licence for a child to take advantage of a frail and elderly parent?

Solicitor Jane White at the Stow-on-the-Wold office of Kendall &amp; Davies says not. "An enduring power of attorney can be set up with restrictions," she says. "You might want to restrict its use so it can only come into effect if you become mentally incapable. For older people I usually do not recommend that because frailty becomes a more important issue. Even then you might want to restrict its use to dealing with your cash and investments but not your home."

An enduring power of attorney costs usually from around £25 to £100 depending on the solicitor and it makes sense to draw one up at the same time as your will, White says. "For many people an enduring power of attorney can be even more important than a will because it can affect what will happen to them while they are still alive," she says. "Some of the worst cases I have had to deal with are young people who have suffered severe head injuries. They may have received compensation but their families cannot spend the money on what they wish to without getting it approved by the Court of Protection."

Ted Yeates agrees. "An enduring power of attorney goes hand-in-hand with a will regardless of how old you are. It is also an opportunity to get adult children and their parents to discuss what they want to happen if mum or dad ever needs care. So often feelings of guilt get in the way but it's the children that feel guilty. Their parents often welcome getting these things discussed in the open, but don't know how to raise the subject."

Over half a million, mainly elderly, people now live in care homes with many more receiving care at home. Death might be the last great taboo but in many families, the need for care and who provides and pays for it is still an unmentionable subject.

IFA Care on 01299 405285; Kendall &amp; Davies on 01451 830295; Norwich Union on 0645 330635; PPP Lifetime Care on 01789 415151; Warwick Butchart Associates on 01242 584141. Andy Couchman is publishing editor of HealthCare Insurance Report



## MONEY & ETHICS

# Funds for the future

Ethical investment's growth has been rapid and looks set to continue. In the last of our series, we ask some of those involved how it works – and where it's heading. By Iain Morse

Around 1 per cent of UK retail investment funds – unit trusts, life and pension funds, investment trusts – are managed on ethical criteria. In the US the figure is higher at between 3 and 4 per cent.

Penny Shepherd, executive director of the UK Social Investment Forum, would like to see this gap closed. She says: "Ethical investment is poised to enter the mainstream and this is an exciting time for those of us who have worked hard to support it."

"We are seeing genuine innovation in the field, with companies like Sun Life launching an ethical unit trust and a 'Pro-Life' fund on its way from Ethical Financial. No other area of the financial services industry listens as hard to what consumers want. This represents a move away from generic products – good for all – to those tailor-made for a segment of the market."

Behind this move lie changes in the way ethical funds are managed and their relationships with the companies whose shares they buy for their funds. Corina Litvack, fund manager with Friends Provident, a major ethical fund provider, says: "There are now two approaches. The first relies heavily on negative screening of company behaviour, with fund managers avoiding those involved in unacceptable activities. No pressure is put on their management to change."

The second approach is a longer-term process of "constructive engagement". Ms Litvack adds: "This depends on talking to management,

bringing about change over the medium to long-term. Our leverage over company management comes from the amount of their shares we own."

Much of this goes on behind closed doors, Ms Litvack says: "Confidentiality is an issue for management. It took us eight years of talking to one company before they sold a subsidiary we were unhappy with. Another company has introduced a monitoring system to ensure that their suppliers did not use any child labour, but don't want us to reveal their name."

Mark Campanale, of NPI, another leading ethical fund management firm, agrees: "Some of the new ethical funds only use negative screening. The best way to invest your money for real change is with fund managers who are pro-active and try to influence companies in the way they operate."

Some of those involved would like to see this process opened to more public scrutiny. In the US, the annual general meetings of companies are used by shareholders, including fund managers, to put forward resolutions critical of management policy.

Craig Mackenzie, of Friends Provident, says: "This has created a different corporate culture which has turned capitalism in a more responsible direction." Last year 300 shareholder resolutions on ethical issues were put forward at the AGMs of the 500 largest US companies listed on the S&P share index. Of these 100 were withdrawn before a vote, as management voluntarily complied with them.

In contrast, the biggest



Investing in ethical and 'green' funds is proving increasingly popular John Voss

restriction on shareholder action in the UK are the rules governing the placing of a resolution on the AGM Agenda.

These must be proposed by owners of at least 5 per cent of voting shares, or by 100 shareholders who have each paid an average £100 for their shares.

Simon Baker, manager of Jupiter's Ecology Fund, admits: "This restricts the direct influence we can have on management, except in smaller companies where we can build up a large shareholding." Instead, he thinks lobbying and meeting management to discuss the value of environmental reporting is the best way forward. "Change corporate culture if you want to change the way businesses operate," he says.

With 35 per cent of UK equities owned by pension funds, Rob Harrison, of the Ethical Consumer Magazine, wants to see a change in the law governing the fiduciary duties of

the trustees responsible for running these funds.

Mr Harrison says: "At present, these duties are interpreted as meaning that most of the money held in a fund must be invested to maximise returns. This is not beneficial for our society in the long run."

Last week, Unison, the public sector trade union, voted to pursue a socially responsible investment policy in the conduct of its members' pension schemes. David Wild, who proposed the motion at Unison's annual conference, is determined to see the policy implemented. He says: "The Labour movement shies away from the financial world, but I think our involvement in it is essential to bring about long-term change."

Tessa Tennant of NPI agrees with this view: "Ethical investment is a means of empowering ordinary people and letting them shape the future of the world they live in." She

points to a community of opinion that has formed on the subject: "From the United Nations to the World Bank and European Union, we are seeing support for the idea of sustainable economic development. What does this amount to? As far as possible leaving the world in the same or better condition than we find it."

*Ethical Investment Research Services (Eiris) 0171 7351351; UK Social Investment Forum (UKSIF) 0171 404 1993; 'Ethical Consumer Magazine' 0161 226 2929.*

*'The Independent' has produced a free 28-page 'Guide to Ethical Finance' by Nic Ciciuti, the paper's personal finance editor. The guide, sponsored by Friends Provident, has information on all aspects of money and ethics. Call 0800 214 487 for a copy or fill in the coupon on page 4.*



## THE JONATHAN DAVIS COLUMN

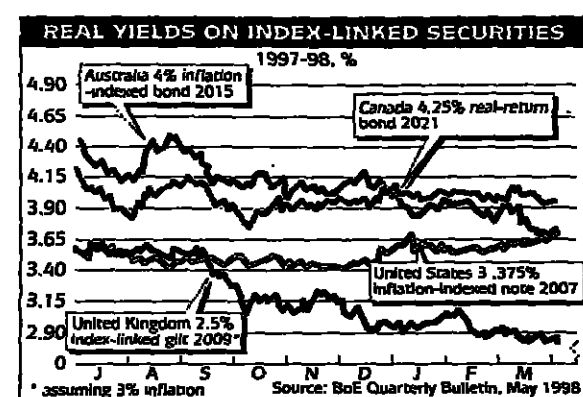
measured by the price of gilts) continue to weaken, furthering the long downward march of the last few years. The importance of this trend is that most fixed rate mortgages are funded by gilts while variable rate mortgages tend to track changes in short term interest rates. The difference in cost be-

number of years, and that could well change before too long.

One sidelight on future inflation prospects is given by the performance of index-linked gilts, which I recommended two years ago, and which have since performed very strongly. They have proved very popular with institutional investors in the last couple of years. Here too, however, there are puzzles. As the chart shows, the yield on index-linked gilts has fallen to under three per cent.

It means that index-linked gilts are now yielding well over 0.5 per cent less than their equivalent in the United States, even though most experts agree inflation in the States is much more under control than it is over here. (Perhaps because index-linked bonds were introduced in the States for the first time last year and investors are just becoming used to valuing them.)

Another oddity is that shares have, for most of this



tween fixed and variable rate loans therefore tends to reflect the difference in short and medium to long term interest rates. So do not be surprised, for example, if the next few weeks see a flurry of attractive looking fixed rate deals.

Before signing on, however, it is worth remembering that the reason fixed rate loans will look so attractive in cost terms is because longer term interest rates are falling – and if the markets are correct to assume that interest rates will come down over the next two to three years, as gilt prices suggest, then as variable rates start to come down the less valuable your fixed rate will actually be over that period.

Only if you have good reason to believe that the fundamental trend in interest rates is upwards are you really likely to benefit from a fixed rate loan in economic terms. The most obvious reason for thinking that interest rates are set to rise over the next 2-3 years is if you have a gloomier view of inflation than the market is currently incorporating. That would not necessarily be wrong – inflationary expectations have been falling steadily for a

year, yielded even less than index-linked gilts, reversing the traditional relationship, and apparently defying the logic of investment theory which suggests that shares – as the riskier asset – should provide the greater return.

My take on all this is that these conflicting signals tell us more about the overvaluation of the stock market than they do about the inherent attraction of index-linked gilts at these prices. What is clear is that the policymakers in both the US and the UK are becoming concerned about the valuation of the stock market. The monetary policy committee of the Bank of England, in the minutes of its May meeting, allowed this classic piece of obfuscation: "The negative skewness in the FTSE probability density functions has increased recently reflecting a greater probability attached to a sharp fall."

What it means is that they think shares are likely to fall – which, if it happens, will probably sort out the valuation anomaly with index-linked gilts, and quite possibly help to bring the Halifax and Nationwide house price indices back into line as well.

## BARGAIN BASEMENT

SCOTTISH WIDOWS Bank is launching a fixed-rate flexible mortgage, pegged for three or five years. The three-year loan will be fixed at 6.98 per cent, with the five-year option at 6.82 per cent. Redemption penalties apply to the fixed-rate period. There is an option to keep part of the loan on a variable rate, allowing some early repayment. Call 0131 6553974.

QUILTER FUND Management is offering a double discount on its Private Growth Portfolio Fund. Investors in the fund, which is fully FEPable in the three weeks following its launch on July 1, will receive a reduction in its initial charge from 5 to 4 per cent, plus a cut in the annual management charge from 1.5 to 1 per cent for two years. Minimum investment is £5,000, or £100 a month. Call 0800 358 8400.

BANK OF SCOTLAND is offering a fixed one-year Premium Term Bond, paying 7.6 per cent gross on maximum deposits of £50,000. Minimum deposits of £2,000 will receive 6.85 per cent gross. Call 0113 2472410.

LEEDS & HOLBECK Building Society is abolishing charges for ordering foreign currency or travellers' cheques, while customers who take out the society's annual travel insurance policy will

receive a £5 WH Smith voucher. Cover for a couple up to 64 years old, including winter sports and business travel, is £87 a year.

WOOLWICH is cutting the upfront valuation fee of between £140 and £440 for borrowers who remortgage with one of its home loans. This is being done by replacing the existing full mortgage valuation report with a less detailed one which simply covers the suitability of the property for a loan from Woolwich. Details from branches.

WESLEYAN SAVINGS Bank is increasing rates on Wealthsaver Direct, its telephone account. From July 1 the new rate will be 7 per cent gross on deposits above £10,000. Call 0121 2120899.

FINANCIAL DISCOUNTS Direct is offering discounts on a wide range of financial products, including pensions, term assurance, endowments and with-profit bonds. On a typical term policy costing £40 a month, the saving could reach £465. Call 01240 549090.

SAVILLS PRIVATE Finance, a mortgage broker, is offering a three-year discount of 1.9 per cent off an existing variable rate of 8.55 per cent. The rate is also capped, so it will not rise above 6.95 per cent until June 2001. No redemption penalties apply on repayments of up to 25 per cent of the loan, which is available on purchases with a loan-to-value of 95 per cent (90 per cent for remortgages). Call 0171 4099999.

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WESLEYAN BANK	16.9%

\* Typical example: If you borrow £3,000 over 5 years you will pay 10 monthly payments of £79.06 at 13.9% APR. The total repayment is £4,743.00 including optional Payment Protection Insurance (premium of £49.98). A low rate option is available on request. Rates correct as at 22.06.98. All loans are subject to credit and affordability checks. The Liverpool Victoria Personal Loan is provided by Liverpool Victoria Finance & Investment Limited, 300 Park Road, Nottingham DN1 3AQ. Liverpool Victoria Finance & Investment Limited is a wholly owned subsidiary of Liverpool Victoria Plc.

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17. **What is the purpose of the "References" section in a research paper?**

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# Creaming off the dividends

The market may turn from bullish to bearish, but high-yield stock can cushion you from its vagaries. By Guy Dennis

"BACK TO BASICS" was the slogan of a dying Conservative government, and it could yet be the cry from a dying bull-market. Share prices have risen dramatically - with the FTSE 100 rising by 25 per cent in the last year - and a fall may be in the pipeline, but going back to the basics of shares may save investors from the worst of a drop in the market.

The most basic aspect of a share is its dividend - an amount paid to shareholders, usually twice yearly, by companies - and with the high prices in the stock market at the moment, this should be to the fore in investors' minds.

In recent years, yields have fallen to lower and lower levels as share prices have come to be seen as the major determinant of where markets are moving. Yet they remain important - and not just as a source of income. They are a means of investing "defensively" at a time when there are mounting suspicions that the markets' bull run has stalled.

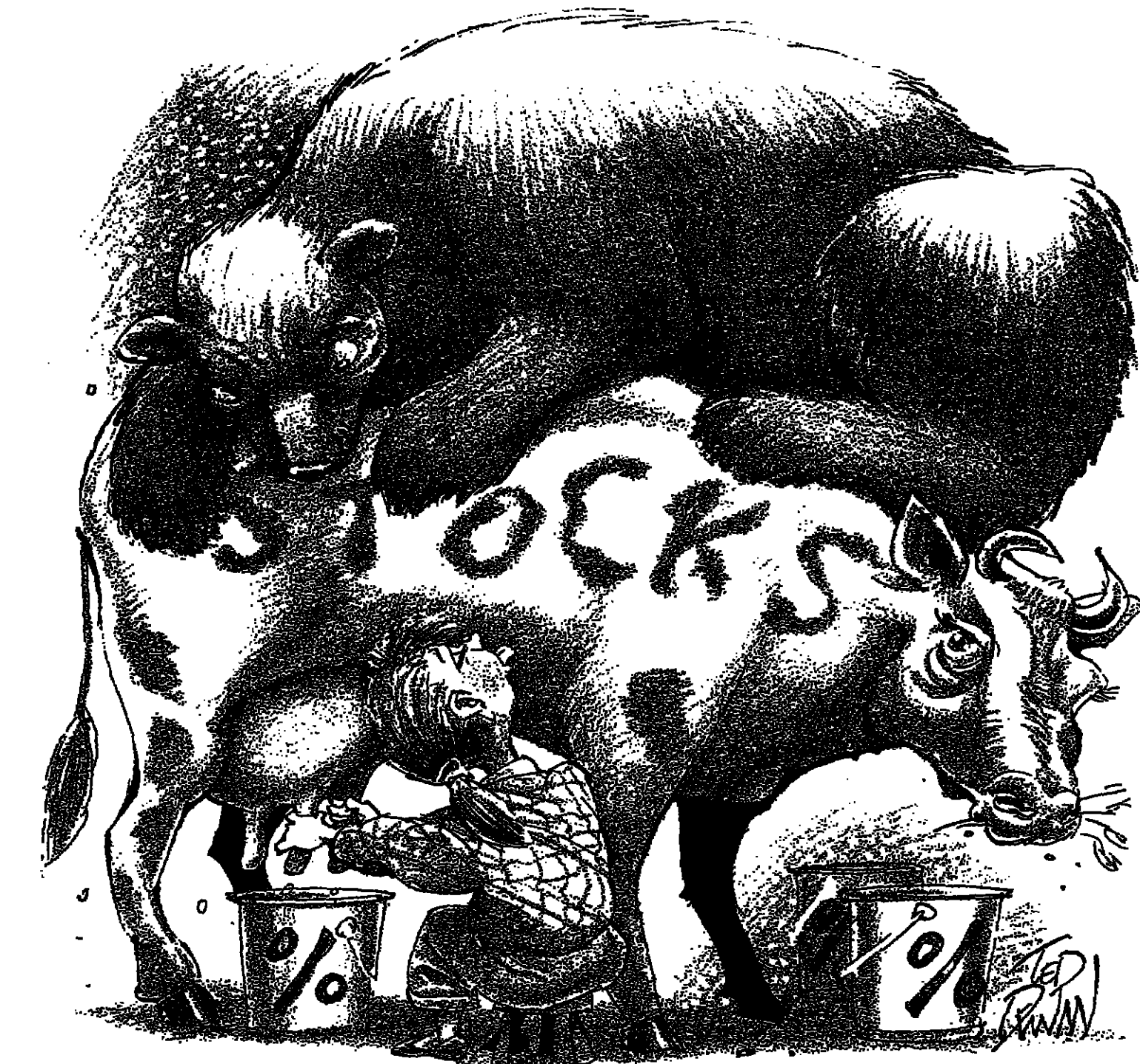
Not only are dividends one way to profit from shares, since they are paid to shareholders, but expectations of future dividends determine the prices of shares in the market.

Dividends are usually expressed in terms of dividend yields, or just "yield" as it is listed on the share pages of newspapers, including *The Independent*. This is the annual dividend per share divided by the market price of the share. So if a share with a price of £1 has a yield of 5 per cent, the dividend is 5 pence per year.

Yield is important at present because shares with high yields may be affected less by a fall in the market. This will have implications for a portfolio or any investment plans, especially if one wants to invest defensively, having some exposure to the market but suffering less in the event of a fall.

As Matthew Orr, a partner at stockbrokers Killick & Co, says: "If you've got a company that is going to offer you a quality 8 per cent yield then even if the market were to come back down, 8 per cent is always going to be an attractive income to get on your money."

"There will be buyers



around who just say, 'Well OK, I'm happy to keep the shares because even if I just get 8 per cent on my money and my capital goes nowhere, I'm still getting a reasonably good return. Equally, if the market does turn around, then I've got my toe in so that when it rises on the next upturn, I can enjoy part of the upswing'."

The important point here is Mr Orr's insistence on "quality yield", by which he means yield that is unlikely to fall. High yield as an indicator is not enough on its own - you need high yield you can depend on.

"There is a defence in high yield shares, provided the company behind them has a strong balance sheet, so that the dividend is well covered by earnings and is secure. Then I think that if you have a high yield, it does act as a defence," explains Michael MacDougall, associate director of Norwich

and Peterborough Building Society's stockbroking arm, Waters Lunniss.

Investors need to be wary of two potential problems with high yield shares. Firstly, high yield now may encourage some companies to offer lower yield in the future. A company may have high dividends, and therefore high yield, and use this to justify a cut in dividends leaving you without the return you anticipated.

Secondly, if a stock market falls results from recession, and most expect it will, then a company's profits will be hit and this may reduce dividends. This effect will vary from company to company, but it is an important factor.

What investors should be on the lookout for are so-called "income shares". Utilities provide a good example: their share prices reflect their high ex-

pectations of future growth - hence their high yield - plus the fact that there will be demand for their services even in recession.

They are also mature stocks, with a good track record in paying high dividends. Therefore, they provide relatively reliable income and are likely to suffer less in a stock market fall. They will still produce a healthy dividend.

The attractiveness of income shares is enhanced by the fact that many of them have not risen too much in the recent bull market. "Income shares generally didn't perform particularly well last year, and didn't get overblown," adds Mr MacDougall.

However, deciding which high-yield shares are dependable and attractive is not always easy. *The Independent* asked a selection of stockbrokers to name their preferred choices.

All of their suggestions offer yield above the FT Actuaries All-Share yield of 2.88 per cent at the time of writing - although the high level of the market means that yields may not all be as high as in the past. Investors with smaller sums of money, under £50,000 say,

may also want to consider high-income unit trusts - they invest in these kinds of shares as well as other income-generating investments, such as bonds.

However, stockbrokers point out that for the really risk-averse, cash and bonds are still the preferred option.

## AIM FOR A 'HEFTY YIELD'



ANTHEA GAUKROGER  
Associate director  
Greig Middleton

United Utilities: yield 6.4 per cent. Boardroom problems at this water and electricity supplier, with growing interests in telecoms, have been overcome and new management is aiming for strong rises in real dividends. Anglian Water: yield 6.0 per cent. Some of the best standards (lowest leakage rates) in the water industry, combined with cost-cutting suggest further dividend growth is expected. Land Securities: yield 3.8 per cent. The UK's largest quoted property company, specialising in the ownership and development of out-of-town retail food superstores, industrial and warehouse properties, it looks set to enjoy rising rents and growth in net asset value.

British Telecom: yield 3.1 per cent. Still the dominant supplier of telecoms despite competition, BT is well placed to benefit from newly liberalised continental markets, and is engaged in a number of joint ventures, although it appears to have been left at the altar by a number of potential suitors. Commercial General Union: yield 3.0 per cent. The newly merged life and general insurance group, formerly General Accident and Commercial Union, is aiming for cost savings of £225m in the next two years. Life insurance business is moving ahead, although competition continues in the merged group's general insurance business, and problems with subsidence and storms continue.



MICHAEL MACDOUGALL  
Associate director  
Waters Lunniss

Framlington Income and Capital Investment Trust: yield 9.9 per cent. Locking into this high yield for a five-year period looks attractive and the manager of the trust adopts a low-risk strategy. British Steel: yield 9.8 per cent. The shares look excellent value. Last year the strong pound cost British Steel £500m in profits which were also hit by recession in Asia. Despite its recent strength, I believe sterling is set to ease steadily in the next few years as we move towards a single currency, creating fresh opportunities for British Steel.

Invesco Geared Opportunities Trust "INGOT": yield 9.3 per cent. Geared Ordinary Shares in this trust deliver a hefty yield, and while this trust was only launched recently, increasing risk slightly, it looks promising at present. AG Holdings: yield 8.8 per cent. A small company, but Europe's largest manufacturer of reels for cables, from the larger ones supplied to cable and wire rope manufacturers to collapsible reels for the French market. Financially strong and the shares are trading at a significant discount to both the sector and market average.

M&G Income Investment Trust Geared Units: yield 7.8 per cent. The trust has a life of under four years and only needs 2.8 per cent growth to protect your investment. Past performance suggests it will exceed this.

## BROKERS' ADVICE: 'GO FOR DIVIDEND GROWTH POTENTIAL'



JEREMY BATSTONE  
Head of research  
NatWest Stockbrokers

Southern Electric: yield 5.7 per cent. Strong balance sheet and an annual dividend growth target of 5-8 per cent in real terms offers scope for good returns. It is also a takeover candidate. The group seems reasonably well placed ahead of the next regulatory review in 2000. Scottish Power: yield 4.8 per cent. Scottish should have a lower proportion of profits from regulated activities and should offer continued good dividend growth potential. P&O: yield 4.6 per cent. Continuing to benefit from the strategy outlined in the 1996 re-focusing programme, involving property disposals and joint ventures to reduce exposure to difficult markets. The shares stand on a sub-market PE ratio as well as offering premium yield. Merchant's Trust: yield 4.4 per cent. This UK Income Growth Trust has proved popular with investors seeking a safe haven from sterling's ongoing strength and its adverse consequences for companies with overseas earnings.

REXAM: yield 3.8 per cent. A new management team has been repositioning and rationalising this group of packaging and printing companies. Its key markets are still awaiting upturn.



MATTHEW ORR  
Partner  
Killick and Co

Carpentright: yield 10.2 per cent. Selling carpet and floor coverings. The Harris family, which includes Lord Harris, the chairman, recently bought a significant number of shares. Lambert Fenchurch: yield 6.8 per cent. Leading insurance broker forecasting modest increase in profits for the forthcoming year. Recent ventures in Germany and the United States are being formed with strong overseas partners. United Assurance: yield 4.8 per cent. A new chairman and chief executive look likely to awaken the potential in this large insurance group, which has hitherto specialised in traditional door-to-door sales of policies to less affluent clients. Rio Tinto: yield 4.6 per cent. The largest mining company in the world. Recent weakness provides a buying opportunity for longer-term investors.

Williams Holdings: yield 4.1 per cent. Owning Yale and Chubb, two major locksmith companies in the UK. This group looks set to benefit from growth in the fire protection and security systems markets, both for domestic and commercial properties.



ALLAN COLLINS  
Partner  
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## Wanted: car radios with knobs on

IF YOU don't know what Dolby, RDS and ICE are, then, like me, you won't want a complicated car radio. You simply want something easy to use that sounds good. And, like me, once you've bought your radio (almost certainly standard with the car) you'll probably listen to no more than four or five different stations ever, and occasionally play the odd tape or CD.

Car company research, you'll be pleased to know, identifies us radio illiterates as being very much the normal car buyer. Yet car companies - who think they understand their buyers but rarely do - offer ever more complicated radios, with ever more functions, all adding to the cost of cars.

"We find that about 50 per cent of owners read the handbook and try to understand the technology of the radio," a German VW engineer told me a few months back. "Then, typically, they forget about three-quarters of that and just use the familiar controls, such as volume, tuner and tape/CD select."

"A large percentage - including most women - don't even try to understand the radio. They just stick to a couple of stations throughout the period of ownership. Only a very small percentage of all buyers really use these new units to the full."

Mind you, even if you understand them they're hard to use. Radios are complicated and - unlike with books - you can tell this from their covers.

A plethora of buttons, mostly the size of pinheads and hopelessly tiny for the typical podgy-fingered punter, are scattered over the radio face like shot from a blunderbuss. They have daft and meaningless graphics that offer no explanations.

To make matters worse, the handbook is often just as unintelligible as the radio graphics. Their poor design is all the more amazing when you look at the pedigree of the companies that produce car radios.

Sony, for my money, is one of the world's great industrial designers. Look at its logo (so simple yet elegant, modified only minimally since its first use in 1957) and at its products, such as the Camcorder, children's tape machines, Playstation and Walkman.

And then look at its typically messy car radios, full of tiny, incomprehensible buttons that are about as easy to push as poking a fly



GAVIN GREEN

Buttons the size of pinheads are scattered over the radio face like shot from a blunderbuss

in the eye. Panasonic, Alpine, Sharp - they're all as bad as each other.

There have been some recent improvements, but they've been a long time coming. The Ford Ka has a small radio with big buttons, and Renault - long the master of radio ergonomics - now offers column-stalk remote controls on all its models.

The exemplar is the new Espace, which has no radio visible at all. It is hidden - good for deterring thieves as well as for hiding an ugly piece of kit - and you tune or select stations only by the remote-control column stalks. It is brilliantly simple.

A recent visit to Skoda showed that the Czechs, once synonymous with tack, are now trying hard to make their cars as sensible and rational as possible. The new and excellent Octavia, on sale in Britain next week, is proof of the new philosophy, as are their plans with car radios.

"Our research shows that people want much simpler systems," says the engineering boss Wilfried Bockelmann. "They just can't be bothered trying to decipher the handbooks and they don't need or want the full range of radio functions."

"I'm convinced that most people want two big knobs and a row of buttons for changing the station - just like old car radios used to have. We haven't discovered a better system."

So I asked Bockelmann when some car makers, including Skoda, would offer this retro style, but with modern sound quality. He wouldn't tell me (car company bosses never talk about new models). But his smile reassured me that we won't have to wait for long.

## The Cadillac STS is big and bold, but may be a bit too bouncy. By John Simister

A TYPICAL British early summer's day. Spots of rain spatter the windscreen, so I set the wipers to give an intermittent sweep. A dot-matrix strip, a miniature version of the overhead warning signs on our more recently refurbished motorways, lights up beneath my car's instruments. "Headlights suggested," it says.

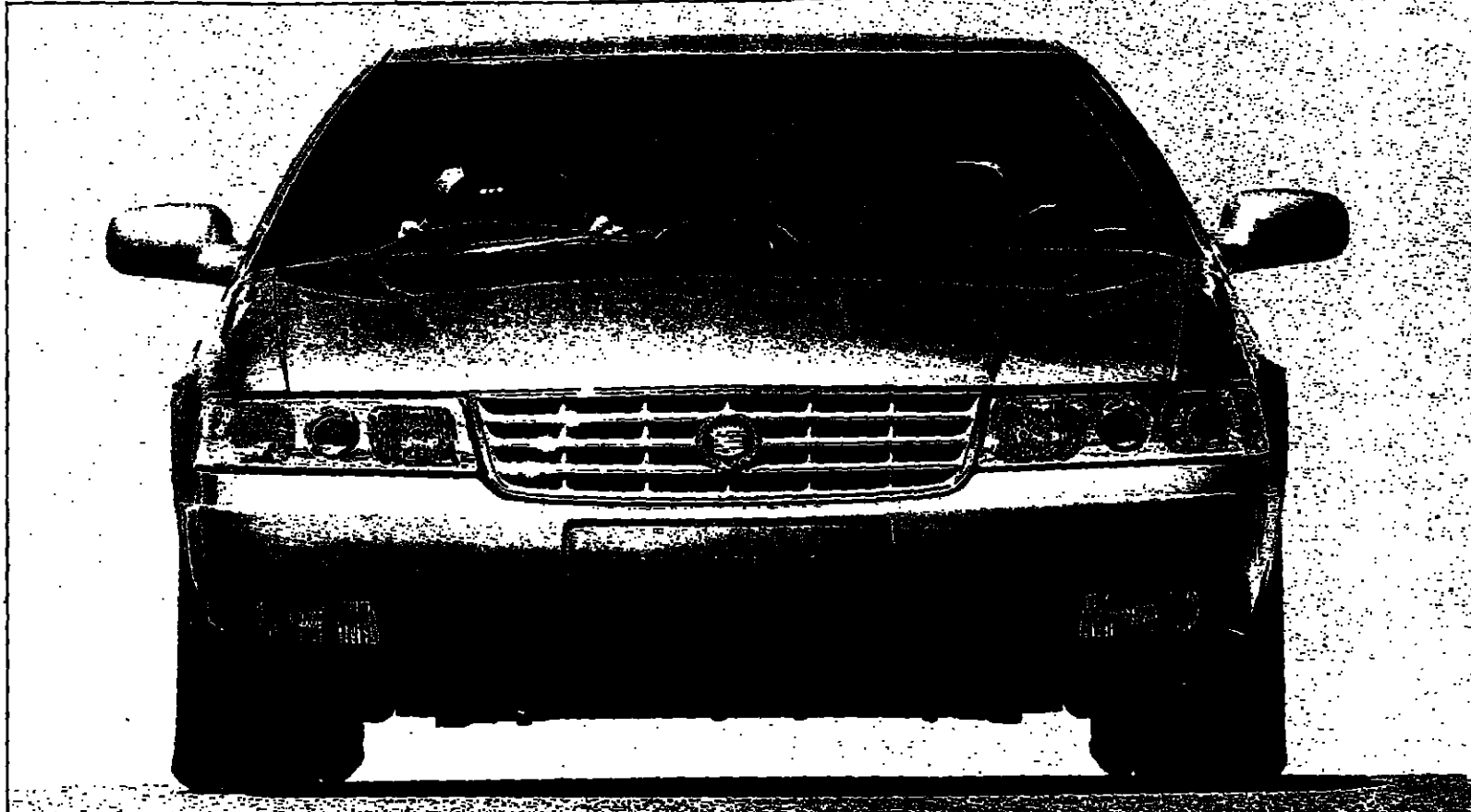
Now the rain has stopped, the sun is out, but I'm driving into the shade of a wood. "Headlights suggested". Polite, but insistent, it's for my own good and I ignore it at my peril. But at least the maker of this automobile won't need to worry about being sued for not having suggested I put the headlights on. Welcome to the Cadillac Seville STS, the all-American luxury sedan.

An American car in Britain. Why? Well, if you visit any forward-looking US city you'll see that the average car is more European-flavoured than ever before, looks-wise, size-wise, design-wise. So General Motors figured that its most prestigious US brand, Cadillac, could maybe do a reverse translation and catch on over here.

The Cadillac Seville STS (Seville Touring Sedan) has a 4.0-litre, 305bhp V8 engine, is the biggest and most powerful front-wheel drive car you can buy, and is the first transverse-engined V8 saloon available here since the Ferrari-engined Lancia Thema 3.2 of a decade ago. It looks big and bold, but not especially American apart from its chip-cutter front grille.

The proportions are those of a smaller car, but Xeroxed up to roughly Jaguar size. And at just under £40,000, it's being pushed as a bargain-priced, gadget-heavy alternative to a Jaguar, a Lexus LS400 or a big German car. The ad campaign appears to have been translated from American to English via German.

The warning messages I've hinted at, although there are many more in the repertoire. The Seville has, optionally, "adaptive" front seats that use eight pressure sensors and 10 inflatable air cushions to mould the seat to the occupant's shape. It's then rechecked every four minutes. The front seat belts are built into the seats, with an inertia reel at each end of the belt, all adjustments are electric (obvi-



If you've always fancied owning a Cadillac, the STS could be the car that finally tempts you to buy

## Caddy lacks charisma

ously), and there's an ear-splitting Bose stereo system with a CD player stashed under the centre arm rest. Leather and wood abound; they look synthetic, but they are real.

However, plush and weighty as the Seville seems, it's a little short on substance. Some of the plastic mouldings are sharp-edged, and the centre arm rest wobbles. The grandeur is applied rather than innate. The Cadillac does, however, move with some urgency.

This is a big, powerful, eager engine, surprisingly vocal when worked hard but with thrust to spare. It's matched to a smooth and co-operative automatic transmission, and together they squirt you efficiently through traffic and whisk you effortlessly on to the freeway. A

traction-control system helps the front wheels to cope with all this energy; you can switch it off, but then that infernal message display keeps reminding you of your fecklessness. If you then turn the wipers on, but not the headlights, it gets very disapproving indeed. Soon, you'll reinstate the traction control; "Traction ready," it will announce, and you can relax.

So far then, a credible effort at taking on European and Japanese rivals. But there's one trait that ruins the Seville for me. You're edging forward in stop-start traffic, and each time you stop the Cadillac rocks back and forth on the springy rubber suspension mountings that help isolate you from the road. Wriggle your body, and it does it again. It's like driving a

jelly. So it's no surprise that spirited driving on the open road has a nautical quality to it, which even the Continuously Variable Road Sensing Suspension can't quell. But it's comforting to know that StabiliTrak will keep you on course on a slippery road, by braking each front wheel individually.

Why would anyone buy a Seville? Some Americans come across as cool here; the Neon, Voyager and Jeep Cherokee from Chrysler are popular; the Ford Explorer less so. But the Seville is the first attempt to sell an archetypal big saloon, and it can't quite compete with the opposition's sophistication. It does, however, make a refreshing change from the established elite.

Incidentally, you can get rid

of the headlight suggestion. Switch the lights to automatic, and they'll come on as soon as the world goes dark or grey. All you need to do then is ignore fellow road-users' quizzical looks.

Cadillac Seville: £39,750. Engine: 4.0-litre V8, 305bhp at 6,000rpm. Transmission: four-speed automatic gearbox, front-wheel drive. Performance: 150mph, 0-60 in 6.8sec, 15-20mpg.

Rivals: Audi A8 3.7 V8: £43,965. The only other front-wheel drive car with a V8 engine. Lightweight aluminium body and chassis help pace and agility, but ride is firm. Technically intriguing, handsome, an all-round fine thing.

BMW 740i: £50,570. At £10,000 more than the Cadillac, and with a less powerful engine, the BMW looks even worse value than the Audi. But, as with the A8, road manners and detail finish are way ahead. That's where the money goes.

Jaguar XJ6 4.0: £40,975. Like the German cars, the Jaguar can't compete with the Cadillac's gadgets, but it's smoother, more solid, better made and on the pace for pace. Looks a little dated, but feels ultra-modern to drive.

Lexus LS400: £49,975. This is the car that stole Cadillac's market in the US, and is the Seville's closest conceptual rival. But the STS can't match the LS's quietness and exquisite build quality. Nor would you expect it to, at the price.

## Everyone can sit tall in a Sharan

Roger Bell reckons that it's a close finish between VW's Passat estate and the Sharan

TRADITIONAL ESTATE or trendy MPV? The question has been exercising buyers' minds since Renault invented the Espace, the first multi-purpose vehicle, or people carrier. Competing here, providing some answers, are VW's Passat estate and Sharan MPV (cloned with Ford's Galaxy and Seat's Alhambra). To level the pitch, both are 110-horsepower diesel automatics.

MPVs are packaged like stools at a bar: the taller you sit, the less leg room you need. Space is created not by stretch-

ing the body, but by raising the roof. So, although shorter than Passats, Sharans are roomier inside - they seat up to seven adults, two short of a typical van-based minibus - though the Carat version on test is a six-seater.

Individual recliners can be juggled around or removed altogether - if you have the knack, strength and storage space - underlining the MPV's superior versatility - to see the Sharan solely as a people carrier is to diminish its role as a freighter.

The Passat is a conventional five-seater. Surprisingly, rear-facing kids foldaways - available on some other estates at the expense of virtually all luggage space - are not an option.

With all six seats in place, there's little room for luggage in the Sharan, so open-plan you can swap places without getting out. Configured like the Passat as a five-seater, the Sharan has the longer goods deck. Its tailgate opening is also deeper, allowing the MPV to swallow bulkier loads. Remove all but its two front seats and the Sharan's platform stretches to 88 inches - much longer than the Passat's.

From a practical standpoint, then, the Sharan wins. Dynamically, though, the tables are turned. Because they are lighter and lower, estates are quicker than equivalent MPVs. The Sharan's top speed is 120mph down on the like-powered Passat's, acceleration to 60mph up by several seconds. More to the point, it is thirstier. As a general rule the lower a car's heavy bits, the better it hugs the road, so MPVs are handicapped by their height.



Not much to choose between the Sharan (top) and VW's Passat estate

Not that you'd notice. The Sharan does not feel top-heavy. MPVs generally cost a little more than equivalent estates. The test Sharan is about £24,000, the Passat £21,000, though the difference is less between cheaper models.

Verdict? For comfort and refinement there's not much in it. For space, seating and versatility, the Sharan (from £17,640) out-carries the Passat (from £16,300). But the traditional estate is nicer to drive - and cheaper to buy and run. Horses for courses.

## SCENIC LOOKS FINE

RENAULT'S Megane Scenic, which qualifies as an MPV if not a real-sized people carrier, is Britain's best-selling monospace. As prices range from £13,000 to over £18,000, top-end models compete with lowly Passats and Sharans. On performance, the petrol 1.6 FT on test splits the two VWs, but it is slower and thirstier than the 1.6 hatchback that spawned it. It also does less to the gallon than the two German diesels, the Passat being capable of over 40mpg. As in the Sharan, you sit tall, all the better to see out. At £14,050, the 1.6RT comfortably undercuts the cheapest Passat (£16,295) and Sharan (£17,640).

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# Brown fields, green housing

Much-needed homes are increasingly being built on derelict land rather than on green-field sites. By Mary Wilson

**I**t takes a courageous house-builder to turn an ugly duckling of a site into a beautiful development of new homes. With contamination problems to contend with, plus demolition and clearing, it takes several months before they can start building. And that takes no account of the extra expenses involved, including the landfill taxes that have to be paid.

Morris Homes, which builds in the north west of England, has been taking on difficult sites for 30 years. "We have done loads of unattractive sites - former collieries, derelict hospitals, railway sidings. We did one of those next door to Aintree racecourse," says Martin Edmunds, the land director.

"This sort of development accounts for around 60 per cent of what we do. It is all very well for the Government to be pressing the issue of building on brown-field sites, but it depends where you are. Up here around Blackburn, Bury and Manchester, an area that has a history of industrial dereliction, there are plenty of sites, although not everyone wants to tackle them. In more rural counties, the situation is more difficult."

The company is currently working on a seven-acre site in Bury. This was a former cotton mill, which was more recently used by a plastics company. It was pretty dilapidated, although still in use, and stood in the middle of a residential area.

When Morris Homes put in its application, the planners threw their hands up in horror.

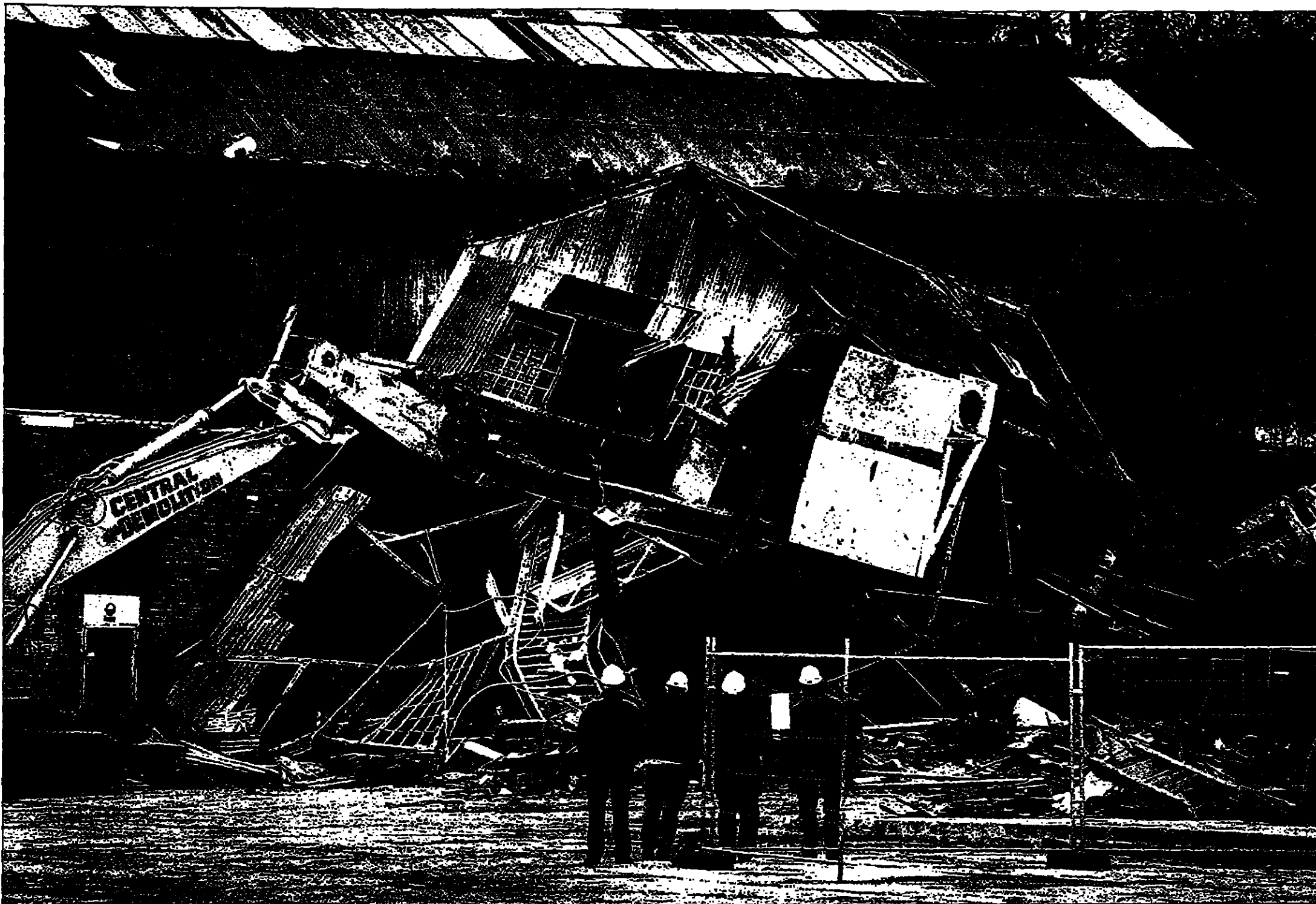
"It is a valuable employment site," they said, "and not allocated for housing." But since the plastics company was relocating, Morris Homes managed to persuade the planners that redevelopment would be a good idea.

"Our application got through straight away. The politicians and locals were delighted. The factory had been pumping out horrible fumes and everyone wanted to get rid of it," says Mr Edmunds. The three- and four-bedroom houses at Millbrook, to be built behind the old mill pond, are on the market at between £55,000 and £195,000.

Earlier this year Leach Homes acquired part of an old farmyard, which was being used as a haulage depot, at Aspenden, north of Hertford.

"This was quite gruesome," says John James, the managing director. "There were old axle stands, an oil pit and old buildings with corrugated iron roofs. There was quite a lot of demolition, and some of the buildings were infested with rats."

It took three months for the company to clear the site, going full pelt. They had to use massive cranes and huge containers to carry all the rubbish away, including the timbers, which are not allowed to be burnt.



It takes imagination to see beautiful homes where ugly sites now exist. But some developers have that vision

"The site backs on to farmland and sits right opposite the village green, where cricket is played and fetes are held, so the village was delighted that it was being brought into proper use," says James.

Five four-bedroom detached houses are being built, clustered around a duck pond, which the company is creating and into which the rain water will drain. The houses will be priced at £325,000 each.

Another classic ugly duckling site is Sovereign Farm, on the edge of Burwash Common, East Sussex. This was previously a chicken pro-

cessing plant, and had stood derelict since 1990. The concrete-slabbed site consisted of a number of unsightly pre-fab buildings and outhouses. It is now being transformed by Millwood Designer Homes into a small development of five timber-framed homes.

The company has installed a bio-friendly sewage system and has planted 1,400 trees and shrubs to enhance the site further. The five-bedroom houses are priced at between £500,000 and £565,000.

Berkley Homes, in Kent, has recently undertaken to redevelop two

derelict sites. Hildenbrook Farm used to be a run-down hospital within a residential area surrounded by green belt. "It was quite out of character, an eyesore for the area," says David Rick, the sales director.

The local authority had quite a lot of input into the styling of the new development, which will have a farm feel about it, and the 31 homes - a combination of large apartments, cottages and detached properties - are priced at from £179,000 to £1.2m.

The second site is opposite Can-

terbury West station, a large area of derelict buildings and wasteland. "It was an old goods yard, full of rubble and overgrown vegetation, and the whole desolate area is being rejuvenated," says Rick. Berkeley is building 250 homes at St Dunstan's Gate, ranging from apartments to four-bedroom houses. Prices will range from £65,000 to £120,000.

In Yeading, Middlesex, Barratt Homes has just bought a piece of industrial land that was once owned by British Telecom. On the six-acre site are large, unattractive warehouses beside a large expanse of

concrete, through which weeds are growing prolifically.

The site overlooks a Thames Water reservoir on one side and protected scrub land on the other and is close to a marina on the Grand Union canal. Arundel Fields will consist of 104 two- and three-bedroom houses for open market sale, plus 36 more for rent through a local housing association. Prices are expected to start at £120,000.

The vast majority of Barratt's building work in London and the South-east now takes place on recycled land, with former uses rang-

ing from factories to industrial yards.

"We aim to provide high-quality, value-for-money homes, where we can recycle redundant and non-to-attractive industrial land and have a positive effect on the local environment and property values," says David Preddy, chairman of Barratt Southern.

Morris Homes, 01942 272020; Leach Homes, 01920 822200; Millwood Homes, 01732 770991; Berkeley Homes (Kent), 01959 561499; Barratt Homes, 0181 607 1919.

## How to overcome the probate property pitfalls

A house can prove a headache as well as a windfall if you are left one in a will.

By Ginetta Vedrickas

THE SIGNS are there: an overgrown garden, peeling paintwork and a lifetime of "treasures". Someone dies and their house goes up for sale, a beacon for bargain-hungry buyers. But one person's bargain is often someone else's headache.

Peter Bateman's elderly father died recently, leaving him with a large, dilapidated 1930s semi on the outskirts of Birmingham. Peter is an only child and, as executor and sole beneficiary in his father's "clear and brief" will, has decided to sell: "It's a huge family house where I grew up and went to school, but I could never move back."

Peter lives in London. Has distance complicated matters? "There have been lots of practical things to sort out, like bills and services, so I'm now very intimate with the M6. I searched the house for dad's old papers and deeds which I finally found under the bed. But it's hard tackling the legal stuff when you're in an emotional state."

Legally Peter must have the house and all assets valued for grant of probate, the process of proving a will's validity, and was advised by his solicitor to use a reputable agency. He chose a local agent to value the house and paid £60 plus VAT, which is deducted if Peter instructs the agent, although there is no obligation.

What happened when Peter got his valuation six weeks later? "I had to swear an oath before an independent solicitor. It was supposed to be deadly serious, but it was Dickensian. He virtually banged a hammer and barked 'that will be £7 sir'."

It was quite surreal," adds Peter, who wants a quick sale to avoid the upkeep of the house.

Conversely Caroline Sherry, partner at London solicitors Glazer Delmar, is surprised to find that people selling probate properties favour premium prices over quick sales. "If you're only getting a sixth of the proceeds it makes little difference."

Buyers and sellers imagine the process will be complicated by the additional grant of probate, but this is not usually so. It can take longer if an estate is valued at over £250,000, the nil rate band threshold, which makes the beneficiary liable for inheritance tax. Caroline Sherry finds probate sales are often faster. "It can be easier and quicker. The property is usually empty and you know it's the end of the chain."

There is a slight caution for buyers. "Executors frequently have limited knowledge of the house unless they are living there. When they answer preliminary enquiries they can speak only for the period in which they have been selling," says Caroline, who advises talking to neighbours to determine fence ownership and potential noise nuisance.

Jeremy Galloway, of Galloways estate agency in south London, echoes the view that probate is easier than you might expect, unless you are dealing with a transatlantic committee. "We've had cases of executors in Canada, America, all over the world and despite the ease of sales it can be hard as you must contact all of them if there are developments."



There's no place like home, but even the most dilapidated probate property will sell if it is in the right area

He cautions against leaving properties empty, particularly in winter months, because of burst pipes or squatters. "Assets quickly become liabilities and insurance may not cover damage. You could do better taking the money and investing elsewhere."

How easy are probate properties to sell? "It depends how ghastly they are. Many are older and perhaps not over-decorated, but buyers like not having to strip out unnecessary

stuff. If it's the worst house in the best road there should be no trouble selling."

Jeremy advises sending unwanted furniture to auction, employing a contract cleaning firm, and cutting grass to "ankle rather than chest height" to show properties in their best light. "I once found what should have been a spacious Victorian front room stacked from ceiling to floor with newspapers, you couldn't even get in," he says.

Paul Tollyday and Julia Bolland fell in love with an architect-designed house left by an "eccentric" elderly woman who had died. They bought it before selling their old house. "It was a bargain and extremely unusual for Lincolnshire," says Paul.

Mortgage consultant Paul and Julia's purchase was swift, but their sale wasn't, leaving them with a problem. "We took out a bridging loan and had to rent out our old house. It was hard watching a cher-

ished home getting shabby," says Paul remembering his ex-tenants: "A dolly bird who looked immaculate, but hated housework" and "two lads who treated the place like a doss-house."

The house eventually sold four years later costing Paul and Julia £10,000 on their loan. Would Paul do the same again? "No, but we love our house. The windows are all different shapes and there's an enormous skylight running the length of the

kitchen." Why was this house cheap? "I think sellers of probate properties become greedy, they just want to get their hands on the money quick," he adds.

Paul and Julia are happy and the purchasing price compensated for additional expenses, but family relationships frequently complicate sales. Sally, Helen and James are beneficiaries to their mother's estate, a cottage in Chislehurst, Kent, which Sally and Helen want to sell, but which James wants to buy, at the right price.

"James doesn't have his own property so feels he deserves the house," says Sally. "While he was travelling Helen and I worked hard and both own flats, but we want the money from the house to improve our properties. We don't mind James buying us out, at market value," she adds.

Probate may be challenged if you sell property within the year for less than its valuation, although Caroline Sherry says this is rare. Challenges could occur if a house sells for substantially more, but this seems inevitable in a rising market, particularly if the process is lengthy.

Sally, Helen and James are still wrangling and a council tax demand has prompted the latest dispute. "The house was exempt for six months from the date of probate, but now we must pay 50 per cent because it's been longer. If James won't get his finger out he should pay," says Sally.

Glazer Delmar: 0171 6398801; Galloways: 0181 7666111.

## There are house sellers who have no intention of exchanging contracts. By Penny Jackson

Her buyer would have had no indication that this would happen. "We had even got together a seller's package to speed things along. We should have looked around first, but at the time you were not considered a serious purchaser unless your own house was on the market."

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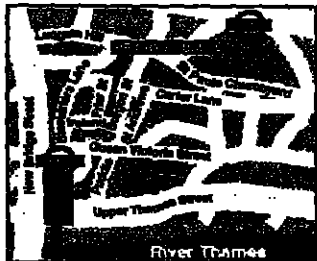
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# How to tempt a tenant out



Photomontage by Jonathan Anstee



**PENNY JACKSON**  
Wimbledon is where it's at for celebrity living

FOR A Wimbledon developer hoping for overseas buyers, who better than a top tennis player to lure them into SW19?

Pathfinder Properties is turning a British Telecom building into smart apartments. As it turns out, the flats, with membership of a health club, are selling without a tennis racket in sight. Just as well since the kind of money top players expect for this sort of arrangement can knock a nasty hole in advertising budgets.

According to James Mercer of ProServe, whose clients include Greg Rusedski and Petr Korda, property deals are more common in the United States. "If a player is putting a name behind some beautiful apartments where he or she would like to live, and the deal is over something like a three-year term it could mean a free apartment at the end of it."

The very minimum association would not be less than £70,000, but it is more likely to be several hundred thousand. Wimbledon Central prices for two-bedroom apartments start at £234,000.

STILL IN Wimbledon, the great holiday exodus is underway as owners make the most of tennis lettings. If there is no answer from friends at this time, the chances are they are something like £1,500 a week better off for not being there.

On the other hand, Joanna Doniger of Tennis London, who arranges lets, is more likely to be swabbing down their floors. Apparently as soon as the owners clear out with their pets, the neighbouring cats make the most of unguarded territory.

"I have had a terrible time clearing up cat mess for the past few days," she says. Animals are also responsible for the superfast exit of some players from their temporary homes: "A player with an allergy can be suffering within minutes."

If it's not pets it's washing machines. "I have two plumbers sorting out problems for distressed players who can't wash their whites."

Not all owners will be lucky enough to let. But it appears that anyone with a tennis court is on to a winner. Edward Foley, of Wimbledon estate agents Robert Holmes, nearly ran into some men playing tennis in the street the other evening. It turned out to be Sampras and friends.

## Someone renting a property agreed to help his landlord sell it and ended up earning himself a commission that would make most estate agents drool. Robert Liebman investigates

**F**or homeowners seeking to sell a tenanted property, the best advice in town often appears to be the only advice: first obtain vacant possession. With short-term leases prevailing today, landlords can afford to wait.

Dennis Woodman had a different idea. More accurately, his tenant did. The tenant suggested that, if Mr Woodman were to give him an inducement to vacate, he would gladly go.

A decade ago, such suggestions usually led to extortionate amounts of money changing hands. With property prices skyrocketing, landlords and tenants alike joined the feeding frenzy. Mr Woodman's tenant was on a different wavelength.

who can wrap you around their fingers."

The "for sale" sign went up in September last year. "I was to give him a fixed sum if the house sold by the new year, and the amount dropped every month if the house wasn't sold, from the start of the agreement. The agreement expired after 12 months." The formula was complex, allowing for improvements made by the tenant. A quick sale would have netted the tenant £20,000. In the event he received nearly the full amount. "It ensured the house would be in good order, looked after, and running with a fresh feel to it. Instead of being surly, he would welcome buyers. He had the motivation to be a good salesman."

The agreement was formal, in writing, drafted by Mr Woodman, polished by his solicitor, and revised after the tenant's solicitor raised his own points. It covered many issues including VAT, the complex sliding-scale reimbursement arrangement, and reasonable notice to quit.

During the winter the house attracted few viewers. But when Mr

Woodman lopped nearly £20,000 off the asking price in early spring a buyer was found. It was one thing for Mr Woodman to have confidence in his unusual arrangement, but with vacant possession in particular, sellers' solicitors are profoundly paranoid.

"We had to reassure the seller's solicitor, which we did with good

inconsequential wrinkle occurred when the house attracted a second offer. If a bidding war had erupted, the tenant's interests (to get a quick sale) and those of the seller (to hold out for a higher price) easily could have clashed. "That never happened. This arrangement worked because of good faith," Mr Woodman asserts.

*'Giving the tenant an incentive meant that instead of being surly, he welcomed buyers and was motivated to be a good salesman'*

faith. The buyer had to make a judgement regarding your tenant. The buyer's solicitor would have got a nod and wink from my solicitor that the tenant was getting a cut."

Vacant possession based on such financial agreements are not for everyone and are not watertight, either legally or emotionally.

An unexpected and ultimately

In addition to staying put when the lease specifies that they should move out, obstructive tenants restrict viewing hours, intentionally keep a messy house, and talk down the property, the neighbours and the neighbourhood.

Sitting tenants have strong rights and usually can be shifted only with a healthy payoff, admits Neil Chand-

ler, senior negotiator with East End estate agents Land & Co. "But with short-term tenants, we encourage landlords to reduce the rent to encourage the tenant to be co-operative and helpful."

Jonathan Crellin of Lane Fox says that the majority of landlord-tenant arrangements he has encountered in nearly 20 years as an estate agent involved straight pay-offs to tenants for vacant possession. But he recalls one particularly acrimonious and amicable deal: "The tenant lived in what had been his parents' house on a Gloucestershire estate, and he stayed on after they died. We knew that if we tried to force a sale, he would go for a sitting tenancy."

"We calculated that with vacant possession, the property was worth about £90,000, and without it, about £50,000. We also thought that the tenant, who had a young family, wanted to own his own property." They calculated the value of the kind of house that interested him, and in exchange for vacant possession, paid a 15 per cent deposit for him. "If the tenant is young enough, you can

usually get them on your side," says Mr Crellin.

Solicitor Leslie Dubow of the Solicitors' Property Group prefers vacant possession, "but something I frequently do is to get the tenant to sign an agreement that they would vacate by a certain date, or by completion."

The tenant still might stay put, but "if they signed such an agreement, you could sue the pants off them, and they wouldn't have any defence," says Dubow. Legal Aid wouldn't come to their rescue either: "You only get legal aid if you had a case. We would argue [to the Legal Aid Board] that they signed an agreement and we relied on it. What possible argument could the tenants make?"

The landlord clearly gains if the tenant signs an agreement to vacate. But "if they refuse to sign, you worry," says Dubow.

Land & Co. can be reached on 0171 729 1815; Solicitors' Property Group on 01707 87 32 17; Lane Fox on 01844 342571.

## 'They are all at each others' throats - it's very funny'

Estate agents are notoriously competitive but while some manage to get on with rivals, for most it's a dog-eat-dog world out there on the high street. Ginetta Vedrickas reports

THE UGLY scenes in Marseilles may prove that conflict is endemic to football. But how about "our lads" on the high street? Are estate agents healthy competitors or deadly enemies?

"I love them all," squeals Mark Pendred, in a tone reminiscent of Larry Grayson. Mark works for independent agents John Thorogoods in Battersea's Northcote Road, where seven agents compete for business within a quarter-mile radius.

Is it a peaceful coexistence? "Everyone pushes their own strengths. Our manager's been in the business for 21 years but you get boys over the road who are there for six months and move on," Mark smiles.

Thorogoods rely heavily upon personal recommendation, with many clients already living in the area. Mark believes the larger agencies prefer "the glossy magazine approach" which he feels works only for "things that don't sell particularly quickly" and finds rival agents try to poach clients.

"It's a bit naughty once there's a board up," says Mark. "They send letters saying: 'Dear disappointed, we see you are unable to sell your property but we can help you.' Often

we just haven't had time to get the 'under offer' board up." Mark adds wistfully: "It would be nice if there wasn't anyone else."

Joanna Watkins, manager of Chestertons' Fulham branch, thrives on rivalry but prefers to call it competition. "It's healthy and good for business." With over 30 agencies in Fulham, does she socialise with her competitors? "We're always bumping into each other so we can't help it. Everyone goes to the pub and talks business, you want to know what you're up against," says Joanna, who finds that she's built up "trust and great friendships" over the years.

But trust is the last thing on some Fulham agents' minds. One confided that he is certain a rival firm is removing their sale boards, at a cost of £10 each, and is considering hiring private detectives to catch the culprit. Has Joanna experienced this? "At the end of the day it's big business and everything happens but I've no wish to see anything like that."

Surely healthy competition turns to bitter enmity in a poor market? I ask, in a bid to get nice Joanna to say something nasty. "We go down the pub and have a good moan," is the worst she will admit to. Chestertons operate a quarterly and six monthly

incentive scheme to encourage negotiators and give vouchers to top performers. Joanna believes effort is an investment "which gets you noticed in the company" but a particular quality is vital: "If you are hungry you will make a lot of money and we only want hungry negotiators."

Does David Parkin, an experienced surveyor, see much evidence of trust and friendship? "They're all at each others' throats, it's very funny," he says. "We often value somewhere and look for recent, comparable sales in the area. We approach other agents but they frequently give us duff information to kill a sale."

David finds that some agents are extremely competitive and try to mislead him to scupper rival sales. "Sometimes they think I'm from out of town and, in hilly areas like Crystal Palace, I have been told that certain properties won't be able to get insurance. This backfires alarmingly when it's their sale," says David.

Steve Smith, manager of Bushells' Dulwich branch, is benevolent towards competitors but has warned younger, inexperienced negotiators: "We're not at war."

The battle lines look clearly

drawn on Dulwich's Lordship Lane. While sitting in Steve's office I watch a rival agent cross the road in an attempt to avoid looking in Bushells' window. But how do agents know what the competition is selling and, more importantly, at what price? "I'd be surprised if at least four of our competitors were not on the mailing list," he says.

Steve loves everyone and organises an annual charity lunch and raffie for local businesses where everyone gets together for "a bit of banter". But there are, he concedes, notable absentees, which seems surprising when you hear about the quality of the raffie prizes: "We had a Bushells' umbrella last year and I was desperate for another agent to win it."

If you decide to market your property with more than one agency beware: inter-agency rivalry could result in you being sued. Some agents operate a practice of "shared commission", where they jointly market a property and split the commission rather than compete solely for the 3 per cent fee.

This tacit agreement is not always straightforward and vendors could receive two bills. One agent describes a case that has gone wrong: "We showed a client a prop-

erty and he liked it but couldn't decide. He later approached another agency who was also marketing it and made the offer through them but they refuse to split the fee."

The first agency has lost out and so has the vendor. "We made the introduction and will continue to chase them for our fee," says the agent.

Steve Smith agrees that vendors can get caught in the crossfire: "Established agents act properly but there are sharper agents who do not perceive the long term view." A senior negotiator was surely only considering the short term when he - allegedly - punched a junior from his own branch and you may shortly read further details of this shining example of competition when the case comes to court.

Rivalry does not always result in a legal battle or a fist-fight. A recent television programme featured a Streatham agency manager who likened his two negotiators to Rothwells. The programme was shown and the agency was deluged with dog biscuits - proving that it's a dog-eat-dog world on the high street.

John Thorogoods: 0171 2287474; Bushells: 0181 2991722.



Battle of the boards: some agents remove rival 'for sale' signs

# Painting minus the pain

Getting the decorators in needn't be a nightmare.

By Fiona Brandhorst

A recent survey shows that employing a decorator is only slightly less worrying than taking your car to the garage, asking for a bank loan or getting the builders in.

At the best dinner parties, horror stories abound of paint-splattered houses, mis-matched patterns and unfinished jobs. Valerie Hind, who has had a series of decorators at her London home, admits to "lying in bed worrying how it's going to turn out". Her first experience was of a young Irish decorator who spent ages covering his dread-locked hair only to spray everything but his head in paint. "He offered to take £50 off the bill to pay for cleaning my new sofa," says Valerie. "I was so fed up I just accepted, but it was ruined."

Tony, recommended by a friend, sticks in my mind. For exterior work he was a "pure professional" even painting drainpipes and door steps without charging extra. However, inside, his skills were rather less apparent. He used paint sparingly, and was more likely to dunk his biscuit in a cup of tea than dip his brush in the paint tin, leaving his own style of paint effects on the stairwell. His piece de resistance was flooding the hall when he tried to unjam the radiator. Tony wanted cash in hand, no questions asked. Nigel on the other hand, seemed more professional, that is, he charged VAT. However, he not only hung embossed paper upside down, but also con-

vinced me it could hang either way.

Another decorator, who prefers to remain anonymous, pre-empted situations like this by telling clients his cautionary tale about the woman who made him paint her kitchen walls three times until she was happy. It usually works. No one wants to appear as pernickety as her.

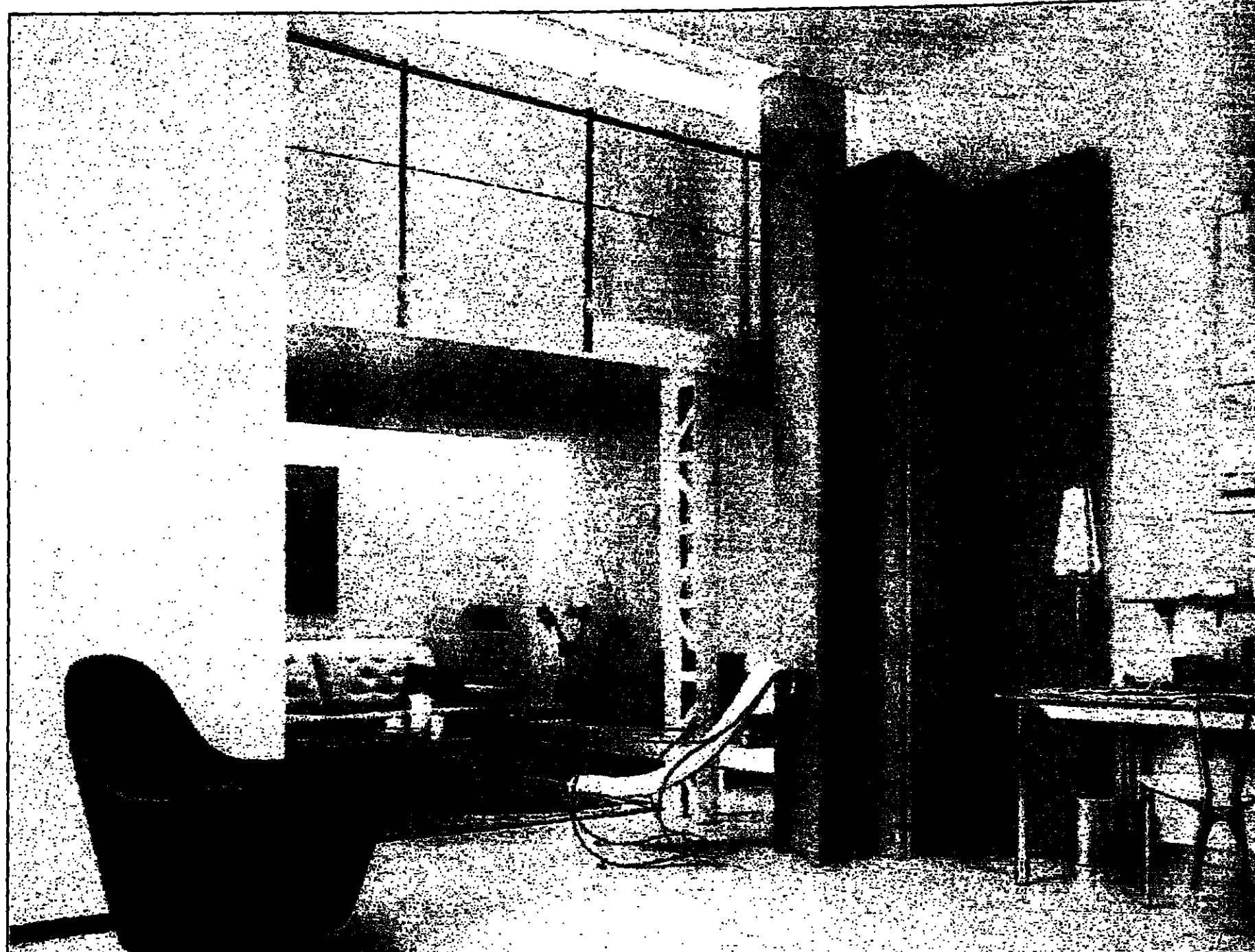
However, it would be unfair to suggest that everyone's experience of decorators is a bad one. Cathy and Andy Woosey employ a painter and decorator who is "just superb". Recommended to them by the builder who fitted their kitchen, Peter the Painter, as he's now called, has been working his way round their Victorian terrace in south London.

"He has such a professional approach," says Cathy. "He's tidy and works really hard, and he's also good company." When the Wooseys moved in just over three years ago, they had great plans and no children.

"We didn't enjoy the boring bits of decorating like the preparing," says Cathy. "And once we had the children we realised we'd rather pay someone to get it done and do a better job."

Cathy didn't get other quotes before giving Peter the work. "I checked with a friend to see what she'd paid someone else to do a similar job and it seemed on a par." Peter, a former musician who found he could make more money out of paint, hasn't had to advertise. Cathy has already recommended him to friends.

Dulux's Select Decorator Service appears to be trying to bridge



The Dulux Select scheme guarantees any work by decorators on the books - providing they use at least some Dulux paint

the gap between employing a decorator through informal recommendations and having to respond blind to a small ad in the Yellow Pages. Homeowners are put in touch with decorators recommended, approved and guaranteed by ICI Dulux. Paul Hayward from Dulux says, "We're only interested in decorators who are serious about their profession. There's a strict vetting procedure including site visits to jobs in hand and at least three references are sought from homeowners, as well as checks

at the decorator's supplier to ensure they run a good account." Smoking on the job will earn a potential member a black mark.

It's a free service for consumers who are asked when and what kind of work is required when they call the information line and if any special paint effects are needed. The adviser finds a member in the area and checks their availability and willingness to carry out the job.

The big selling point is that ICI Paints will "guarantee the work

carried out by a member for 12 months from the date of completion" provided "any liquid surface coating used" is from the Dulux trade range or an approved substitute.

So what if you want to use wallpaper or specialist paints? "As long as the main paint areas are Dulux you're covered," says Mr Hayward. "We'd rectify any wallpaper problems if the product was faulty. But if none of the products are Dulux we can only recommend the decorator." And that means you'll

lose the workmanship guarantee. Members, who are charged an annual fee of £195, have to give customers a fair and competitive price that includes VAT and no hidden extras. Mr Hayward agrees that a Select decorator may be more expensive, but the "price quoted is the one you pay".

Homeowners are free to compare quotes with other tradesmen of their choice and members will be removed from the scheme if they are found to be overcharging. The cus-

tomers benefits from a conciliation and arbitration service and a deposit protection scheme.

Fewer than 2 per cent of Select decorators are women but the number is growing as requests from consumers for women decorators. Search the small ads in family-targeted publications and you'll find "child friendly" decorators and "gentleman builders". Niche marketing is alive and well.

Dulux Select Decorator: 0345 697668.

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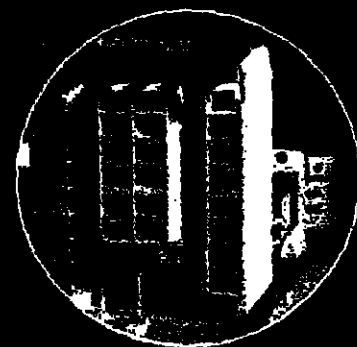
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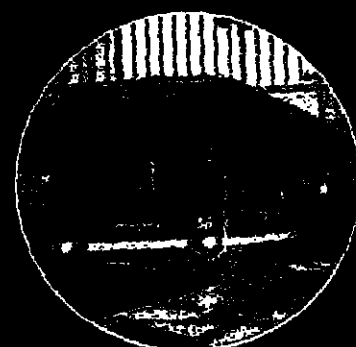
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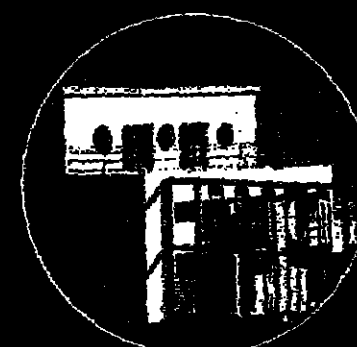
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